

FADE IN:

INT. GROSS ANATOMY LAB - NIGHT

A dark figure maneuvers a handcart between several lab desks fully stocked with beakers, scalpels, microscopes...

A gloved hand inserts a key into a stainless steel doorknob. The door opens and we see...

INT. COLD STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Rows of parked cadavers on stretchers, covered with wet sheets inside the chilled room.

A flashlight is turned on as the gloved hand uncovers a wet sheet and plastic underlining. We see the lifeless face of an old male cadaver with a large Roman nose. The sheet is returned and...

Another sheet is pulled back, this one an old female with white hair.

Another face is revealed, just as old, just as lifeless.

The search continues...a middle-age male with a mustache...a chubby-cheeked adult female...another male...and then pay dirt: a teenage female, no more than 14.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

A trail of water droplets hits the cement floor as the handcart is wheeled down a hallway.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The gloved hands push the end of a plastic body bag inside the back of a station wagon. The rear hatch is closed.

The car starts and zooms away. The handcart rests beside a door with a sign that reads, "Department of Anatomy: Deliveries Only."

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

The body bag is placed inside a large white freezer. The gloves are taken off. The only light source is from the freezer, until the door is shut tight.

Total Darkness...

INT. FRANKLIN'S HOUSE - STUDY - DAY

FRANKLIN LOCK scans a photograph into his laptop while on the telephone. He is 44 and athletic, with brown eyes and a trim mustache that helps conceal an otherwise steely demeanor.

On the walls are prints by Miro, Magritte, Leger.

FRANKLIN
(into phone)
I'm glad you found your keys...

The laptop displays a scanned photo of Franklin with his arm around a beautiful brunette in a white lab coat inside an anatomy classroom. She smiles as though she's in love.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)
...I'm not changing the subject.
I just don't think we should have
this conversation...

Franklin removes the photo from a small scanner beside the laptop and inserts it into a paper shredder underneath his desk. The machine SHREDS the photo to bits.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)
...Let's talk about this later...

Franklin removes a different photo from a glass picture frame, this one of the brunette hugging Franklin and a teenage girl.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)
...There's no need to cry...

He places the photo in the scanner.

The DOORBELL RINGS.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)
Listen, someone's at the door.
I'll call you on the weekend.

INT. ENTRY WAY - DAY

Franklin collects the mail on the floor and opens the front door.

A box the size of a briefcase rests on the doormat, the words "Handle with Care" stamped across the sides.

A postal jeep drives away as Franklin picks up the box. It's addressed to FRANKLIN LOCK.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Franklin descends a rickety staircase.

He pulls the light switch cord and we see a basement cluttered with at least 50 identical boxes.

A few boxes are open on a workbench cluttered with chemistry equipment, fireworks casings, metal salts, bags of powder.

Franklin stacks the new box on top of several others.

INT. STUDY - DAY

Franklin SHREDS the second photo while opening his mail. From a manila envelope, he takes out a British Passport, credit cards and other documents.

Franklin flips to his passport picture. Then his new name: Wallace Clark. He spot checks the cover...impressive!

He reviews two overdue bills before shredding both, then looks over a "Have You Seen Us" mailbox flier of a missing girl, Melissa Wright, and her father Emmett. Melissa is age-enhanced to look 13.

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - DAY

The PING of a metal bat rings out as a softball sails toward center field.

JAMIE LOCK, 13, chews bubble gum as she watches the ball. With a long pony tail behind her cap and her uniform soiled at the knees, she is indistinguishable from the other girls on her team, except for the crescent scar just above her left cheek.

The ball lands in her glove and the game is over.

Jamie makes her way toward cheering teammates at the dugout. Her best friend PATTY, practically a twin except for the scar, meets her at second base.

PATTY

So you'll ask your dad if you can
sleep over Friday?

JAMIE

He always says no.

PATTY

Make him say yes.

JAMIE

How?

PATTY

Start to cry. It works for me.

Near the bleachers behind the chain link fence, a LARGE MAN in his 50s donning a Chicago Cubs cap and a healthy beer belly watches Jamie join her team at the dugout.

INT. FRANKLIN'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Franklin sets a white baseball cake with 13 candles on a small, second-hand dining table.

FRANKLIN

(singing)

...Happy birthday dear Jamie,
happy birthday to you.

Jamie seems more somber than festive as she stares at the cake.

JAMIE

Why isn't Michelle here?

FRANKLIN

Couldn't make it I guess.

JAMIE

Did you break her heart?

FRANKLIN

Make a wish.

Jamie closes her eyes and blows half-heartedly. Two candles remain lit.

JAMIE

I liked her.

Franklin blows out the last two candles and cuts into the cake.

FRANKLIN

Big piece or small?

JAMIE

We're not moving again are we?

Franklin digs out the "Have You Seen Us" flier from his back pocket and hands it to Jamie.

FRANKLIN

They're at it again.

Jamie studies the flier.

JAMIE

Doesn't even look like me.

Franklin serves Jamie a medium slice.

FRANKLIN

We'll leave in June when school's out.

JAMIE

I like Spokane. I have friends!

FRANKLIN

It's not safe, Jamie.

JAMIE

You're so paranoid, Dad! They won't find us here.

FRANKLIN

That's funny. Your mother said the same thing before she disappeared.

Franklin licks icing from his fingers, then cuts a slice for himself.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)
They find us and I'll disappear
too. We've lived here 18 months.
That's too long. Just like your
hair.

Jamie feels her pony tail.

JAMIE
(defiant)
I like my hair long.

Franklin takes the flier back.

FRANKLIN
They predicted you would.

Jamie stares down at the table.

JAMIE
I hate your haircuts.

Franklin raises her chin, looking directly into her eyes.

FRANKLIN
Remember what I taught you. If
you're sad, show me happy. If you
hate, pretend you love. If you
like long hair, cut it short.
Keep them guessing.

Jamie nods. Tears well in her eyes.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)
Now eat your cake. With a smile,
please.

Jamie takes a bite of cake.

FRANKLIN
That's my Botticelli girl.

Franklin eats his cake, too. The room is silent a beat.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

One day all this running will be over. We'll settle down for good. You'll meet new friends. I'll meet another Michelle.

JAMIE

Can I ask you something?

FRANKLIN

Shoot.

Jamie wipes her eyes. She looks at her father with a mixture of despair and longing. Franklin looks back at her, concerned.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

What is it?

JAMIE

Can I please stay at Patty's Friday?

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

MARTY LEWIS, the large man at the softball game, sits at the edge of a king size bed with a phone in one hand, scotch and ice in the other. At 52, he's seen better years, but rarely better days.

A near-empty bottle of premium scotch sits on the nightstand.

MARTY

(into phone)

Egis, Marty. My sister there?

INT. HELEN'S MANOR - HALLWAY - NIGHT

EGIS (60s), a graying, effervescent attendant from Sri Lanka, places the receiver on a marble end table and walks down a refined hallway of inlaid wood and tile. At the end of the hallway is what appears to be a Picasso.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Marty sips his scotch, waiting.

HELEN'S VOICE
What is it, Marty?

MARTY
I need money--

HELEN'S VOICE
--No--

MARTY
--wired to me tomorrow.

HELEN'S VOICE
Forget it.

MARTY
You don't understand.

HELEN
Oh, I think I do, Marty. Consider
your tab terminated.

MARTY
Helen.

Marty swirls the ice in his glass.

MARTY (CONT'D)
I found her.

INT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

Jamie twirls around a School Speed Zone sign as Patty walks
toward her on the sidewalk.

Jamie lets go of the pole and slips on her backpack,
joining Patty in step.

PATTY
Well? What'd he say?

Jaime casts a woeful look.

PATTY (CONT'D)
He said no? Your dad's the worst!

Jaime's smile breaks through.

JAMIE

He said yes!

PATTY

He did? That's So Awesome!

INT. 7-ELEVEN - DAY

Jamie and Patty scrutinize the candy aisle.

PATTY (CONT'D)

What'd I tell you. It never fails.

JAMIE

You were right. I should definitely cry more.

PATTY

Pay Day?

JAMIE

Baby Ruth.

PATTY

All right. But Pay Day tomorrow.

Patty approaches the counter where the myopic MR. KIRBY tends the till.

PATTY

Morning, Mr. Kirby. How come they're no Mike & Ike's?

While Patty distracts Mr. Kirby, Jamie shoves two Baby Ruth bars up her jacket sleeves.

MR. KIRBY (O.S.)

Any strays behind the Good-n-Plentys?

PATTY (O.S.)

Nope. Nothing.

MR. KIRBY (O.S.)

I'll let Pete know. Sorry 'bout that.

Jamie takes two cheap suckers to the register and hands Mr. Kirby a dime.

JAMIE
These'll do for now. But next
time we won't be so forgiving.

EXT. TRACK FIELD - DAY

Jamie and Patty run around the school track, lagging behind the rest of their gym class.

PATTY
When?

JAMIE
Soon. When school's out.

PATTY
Why?

P.E. COACH (OS)
Step it up girls.

INT. MATH CLASS - DAY

Jamie and Patty sit at their desks while their teacher MS. GALIHAN writes pre-algebra equations on the chalkboard.

JAMIE
(whispering)
Can I trust you with something?

PATTY
(whispering)
Of course.

JAMIE
I mean really. Like it's a huge
secret. You can't tell a soul.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Patty pulls out a Holy Bible from the reference shelf, lugs it to an empty desk, and places her hand on the soft leather cover.

PATTY

I, Patty Sullivan, totally swear
on the Holy Bible that I won't
tell a soul what Jamie Lock is
about to tell me.

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

Jamie and Patty eat lunch at picnic tables along the
playground. Patty unwraps her Baby Ruth bar.

PATTY (CONT'D)

So? Why are you moving?

Jaime sips her milk with a straw. She leans closer toward
Patty.

JAMIE

You're the first person I've told.

PATTY

You haven't told me anything.

Jamie looks around. No one's near her and no one's
watching, except maybe that large man with a big gut in the
school parking lot, looking her way.

PATTY (CONT'D)

What is it, Jamie?

Jamie leans in even closer.

JAMIE

My dad and I are in danger.

PATTY

What kind of danger?

JAMIE

Some people are after us. If they
find my dad, he'll disappear.
Just like my mom.

PATTY

I thought your mom died of cancer.

Jaime shakes her head no.

PATTY (CONT'D)
What happened to her?

Jamie unwraps her Baby Ruth bar.

JAMIE
She just vanished one day. I was only two. But we've been on the run ever since. Jaime's not even my real name.

PATTY
Is your dad some kind of criminal?

JAIME
No. But the people chasing us are.

PATTY
Who's chasing you?

Jaime takes a small bite of her Baby Ruth.

JAMIE
The people who work for Mr. Julian.

PATTY
Who's Mr. Julian?

JAMIE
A rich old man who blames my parents for putting him in jail.

PATTY
What'd he do?

JAMIE
It's kinda complicated? But my dad says Mr. Julian bought stolen art from small fish, then sold the art to whales.

Jaime watches the man in the parking lot get into his car.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Nowadays, he sits behind bars with nothing else to do but plot revenge.

PATTY

Can't the police help you?

Jaime tosses her empty milk carton into a nearby trash can.

JAMIE

My dad thinks the police are useless. Unless you're already dead.

PATTY

Wow, Jamie. That's crazy.

Jaime gets up from the picnic table.

JAMIE

You can't say a word to anyone.

PATTY

You're not making this up are you?

INT. FRANKLIN'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Inside a simple white-tiled bathroom, Jamie sits on a stool with a towel around her neck. Franklin cuts her hair.

FRANKLIN

Keep your head still.

A beat.

JAMIE

Do you have anything Mr. Julian wants?

Franklin is precise with his fingers as he snips off a good four inches.

FRANKLIN

Like what?

JAMIE

I don't know. Why chase someone all these years unless you want something they have.

Franklin continues cutting.

FRANKLIN

Your mom and I were good appraisers. We saw Mr. Julian as a renowned art dealer with connections across the globe. We learned a lot from him, but we were so naïve.

JAIME

Naïve?

Franklin wets Jaime's hair with a spray bottle.

FRANKLIN

Clueless. Your mother hid some documents before she disappeared. Enough to throw Julian's entire family behind bars. They must think I know where they are.

JAMIE

Do you?

The TELEPHONE RINGS.

FRANKLIN

Keep your head still.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

That's Patty.

Jaime tries to get up, but Franklin keeps her on the stool.

FRANKLIN

I'll get it. Don't look in the mirror. I'm not finished.

INT. FRANKLIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Franklin picks up a cordless phone by his bed. Several waist-high towers of history and philosophy books are stacked in the middle of the room.

FRANKLIN

Hello...She is. Let me get her.

JAMIE (OS)

I look like a boy!

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

As Franklin walks toward the bathroom, he speaks into the phone mimicking Jaime's voice.

FRANKLIN
(Jaime's voice)
Hi Patty ... Sure, I am. I can't wait!

He sounds just like Jaime.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jamie glares at Franklin through the bathroom mirror, then sees him talking in her voice.

JAMIE
Dad, stop it!

Franklin tries to keep from laughing.

FRANKLIN
(into phone)
Is that right? Like, awesome!

Jaime grabs the phone from him.

FRANKLIN
(laughing)
I told you not to look.

JAMIE
(into phone)
That was my dad being a jerk!

INT. JAIME'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jaime talks on the phone with a ski cap on while playing hearts on her desktop computer.

JAIME
I'd skip school tomorrow if it weren't for that stupid math test.

Her room is cluttered with stuffed animals and kitten posters. Franklin sticks his head in.

FRANKLIN
Bedtime, kiddo.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jaime in pajamas brushes her teeth in front of the mirror. Her ski cap is off. She looks at herself in anguish.

INT. JAIME'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

On Jamie's nightstand is a handmade birthday card from Franklin. The front is a collaged assortment of female portraits by Bellini, Botticelli, Mantegna. Inside the card is Jaime's picture in the shape of a large cloud, with love from a bubbled picture of Franklin at the bottom.

Jaime enters her bedroom, throwing herself on the bed.

JAIME
(crying)
Why'd you have to cut it so short?

Franklin follows her to the bed.

FRANKLIN
It looks great. You'll get used to it.

Jaime buries her face in her pillow.

JAIME
I look like G.I. Jane.

Franklin kneels down, running his fingers through her hair.

FRANKLIN
You look like a princess. We can't take any chances.

Franklin turns Jamie over.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)
Look at me. Things happen when you least expect it. You remember what to do if anything happens?

Jaime doesn't answer.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

Tell me.

JAIME

We've gone over it a hundred times.

FRANKLIN

Tell me again.

Jaime wipes her cheeks, exasperated.

JAIME

Stay calm. Stay put. Say nothing. Check my E-mail when it's safe. I got it, all right?

FRANKLIN

They don't want you. Just me. Remember that. You have a big day tomorrow.

JAMIE

I do?

Franklin wipes a tear from Jaime's chin.

FRANKLIN

Sleepover. Remember?

Jaime's mood slightly brightens.

JAMIE

Oh, yeah. How come you're letting me?

Franklin smiles.

FRANKLIN

You'll be on your own one day. It's time I learn what life is like without you.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Franklin in safety glasses stuffs dark powder into a rocket-shaped cylinder from a fireworks manual at his workbench. Handel's Royal Fireworks is piped into his headphones. Chemicals and casings surround him.

Against the wall to his back we see a large white freezer with several "Handle With Care" boxes stacked on the door.

A hand appears from behind Franklin, slowly moving toward his shoulder. It grabs him and...

Franklin leaps out of his chair, his headphones flying off.

Jaime stands behind him in her nightshirt.

JAMIE

I dreamed they killed you.

Franklin gathers his breath, then puts his arm around Jaime, kissing her forehead.

He looks at a rocket on his workbench.

FRANKLIN

Follow me.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Franklin lights a series of fireworks in quick succession before stepping away.

Bright bolts of light shoot upward into the dark sky, exploding in a magnificent bouquet of greens, blues, reds, golds.

Jaime looks up delighted.

Franklin smiles at Jaime, pleased with her reaction.

INT. MATH CLASS - DAY

Jamie scribbles calculations on her pre-algebra test. She wears a beret.

Behind her, Patty SIGHS in defeat.

Their teacher Ms. Galihan stirs coffee from a Yale Alum mug. Her smug smile suggests a difficult exam.

MS. GALIHAN

Ten minutes.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

The punctilious school secretary MRS. MCKESSON walks the empty hallway with urgent, high-heeled steps.

INT. MATH CLASS - DAY

Mrs. McKesson enters the classroom...approaches Ms. Galihan...whispers into her ear.

Jamie glances at Ms. Galihan, who looks straight at her.

Ms. Galihan then walks up to her desk.

MS. GALIHAN

(whispering)

Gather your things. You're wanted in the office.

JAMIE

(whispering)

I'm not finished.

MRS. MCKESSON

(to Ms. Galihan)

It's an emergency.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Jamie lags behind Ms. McKesson as if her backpack were weighted with lead.

Ms. McKesson turns to Jamie while maintaining her pace.

MS. MCKESSON

Quickly.

INT. SCHOOL OFFICE - DAY

Jamie enters the cramped lobby of the school office. A thick-necked POLICE OFFICER with muscles too large for his uniform speaks into the radio mic attached to his shoulder. His name tag reads WILSON.

WILSON

Ten-four. Ninety-seven to St.
Vincent's in three-to-five, over.

The school guidance counselor MRS. BROMIER whips around the office counter in a pant suit as white as her hair.

MRS. BROMIER
Are you Jamie Lock?

JAMIE
Yes.

MRS. BROMIER
Honey, this is Officer Wilson. He needs to take you to the hospital.

JAMIE
Why?

Mrs. Bromier puts an arm around Jaime.

MRS. BROMIER
It's your father, dear. He's had a heart attack.

Jamie can't believe what she's hearing.

JAMIE
Is he dead?

MRS. BROMIER
Oh heavens no. But he wants you with him. The sooner, the better.

Jamie looks at Wilson's uniform.

JAMIE
(to Mrs. Bromier)
Can someone from school take me?

Mrs. Bromier guides Jaime toward Wilson.

MRS. BROMIER
You're in good hands, honey.
Emergencies are what the police are for.

EXT. SCHOOL ENTRANCE - DAY

Jamie exits the school with Wilson. A police car is parked with the motor running at the front steps.

A SECOND OFFICER sits in the driver's seat, his face shielded from view as he leans back to open the rear door.

Mrs. Bromier exits the school with a clipboard and pen in her hand.

MRS. BROMIER
Officer Wilson, I'll need your
signature before you can take
Jamie.

The rear door opens and the officer in the car turns his head facing Wilson. It's the large man Jamie saw in the parking lot yesterday.

MARTY
Let's move, Wilson.

Jamie remains calm.

JAMIE
My homework--

She spins back toward the school doors.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
--I need my Science folder!

Wilson grabs Jamie's arm while signing the release form.

Just as Jamie lets out a scream, Marty flicks on the police sirens and exits the car.

JAMIE
(over sirens)
He's not at the hospital! They're
kidnapping me!

Marty grabs Jamie's arms and lifts her off the ground as if he's consoling her. Jamie screams but no one hears her. Marty covers her mouth anyway as he shoves her into the back seat.

Jamie's beret falls off, landing on the curb.

Wilson expands his arms, blocking any view Mrs. Bromier might have of Jamie. He walks backward toward the police car.

WILSON
WE'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF HER!

MRS. BROMIER?
WHAT WAS THAT?

MARTY
DRIVE, WILSON!

Wilson shuts the back door, climbs in the driver's seat and speeds off.

Mrs. Bromier is left alone at the school entrance. She looks puzzled at the beret on the ground, as if pondering the similarities between sirens and screams.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Jamie sits in the backseat next to Marty, her arms already bound.

Marty unzips a small black case. Inside is a hypodermic needle.

JAMIE
It's happening.

INT. FRANKLIN'S KITCHEN - DAY

At the kitchen counter, Franklin pulls several different bottles of alcohol from a grocery bag.

He unscrews the caps and pours half of each bottle down the sink.

INT. FRANKLIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Franklin opens a dresser drawer. Behind white socks is a container of white pills.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Franklin arranges the liquor bottles on a standing tray.

A bottle of Hart Brothers Single Malt Premium Scotch is turned within easy view of the front door.

INT. FRANKLIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Franklin scans a brochure for Self Storage Units into his laptop. The PHONE RINGS. He lets the machine answer.

JAMIE'S VOICE

We're not home. Please leave a message.

MRS. BROMIER'S VOICE

Hello, this is Judy Bromier from Lincoln Middle School. I have Jamie's Science folder with me. I can drop it by today or over the weekend.

Franklin listens, thinks what to do.

MRS. BROMIER (CONT'D)

We're all very concerned about Jamie's father, and send our prayers and best wishes--

Franklin picks up the phone.

FRANKLIN

Hello...It is...I appreciate your concern. It wasn't that serious. Some people over-react...

On the computer screen we see the Self-Storage Units are located in Omaha, Nebraska.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

That's kind of you, but...She can pick up her folder on Monday...

Franklin removes the brochure from the scanner and SHREDS it.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

I certainly...Yes, she's a wonderful daughter. I'm in capable hands.

INT. UTILITY VAN - DAY

Jamie sleeps on a thin mattress in the back of a utility van, her backpack still strapped on. Beside her are

powerbars, apples, bottled water and a travel-potty. Chicken wire restricts her from the front cabin where Wilson smokes in the driver's seat.

Marty hands Wilson an envelope through the window.

MARTY

Should take you three days.
Whatever you do, don't speed.

Wilson thumbs through the envelope, an inch or so of 100s.

WILSON

The other half?

MARTY

Upon delivery.

Wilson tosses the envelope next to a large thermos of coffee, a box of donuts, and a map of Chicago.

WILSON

Then I'll be on my way.

They shake hands.

MARTY

That's my niece in there. Take
care of her.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Wilson drives toward the onramp of I-90 East.

EXT. FRANKLIN'S HOUSE - DAY

Marty steps onto the front porch. He reads a note taped to the front door:

Marty:

Door's open. Make yourself at
home. Back shortly.

Emmett.

Marty looks over his shoulder. There's a station wagon in the driveway. He checks the doorknob. It's unlocked.

He grips the gun inside his Cubs windbreaker and opens the door as if prepared for an ambush.

INT. FRANKLIN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Marty closes the door, pans a box-beamed living room, meticulously clean with little furniture. The house is DEAD SILENT. He looks up the staircase.

MARTY

Emmett?

STUDY

Marty pokes his head inside Franklin's study. The laptop's turned off.

LIVING ROOM

Marty takes careful, quiet steps along the hardwood floor. He notes certain details, The New York Times stacked near the fireplace, The Miro book on the coffee table, a standing tray with assorted bottles just inside the adjoining dining room.

DINING ROOM

Marty picks up the scotch bottle on the tray, checks the label. He approves with a nod.

He wipes the sweat from his forehead.

Marty puts the bottle down and checks his watch. It's hot in here, or is he just anxious.

The TELEPHONE RINGS and Marty jumps, startled.

JAMIE'S VOICE

We're not home. Please leave a message.

MICHELLE'S VOICE

Franklin, it's Michelle. I need to talk to you. It's important. I'll be home tonight. Call me, okay? Bye.

Marty takes a deep breath. Gathers himself. Looks back at the bottle of scotch. He removes the top. Sniffs inside.

Takes a swig. God, he needed that. He takes another. Already, he feels revived.

As Marty returns the scotch to the tray, WE SEE a closet door behind him, slightly cracked open. A pair of eyes watch Marty.

It's Franklin.

STAY ON Franklin's eyes as we HEAR Marty walk along the hardwood floors.

MARTY

Any time Emmett...Damn, that's good stuff.

We hear a few more footsteps...

MARTY

--Goddamn--

...and then a large thud, followed by SILENCE.

FRANKLIN'S POV: The closet door slowly swings open, revealing a pair of legs on the floor, then a torso, then the rest of Marty, out cold.

EXT. TRUCK STOP - NIGHT

Wilson refuels at a lone pump with the radio on loud. Just barely, we hear Jamie SCREAMING for help, but no one's around to listen.

INT. VAN - DAY

The sun rises over Rapid City, South Dakota.

Wilson finishes an apple. He tosses the core outside.

Jaime looks at him through the chicken wire.

JAMIE

I knew you weren't a real police officer. Your badges were so fake.

Wilson turns on the radio. Country.

Jamie drops on the mattress, taking a bite of her powerbar.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

These things suck!

INT. FRANKLIN'S BASEMENT - DAY

Franklin carries a breakfast tray down the stairs. Bacon & eggs, toast, coffee.

Marty is chained to a beam on the floor with a new bottle of scotch beside him.

FRANKLIN

Your favorite, Marty. Over easy.

Marty adjusts himself as best he can to relieve the ache in his back.

MARTY

Still up to your old tricks.

Franklin places the tray across Marty's lap, then pulls up a chair. The fireworks boxes are no longer in sight.

FRANKLIN

No tricks. Just precautions.

Franklin pulls out Marty's gun from behind. He examines its tortoise shell handle, then spins it on his finger like a neophyte cowboy.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

Be honest, Marty. You planned to use this, didn't you.

Marty eats a strip of bacon. He seems calm as he chews, but his hands are trembling.

MARTY

I'm not the killer here, Emmett.

Franklin smiles.

FRANKLIN

Last I heard, Riley's living in Europe. Enjoying all the money he stole from Julian.

MARTY

Guess I heard different.

(beat)

We had a deal, Emmett. I get
Melissa, you get ten grand.

FRANKLIN

And you become a hero in your
daddy's eyes. Can't forget that.

Franklin gets up from his chair. Starts pacing.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

I was the last to know about Helen
and Riley, wasn't I?

Marty sips his coffee while touching the chain around his
waist.

MARTY

Can you get me outta these? My
back's killing me.

FRANKLIN

Even Julian wanted Helen to leave
me. After all I did for your
family.

MARTY

The money's in my car, Emmett.
Let me get it.

FRANKLIN

(contemptuous)

Did it ever occur to you that ten
thousand dollars for my daughter
is an insult?

MARTY

She's Helen's daughter, too.

FRANKLIN

You're not very smart, are you
Marty.

MARTY

How much more do you want?

FRANKLIN

More than you can imagine. I
think big, remember?

Marty eats the other strip of bacon.

MARTY

You think crooked, Emmett. That's
always been your problem.

Franklin kneels down beside Marty as if ready to share an
intimate moment.

FRANKLIN

I know about the key, Marty. Is
it still with Johnny Pesky?

Marty stops chewing.

MARTY

What key?

FRANKLIN

Tell me and I'll let you go. Is
it still with Johnny Pesky?

Small beads of sweat form on Marty's brow.

MARTY

Who's Johnny Pesky?

Franklin points the gun at Marty's head.

FRANKLIN

Yes or no. I'll give you till
three. One...

MARTY

Emmett, come on.

FRANKLIN

Two...

MARTY

Emmett, I swear! I don't know
what you're--

Franklin fires. The bullet takes a chunk of beam, missing
Marty's brain by millimeters.

MARTY

JESUS, EMMETT! Goddamn it!

Franklin stands, puts the gun on the workbench.

Marty rubs his ear.

MARTY (CONT'D)

You're sick, you know that? My ear drum's broke.

FRANKLIN

If Julian never told you about the key, it's still with Johnny Pesky.

MARTY

I don't know what you're talking about. What key?

FRANKLIN

The key Melissa's getting for me.

Marty stares at Franklin as though he'd just been sentenced to death. The whole scheme finally dawns on him.

MARTY

You set me up.

Franklin looks at the breakfast tray, concerned.

FRANKLIN

You haven't touched your eggs.

INT. JAIME'S ROOM - NIGHT

Franklin approaches Jaime's bed. Someone's under the covers, curled up as if asleep.

As he tucks the sheets over a shoulder, the body turns toward him. It's the teenage cadaver he stole from the university anatomy lab.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

At the workbench, Marty is propped on a chair, out cold.

Franklin returns the chains to a storage box. He removes the empty scotch bottle from Marty's hand.

At the staircase, Franklin checks the basement one last time. He then lights a fuse.

EXT. FRANKLIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Franklin drives off in Marty's brown Impala. A single moving box is in the back seat, his laptop and a suitcase in the front.

Through Franklin's rear window, we see his house explode in a roaring colossal fireball. Fireworks shoot out in all directions. The blast is so powerful the rear window reverberates.

EXT. HELEN'S HOUSE - DAY (ESTABLISHING)

Security gates surround an unassuming Tudor manor. A black sedan is parked in front of the three-car garage. Automatic sprinklers water the lush Bermuda grass.

INT. HELEN'S HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

HELEN LEWIS (40), refined and comely with her light hair pulled back in a sleek ponytail, takes in the astonishing wonder of...

Jamie, asleep in a rich, billowy bed. A light breeze above her head ruffles the gauze curtains. The PHONE RINGS o.s. and Jaime's eyes flicker open before she springs awake.

Helen sits upright in a pale yellow hostess chair several feet from the bed. Like the guest room décor, she exudes style without stuffiness, wealth without arrogance.

HELEN

I brought you some breakfast.

On the bedside table is an arrangement of pastries, sliced fruit, orange juice.

Jamie leans up, still in her clothes.

FRANKLIN (VO)

Stay calm. Don't show fear.
They're after me, not you.

HELEN

Do you like pancakes?

Jamie doesn't reply.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Or waffles? I can bring up
anything.

She keeps quiet, as if in shock.

Helen stands, proceeds with caution toward the bed. She holds out a photo while keeping her distance.

Jamie takes the picture. It's of a toddler in Helen's arms. Franklin stands behind them, his large hands on Helen's small shoulders. He looks so young.

HELEN (CONT'D)
You were one when this was taken.

Helen presents another picture: several people seated around a birthday cake as Jamie stands in her chair, ready to blow out two candles.

Helen points to specific people.

HELEN (CONT'D)
That's you. Me. Your Gramma and
Grampa. Your Uncle Marty.

Between Helen and Franklin sits Marty, his face much younger but his body just as round.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Your Gramma died four years ago.
This used to be her room.

Jamie looks at Helen.

JAMIE
Who are you?

Helen pauses. Wonders what to say.

HELEN
...I'm...your mother.

Jamie glances over at the orange juice and pastries.

FRANKLIN (VO)

They'll say anything to turn you
against me.

JAMIE

Do you have any cereal?

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Helen shuts the guest room door, securing it with a sliding lock. She holds her waist as if she's been punched in the stomach.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Helen pushes through swinging doors into a chrome and tile gourmet kitchen.

HELEN

She wants cereal.

Egis gets up from the breakfast nook. Still sitting with coffee, paper and bagel is BEN BARNETT (44), tall, dark and harmless in his unassuming suit and "Dogs of the World" silk tie.

BEN

Well?

Helen searches for something in the pantry.

HELEN

Egis, those little cereal boxes.

EGIS

Top cupboard. Lia just called.
Still no sign of Marty.

Helen opens the cupboard, spotting several mini-cereals.

HELEN

He'll turn up when his bar money
runs out. Ben, can you bring me
the milk?

Ben moves to the fridge.

BEN

So how'd it go?

Helen takes down the cereal boxes and a small glass pitcher.

HELEN
(annoyed)
Great. Wonderful.

Ben hands Helen the milk, then puts his hands on her waist.

BEN
I can get a therapist here in
fifteen minutes.

HELEN
No shrinks. They'll want me to
call the police.

BEN
Maybe you should.

Helen faces him.

HELEN
Really? My father's in jail,
thanks to them.

Egis slides a prepared breakfast tray toward Helen.

EGIS
Anything else?

HELEN
Not right now. Thanks, Egis.

Ben waits for Egis to leave the kitchen while Helen stacks cereals on the tray.

BEN
She's traumatized. She's been
kidnapped.

HELEN
Jesus, Ben! She's home.

BEN
That's not what she thinks.

HELEN

How would you know, you're a pet psychologist. Stick to poodles, okay?

Ouch! Immediately, she regrets it.

HELEN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I didn't mean that.

Ben feels the sting but keeps his poise. He hugs her.

BEN

No, you're right. You're doing the right thing.

Helen tries to keep from losing it.

HELEN

(crying)

10 years. She doesn't even know who I am.

BEN

Give her time. She will soon enough.

INT. GUEST BATHROOM - DAY

Jamie stands in front of the mirror, dubious as she holds to the light the photo of herself, Franklin and Helen.

FRANKLIN (VO)

Don't run away. Stick to the game plan. Contact me.

There's a sudden crash from the bedroom.

HELEN (OS)

Melissa!

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

Jamie bursts from the bathroom.

Milk, cereal boxes, and broken crockery cover the parquet floor.

Helen holds one handle of the breakfast tray.

HELEN

I thought you'd gone.

Jaime throws Helen a leer.

JAMIE

With the door locked?

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Jamie eats Frosted Flakes at an elegant formal dining table. An enormous crystal chandelier hangs above her head.

Helen and Ben sit across from Jaime, Helen fidgeting with her nails, Ben looking professional, concerned.

Egis puts a glass of juice beside Jamie and stands away.

BEN

It's normal to feel overwhelmed,
Melissa. Seeing your mother for
the first time in 10 years would--

HELEN

Ben.

Helen silences him with a piercing stare.

JAMIE

It's Jamie.

BEN

Pardon?

JAMIE

My name's Jamie.

An awkward pause.

EGIS

Maybe Jamie would like to see the
swimming pool.

INT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY

Jamie's hand swooshes water in a swimming pool large enough to do laps. A stairmaster, treadmill, and free weights line the side. Helen and Ben stand behind her.

HELEN

Do you like to swim?

JAMIE

I don't like water.

HELEN

I can teach you to like it.

JAMIE

(with a tinge)

How much money do you have?

Helen doesn't miss a beat.

HELEN

Not as much as you might think.
Would you like to see the rest of
the house?

Jamie stands up and walks over to the treadmill.

Ben looks at his watch.

BEN

I better go. I have my 10 o'clock
with Patches.

HELEN

Will I see you tonight?

BEN

You two need some alone time.
I'll swing by tomorrow - with the
surprise.

Helen gives Ben a kiss.

HELEN

Thanks for being here.

Ben glances over at Jamie.

BEN

It's going to be all right.

INT. HOME OFFICE - DAY

It's a large room with original watercolors, giant art books, and a high-end, flat-screen PC on a glass and chrome computer desk.

HELEN

And this is my office. I'm an art dealer. Do you like art?

JAMIE

Not really.

Helen turns toward a 1940s print of a Van Gogh Exhibit in New York City.

HELEN

Not even Van Gogh?

JAMIE

He cut off his ear. Talk about a loser.

HELEN

His last painting sold for \$72 million. Doesn't sound like a loser to me.

Jamie focuses on the computer at Helen's desk.

HELEN (CONT'D)

You like computers?

JAMIE

Don't know. Never used one.

HELEN

Not even at school?

Jaime tries to look sincere.

JAMIE

It's a poor school.

HELEN

You're kidding. I thought all schools had computers.

Jamie shrugs.

HELEN

Would you like to learn how to use
one?

JAMIE

Right now?

Helen pulls out her desk chair, inviting her to sit.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - OMAHA, NEBRASKA - DAY

On laptop screen, a newspaper article from The Spokesman
Review. The headline reads "Accidental Blast Blows Up
Home. Father, Daughter Dead."

Franklin leans back in his chair, his attention not on the
laptop but the pda screen of his new cell phone. He's
learning how the thing works.

BATHROOM

Franklin puts a contact lens in his eye. He looks into the
mirror. His eyes are now blue.

INT. DENNY'S RESTAURANT - DAY

Franklin at a booth reading the Omaha World Herald.

A WAITRESS with a coffee pot picks up his empty plate.
Franklin lifts his coffee cup while keeping his eyes on the
paper.

INT. MALL - DAY

Inside a shopping mall, Franklin exits HANNAH'S HAIR SALON
with short cropped hair dyed black and no mustache. He
looks strikingly different now.

INT. GOOD GUYS - DAY

Franklin inspects a small digital camera while conversing
with a salesman.

INT. MARTY'S CAR - DAY

Franklin drives through commercial streets, taking his
time, studying the buildings he passes.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Franklin drives past a dilapidated '50s-style bowling alley. He spins the car around and enters the crumbling parking lot.

EXT. BOWLING ALLEY - DAY

Franklin walks up to the abandoned bowling alley. The doors and windows are boarded up. It's been closed a while.

EXT. BOWLING ALLEY - REAR - DAY

Franklin surveys the rear of the building, its windows haphazardly covered with strips of plywood.

Franklin pries the wood off one window, then uses the wood to break the glass.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - OFFICE - DAY

Franklin climbs inside an abandoned back office. Piles of papers are still on the metal desk. So are a set of keys.

LANES

Franklin crosses the bowling lanes, warped and buckled from extensive water damage. The set of keys jingle in his hand. Scorched league postings are still on the walls.

The game room and snack bar look like a huge black barbecue pit with the flames long since extinguished.

CLOSET

Franklin unlocks a closet door behind the pin cages. He opens the door and looks inside, finding a vacuum, a push broom, cleaning supplies. He closes the door, locks it, then removes the key from the key chain.

OFFICE

Franklin tosses the key chain back on the desk and climbs out.

EXT. BOWLING ALLEY - REAR - DAY

Franklin places the plywood back over the window.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Franklin enters his room with a Good Guys bag and a pizza. The laptop has been left on.

LATER

Franklin eats a slice of pizza while reading the instructions to his new digital camera. He takes a picture of his laptop and checks the image on the camera display. He's pleased.

INT. HELEN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jaime on a cushy, sage-colored couch with a pile of presents. Beside her are Barbies, child games, Fisher Price toys, clothing for small children.

Jaime opens a box and pulls out a dark-blue crushed velvet dress with white silk trim.

HELEN

Oh, I love that dress. Hold it up!

Jamie puts the dress to her chest. It might have fit her six years ago.

HELEN

That was for your 7th birthday.

Jaime opens another gift. Spice Girls CDs.

HELEN

Do you like The Spice Girls?

Egis walks in.

JAIME

When I was 9.

EGIS

(to Helen)

What would Jamie like for dinner?

HELEN

(to Jamie)

Anything she wants. Steak.
Seafood.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Helen takes a small bite of her Big Mac. Across the table, Jamie has barely touched hers.

HELEN
Aren't you hungry?

JAIME
How long am I staying here?

HELEN
I want to know who you are. What
you're like. How you think.

Helen takes a sip of wine.

HELEN (CONT'D)
He had you 10 years. It's my turn
now.

Jaime throws her napkin on her plate and leaves the table.

Helen stands up.

HELEN
Melissa!

Jaime rushes out of the room.

JAMIE
My name's Jaime!

Helen sits back down...takes a bite of her limp fries, then realizes what she's eating and spits them out.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

Helen handles a ceramic duck at the fireplace mantel.

HELEN
You were with your Grampa the last
day I saw you. We lived in Boston
back then. We rode the Swan
boats. We fed ducks in the Public
Garden.

Jamie lies in bed in a new nightgown.

HELEN (CONT'D)

You ran away from Emmett when he came to pick you up. You didn't want to leave the ducks. You ran so fast you tripped on the gravel path. That's how you got that scar near your eye.

Jaime touches the scar on her face.

HELEN (CONT'D)

We'll visit your Grampa next week. He'll be so happy to see you.

Helen walks up to Jamie's bed.

Jamie turns away, facing the wall, curling up under the covers.

HELEN (CONT'D)

All I want is time to get to know you.

Helen wants to tuck Jamie in, but thinks better of it. She retreats to the door.

JAMIE

Can you keep the door open? I'm not going anywhere.

INT. EGIS'S ROOM - NIGHT

Simple, comfortable bedroom lined with literature. Egis reads "Bleak House" in bed. There's a knock at the door.

EGIS

Yes?

Helen pokes her head in.

HELEN

I'm leaving her door open. Mind keeping a watch on her?

EGIS

Sure that's wise?

HELEN

I just don't want her to hate me.

Egis understands.

EGIS
I'll take care of it.

Helen's about to close the door, but first:

HELEN
You should read happier books.

INT. HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Jamie powers up Helen's computer.

A clock beside the monitor reads 3:30 a.m.

She clicks Explorer and accesses a Yahoo e-mail account.

She opens one message from Franklin:

I'm alive but on the run. Call me
when it's safe.
1-800-333-4839.
Dad.

Jamie picks up a phone on Helen's desk.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

On alarm, 2:33 a.m.

A cell phone RINGS and the nightstand light comes on.
Franklin picks up his cell.

FRANKLIN
Jamie?

INTERCUTTING:

JAMIE
They have me.

Franklin sits up, alert and awake.

FRANKLIN
I know they do.

JAMIE
I'm scared.

FRANKLIN

They won't hurt you. It's me
they're after. Where are you?

JAMIE

With a woman who says she's my
mother.

FRANKLIN

What city?

JAMIE

Chicago.

FRANKLIN

All right. You must be with
Helen. She's Mr. Julian's crazy
daughter.

JAIME

She showed me old pictures.

FRANKLIN

She lost a child many years ago.
She wants to believe you're hers.
Go along with it. You'll calm her
nerves if she thinks you're her
daughter. Pretend you are.

JAMIE

But I'm not, am I?

FRANKLIN

Of course not. They killed your
mother. They'll try to use you to
find me.

Jamie starts to cry.

JAMIE

When can you get me?

FRANKLIN

I'm working on it, sweetie.
What's the address?

Jaime searches for an address on the desk, but finds
nothing.

JAMIE

I don't know.

FRANKLIN

E-mail it. And all the phone numbers Helen uses.

JAMIE

OK.

FRANKLIN

There's one other thing I need you to do. Something very important.

JAMIE

What?

FRANKLIN

The papers your mother hid. I know where they are. But I can't get them until you send me the storage key.

JAMIE

What storage key?

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Egis opens the fridge, takes out a plate of leftovers and milk.

A mayonnaise jar falls on his toe.

He nearly drops the leftovers in pain. He hops on one foot toward the breakfast nook.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Franklin walks across the room with a glass of water.

FRANKLIN

(into cell)

Very good. Now let's review:
where's the key?

INT. HELEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jaime clicks open random files on Helen's computer.

JAMIE
(into phone)
With Johnny Pesky.

INTERCUTTING:

FRANKLIN
Good. And when you find it?

JAMIE
I mail it to the address you gave me.

FRANKLIN
Excellent. Don't let anyone know what you're doing.

JAMIE
When are you coming to get me?

FRANKLIN
The moment the key's in my hand.

JAMIE
Then we can stop running?

FRANKLIN
Yes, Jaime. Our ticket to freedom is that storage key!

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Egis hobbles down the hall with his midnight snack.

He Stops. Hears a voice.

He walks toward Helen's office.

INT. HELEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The door opens.

Jamie sits at the computer playing hearts. She faces Egis.

JAMIE
I couldn't sleep.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Franklin puts down his cell phone. He rubs his temples.

FRANKLIN

Don't let me down, princess.

INT. HELEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Helen is on her cell phone pacing her office.

HELEN

I want Georgette to cater. She knows what I like...

Jaime pops her head in. Helen sees her.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Make sure we have the Tribune and the Times. Calvino loves publicity. I'll call you later in the day.

Helen puts down her cell as Jaime enters the room in the same clothes she wore yesterday. She walks up to Helen and hands her the nightgown she wore.

JAIME

Too small.

Helen takes the nightgown, then smiles.

HELEN

I know just the cure.

INT. THE GAP - DAY

Jamie exits a dressing room with piles of clothes draped over both arms.

HELEN

Which ones do you like?

Jamie appears undecided.

Helen turns to the GAP GIRL standing next to her.

HELEN

We'll take them all.

EXT. THE LIMITED TOO - MAGNIFICENT MILE - DAY

Helen and Jamie exit the store with several bags.

INT. NORDSTROM - DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Jaime tries on tops...holds up nightgowns...looks at swimsuits...slips on shoes.

Helen whips out her charge card...signs the receipts.

INT. GUEST ROOM - DAY

Jaime and Helen stand in front of a closet filled with new clothes.

HELEN

That's better.

INT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

Helen opens the front door. Ben enters carrying a box with air holes. He presents the box to Jaime.

BEN

Its mother died and we thought--

HELEN

--Two traumatized kittens would get along.

Jaime sets the box on the floor and scoops out an adorable gray kitten. It wiggles out of Jaime's hands and scurries across the living room floor.

INT. HELEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The kitten investigates hidden corners of Helen's office while Jamie, in her nightgown, peruses bookshelves... closets...drawers...

Jaime opens a desk drawer, finding a roll of stamps and plain envelopes.

The kitten meows, wanting to get out.

JAMIE

Shhhh.

Jamie opens the office door and the kitten bolts down the hallway...

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

...and prances across a room filled with books and original modern paintings.

Jamie pretends to play with her kitten as Helen pokes her head in, checking on her.

Once Helen leaves, Jamie scans the shelves, opens cabinets, looks under furniture. She isn't finding anything.

INT. GUEST ROOM - DAY

Jaime checks inside a box on top of the closet. Only old sewing patterns.

INT. BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Jamie snoops through a dark room with a flashlight, her kitten meowing by her feet.

She reaches what looks like a closet door and opens it. The door leads outside.

Suddenly, all lights turn on and a piercing siren sounds.

A mechanical voice is activated:

VOICE

Intruder in Basement Door 3.

Intruder in Basement Door 3...

EXT. HELEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Outside lights flash off and on. A security van and security car approach the front gates.

Over outside speakers we hear:

VOICE

Intruder in Basement Door 3...

INT. BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Helen, Ben and Egis run into the basement in their pajamas and robes. Ben grips a baseball bat, Egis holds a gun.

Jamie stares at them, embarrassed while the mechanical voice and sirens carry on.

JAMIE

My kitty wanted out.

EXT. GARAGE - DAY

Jaime rummages through a three-car garage, poking inside boxes stacked against the wall. Just tools, garden equipment and art catalogs.

One of the garage doors opens. Helen stands at the foot of the driveway.

HELEN

We don't want to be late.

INT. BEAUTY SALON - DAY

Inside an exclusive chic salon, Jamie sits under a hairdryer sipping orange juice and reading Teen People.

Helen's within eyeshot, getting a manicure from LOUISE (50s), her chatty beauty guru and weekly confidant.

In a white lab smock, Louise looks like a scientist as she works on Helen's right hand.

LOUISE

Listen. I know about ex-husbands, and let me tell you something. They have one thing on their minds, and that's retaliation.

HELEN

He won't get her back, Louise. The house is like Fort Knox.

LOUISE

Take her to Europe for a few months. Trust me, it's safer. He won't know where you are.

Helen leans back comfortably in her chair.

HELEN

He took her to hurt me, not
because he loves her. He's
incapable of love. He doesn't
want her back.

LOUISE

If getting her back means hurting
you more, that's what he'll do.
Men are so predictable.

Helen glances over at Jamie.

HELEN

I'm not afraid of him.

INT. HALLWAY UPSTAIRS - DAY

Jamie plays with her kitten in the upstairs hallway,
rolling around on the carpet, laughing as the kitten
tickles her. She looks upward to the ceiling, then notices
a folded staircase camouflaged by paint, leading to a
closed set of panels in the ceiling.

Jaime stands up and checks the folded staircase over. It's
too high to reach. She finds what appears to be a light
switch nearby and flicks it up. The staircase
automatically unfolds and the ceiling panels open. Very
cool.

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

Jamie climbs inside and turns on a light, her kitten
darting through her feet.

There's a world of treasures inside: old furniture, boxes,
paintings, old chests. Jaime's eyes widen. She wonders
where to start.

She opens a box of old clothing.

Another box is filled with college text books.

And another is jammed with old photographs and photo
albums.

Jaime sighs. Her hands are so dusty she wipes them on her pants.

She turns around and discovers on the floor a large cedar chest, something pirates might have used. She flips off the latches and opens the top.

BINGO!

It's a chest filled with dozens of baseball binders, all labeled by league and year: National League 1947; American League 1948...

JAIME

Johnny Pesky 1952

She digs inside the chest and pulls out binders labeled American League 1952 and National League 1952.

She takes a seat and flips through the National League binder. She turns over pages and pages of pristine cards in near-mint condition, organized alphabetically by team.

She reaches the end of the binder, finding nothing. She then opens the American league binder and finds on the second page Johnny Pesky of the Boston Red Sox.

With her fingers, she pulls out the card from its protective plastic placeholder. There are actually two cards inside, sandwiched together.

Jaime takes the cards and pulls them apart. Between them is a brass storage key with the number 1131 etched on one side.

HELEN (OS)

Jaime?

Helen enters the attic as Jamie hides the key in her hand and scrambles to her feet. The binders fall out of her lap.

A box of photo albums inadvertently spills onto the floor.

JAIME

My kitty climbed up here and I
went looking for her.

The kitten, as if on cue, meows from another corner of the attic.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
There she is!

She goes to her kitten.

HELEN
I see you found your Grampa's
baseball cards.

Jaime shoves the key in her pocket.

JAMIE
I didn't mean to snoop. I love
baseball cards.

HELEN
That's all right. He'd be
thrilled to know you found them.

Helen picks up the box that slipped over. She looks over one of the albums.

HELEN (CONT'D)
I haven't seen this in years.

She looks at Jaime.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Come with me.

INT. HELEN'S ROOM - DAY

A spacious bedroom with a sitting area, fire place, and modern art hanging on the walls.

Helen and Jamie sit on Helen's bed looking at photo albums.

HELEN
Here's a good one of your Gramma
and Grampa.

Jamie looks at the picture, then turns the page. We see several photos of Helen and Franklin at the beach, happy, young and beautiful. There's another man with them, just as young and happy.

HELEN (CONT'D)

That's me. You know him.

(pointing to
Franklin)

And this is Riley. He disappeared
around the time you were taken.

Helen pauses a beat, as if reflecting upon some forgotten
memory.

Jaime turns the page and finds a homemade card with a
modified rendering of Botticelli's Primavera.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Oh, my goodness.

(laughs)

I thought I got rid of all this
stuff.

JAMIE

What is it?

HELEN

(considers a
moment)

A birthday card.

Jamie takes the card out of the plastic...opens it...Inside
is a ballooned photo of Helen. The cards reads, "Happy
Birthday to my Beautiful Botticelli Girl." Instead of a
signature, there's a bubbled photo of Franklin at the
bottom.

EGIS (OS)

Helen?

Egis stands at the door.

EGIS

Lia's at the front gate. She
insists on seeing you.

Jaime stares at the card a moment, not believing what she
sees.

HELEN

I want nothing to do with her.
Don't let her in.

EGIS

Very well.

Jaime sticks the card back in the album and gets off the bed.

HELEN

Don't you want to see more
pictures?

INT. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Jamie slips on a sweater in front of a mirror. She looks at herself.

FRANKLIN (VO)

They'll say and do anything,
honey. Just mail the key and I'll
come get you.

INT. ART GALLERY - DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - DAY

Affluent types pack Helen's upscale gallery. On the walls - neo-expressionist Rockwellian street life by CALVINO, the rising young star in Helen's post-modern orbit.

SERIES OF SHOTS as Helen circulates the gallery with her arm on Jamie's shoulder, introducing her to friends, clients, artists.

Helen radiates ebullience until she notices a disheveled woman entering the gallery.

It's LIA (35), a gaunt, dirty blonde ghost of a woman, your classic victim turned substance abuser. She walks through the crowd as if searching for something lost, until she spots Helen looking back at her.

HELEN

(to Jamie)
I'll be right back.

Jamie watches Helen cut through the crowd. Left alone, Jamie weaves through pockets of guests toward the back of the gallery.

BACK ROOM

Jamie unlocks the back door and slips outside.

GALLERY

Helen takes Lia by the arm while still smiling for the benefit of anyone who might be watching.

HELEN

This is a private function.
You'll have to leave.

LIA

Marty's not back. He owes me
money.

HELEN

Now. Or I'm calling the police.

LIA

I know how you got your daughter
back. Go ahead. Call them.

Helen nods to a guest who raises his wine glass to her.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jamie pulls out an envelope from under her sweater as she approaches a corner mail box.

She drops it in, but before she can return to the back alley, Helen and Lia step outside near the street curb.

Jamie hides behind the mailbox, pressing her head against the side, close enough to hear every word they say.

HELEN (OS)

What do you want?

LIA (OS)

Three hundred, that's all. I
can't wait for Marty anymore. I
think he's dead anyway.

Jamie carefully looks around the corner of the mailbox.

JAMIE'S POV: Helen opens her purse, takes out money.

HELEN

Marty's in a bar somewhere. You'd
know that if you knew him.

LIA

He told me he was going to kill
the guy.

Helen counts out five \$100 bills.

HELEN

I hope he did. Here's \$500. It's
yours if I never see you again.

Lia takes it.

LIA

You're a lifesaver! Marty's got
you all wrong.

HELEN

I'll tell him you found someone
else. Now go.

INT. GALLERY - NIGHT

Helen walks back inside. She grabs a glass of wine from a
passing tray. A hearty MATRON squeezed into a black Chanel
suit walks by.

MATRON

Lovely show, Helen.

HELEN

Thank you, Gloria.

Egis walks up to her.

EGIS

Everything all right?

HELEN

Fine. She's gone. I need to find
Marty.

EGIS

I'll do what I can.

HELEN

Where's Melissa?

Egis turns his head toward the back of the gallery.

EGIS

With the man of the hour.

Jamie chats with CALVINO behind one of his large macabre paintings. Jamie looks Helen's way just briefly.

EXT. ROAD TO PRISON - DAY (ESTABLISHING SHOT)

A dark sedan drives along an isolated road toward the brick towers of PEKIN FEDERAL PENITENTURY.

INT. VISITING ROOM - DAY

Julian (70s) exudes confidence, control and a sense of himself, even in the prison's garb of shapeless denims and a sleeveless sweat shirt. His silver, slicked back hair and brawny stature still command respect. He's nobody's prison bitch.

He waits beside a prison guard behind thick Plexiglas doors.

The doors open and Helen greets him with a hug.

HELEN

I have a surprise.

JULIAN

My parole?

Helen steps to the side, revealing Jaime at a faded formica table.

JULIAN

Melissa?

They look at each other half-a-beat before Julian walks to her, giving her a big hug. He's truly touched.

Jamie, awkward, gives back little.

JULIAN

My God. How old are you?

JAMIE

13.

JULIAN

13.

(to Helen)
Where'd you find her?

HELEN

Marty found her.

JULIAN

Marty? Where is he?

HELEN

We don't know.

JULIAN

Where's Emmett?

HELEN

Dad, talk to your granddaughter.

LATER

Julian, Helen and Jaime sit at a table.

JULIAN

How long have you lived in
Spokane?

JAMIE

Over a year.

JULIAN

Where'd you live before that?

JAMIE

Wyoming.

JULIAN

Horse country. You like horses?

JAMIE

Sure.

JULIAN

(to Helen)
Get her a horse.

HELEN

Ben and I already got her a kitten.

JULIAN

Oh yeah. The pet psychiatrist.
(to Jamie)
Have you met this guy.

HELEN

Dad!

JULIAN

Back in my day, when a dog shits on the carpet, you kick his ass. End of therapy.

Jaime laughs with Julian, her first real laugh since she's been here.

HELEN

Jamie likes baseball.

JULIAN

How long has your name been Jaime? It's Melissa. You mind if I call you Melissa?

JAMIE

No.

JULIAN

Who do you like this year?

JAMIE

The Red Sox.

Julian smiles.

JULIAN

Right answer! That's my team, too.

JAMIE

(feeling the bond)
They're the best.

HELEN

Guess what Jamie found, Dad. Your
baseball cards.

Julian looks at Helen surprised.

JULIAN

Did she?

HELEN

She's a baseball buff like you.

JULIAN

Is that so? You like collecting
cards?

JAMIE

I like playing more.

JULIAN

Can you swing like the Great
Bambino?

JAMIE

Who?

Julian's smile dissolves.

JULIAN

Babe Ruth.

JAMIE

I guess.

Julian looks at Helen.

JULIAN

Where'd you say Emmett was?

INT. PACKAGING STORE - DAY

CLOSE on old-fashioned brass P.O. Box door with combination
lock. Fingers turn the knob left, right, left.

The door pops open. An envelope's inside.

Franklin takes it out...rips the end...tips the envelope
into his palm.

Out drops a thick brass storage key, etched with the number 1131.

INT. STORAGE UNIT - AISLE - DAY

An endless row of blue doors with dead bolts. Franklin stands in front of #1131.

He slips the key inside the keyhole...turns it...pushes open the door.

A tall steel utility locker with a combination lock fits inside.

FRANKLIN
What is this, Julian?

He lifts the metal lever. It's locked.

He studies the front of the locker...touches the metal seams.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)
You fucking sack.

INT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY

Franklin stands in a long checkout line holding a power handsaw, titanium blades and safety goggles. Perturbed doesn't even come close.

EXT. STORAGE UNIT #1131 - DAY

Franklin sticks the handsaw blade through the front seams of the locker, ripping through the metal hinges.

The BUILDING MANAGER (50s), a native no-nonsense Nebraskan, pokes his head inside.

MANAGER
'xcuse me sir.

Franklin keeps sawing. The Manager taps him on the shoulder.

MANAGER (CONT'D)
Sir.

Franklin clicks off his saw.

MANAGER (CONT'D)
No construction in the building.

FRANKLIN
I lost the combination. Two more minutes.

MANAGER
Turn that power tool on again and I'll have to ask you to leave.

LATER

Franklin saws the last hinge by hand. He's almost finished.

The manager pops his head back in.

MANAGER
Closing up.

Franklin keeps filing.

FRANKLIN
Al...most...done...

MANAGER
Whatcha got in there anyway?

The locker hinges break loose and the door falls off. Inside is a dusty old golf bag with the top covered.

FRANKLIN
Golf clubs.

EXT. STORAGE BUILDING - DAY

Franklin sets the golf bag in the trunk of Marty's car. Beside him is a trash can. With a wry grin, he shoots the storage key like a basketball inside the can...swish.

EXT. NEWSPAPER STAND - DAY

Franklin stops in front of a newspaper stand. He keeps the motor running as he buys a copy of the New York Times.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Franklin stands the golf clubs next to his bed. He takes off the top cover. Instead of clubs, we see several long mailing tubes.

Franklin pulls one out...opens the top...taps out the contents.

It's a painting. He unrolls it on the bed. It's Vermeer's "The Concert."

A New York Times is placed alongside the famous stolen masterpiece.

He takes three flash photos with his new digital camera.

Another painting is rolled onto the bed: Rembrandt's "Sea of Galilee."

More flash photos.

Another painting: Rembrandt's self-portrait.

LATER

Franklin at the table cuts a small portion of canvas from the corner of the Rembrandt self-portrait.

He slips the cut canvas inside a zip-lock bag, then places the bag and camera disk inside a stamped manila envelope addressed to Sam Adams in Beijing, CHINA.

The return address is his cell phone number.

EXT. U.S. MAIL BOX - DAY

Franklin drives up to a large post box and tosses the envelope inside.

INT. MARTY'S CAR - NIGHT

Franklin parks in back of the abandoned bowling alley. He kills the engine, turns off the lights.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - CLOSET - NIGHT

A flashlight shines on the closet. Franklin unlocks the door...leans the golf bag inside behind the vacuum and push broom...closes the door and locks it.

He puts the key in his pocket.

EXT. PAY PHONE - STREET - NIGHT

Franklin at a pay telephone with a half-pint of milk and Krispie Kream Donuts.

FRANKLIN
(into phone)
Sandro Smith for Sam Adams,
please.

Franklin takes another bite of donut.

SAM ADAMS (VO)
...Ya.

FRANKLIN
Hello my friend.

SAM ADAMS (VO)
Hello. How's weather in your
city?

Subtitle: Do you have them?

FRANKLIN
Not a cloud in the sky. How's
Beijing?

Subtitle: Yes. Do we have a buyer?

SAM ADAMS (VO)
Hot! Very hot.

Subtitle: A very eager buyer.

FRANKLIN
What's the temperature these days?

Subtitle: How eager?

SAM ADAMS (VO)

30.

Subtitle: \$30 Million.

FRANKLIN

I'm sending sun tan lotion so you
won't get burned.

Subtitle: The screens are in the mail.

SAM ADAMS (VO)

I sit under shade. Is 10 C
cooler.

Subtitle: I will call you in 10 days.

Franklin looks at his watch.

FRANKLIN

Very good.

Subtitle: Very good.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Franklin sits at his laptop, filling out flight information
under the name Wallace Clark.

No of Passengers: 1.

Destination: Zurich.

He refers to his British Passport for correct information.

His cell phone RINGS on the bed. Franklin lets it RING.
And RING...until he finally picks the phone up.

He stares at it a moment, then turns it OFF.

He drops the phone on the bed and goes back to his ticket.

INT. HELEN'S HOUSE - HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Jamie sits at Helen's desk on the phone, listening to the
continuous RING on the other end.

Her kitten purrs in her lap.

INT. PRISON VISITING ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON baseball binder, the pages flipped to...

Johnny Pesky.

Fingers slide inside the protective plastic, pulling out the two cards.

Julian separates the cards. No key.

He drums his fingers on the binder, then eyes Egis across the table:

JULIAN

Bring me Melissa.

INT. CLOTHING BOUTIQUE - DAY

Helen holds a dress to herself in front of a mirror. She faces Jaime.

HELEN

What do you think?

JAMIE

Try it on.

Helen heads for the change room.

Jaime hurries to the Sales Desk where a young SALES CLERK waits to assist.

JAMIE

Can I use your phone? I need to ask my Dad if I can use his credit card.

The clerk hands Jamie a touch tone. Jamie dials while keeping her eyes on the change room. The phone rings and rings. Still no answer.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Jaime, Helen and Ben at the tail end of dinner.

HELEN

Ben, that was delicious.

BEN

It's the only dish I know. It
better be good.

Jaime gets up from the table.

JAMIE

Let me clear the dishes. You two
can have some alone time.

Helen smiles at Ben as Jaime takes her plate.

HELEN

Well thank you, Jaime.

JAIME

(to Ben)
Would you like any tea?

BEN

I think I would.

HELEN

Did Jaime tell you we're
redecorating her room?

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jamie holds the kitchen cordless as the tea kettle begins
to whistle, drowning out Helen redecorating vision o.s.

She hears one more RING, then slams the phone on the
receiver.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Franklin watches a train whistling through a station in
some random old movie on TV. The clock by his bed reads
3 a.m.

The lights turn on. The suitcase comes out. Franklin
starts packing.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Helen sits at a table with a mountain of designer
magazines, home furnishing catalogues, color strips and
swatches.

Egis walks in.

HELEN

Anything?

Egis hands Helen a newspaper article.

EGIS

From the Spokesman Review.

Helen reads the story. There's a photo of a charred lot with smoldering rubble and a gutted brick chimney.

EGIS

Emmett's house. What's left of it. They found two sets of remains. It'll take months to identify.

HELEN

Marty and Emmett.

EGIS

Yes. But the police think it's Franklin and Jamie.

Helen looks up at Egis.

HELEN

Did you know Marty was...?

EGIS

Going to kill Emmett? No.

HELEN

Jamie doesn't need to know this right away.

Helen throws the article in the air.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Goddamn you, Marty. I can't even thank you.

INT. GUEST ROOM - DAY

Helen stands in the middle of Jaime's room with PAUL (34), an interior decorator with gelled hair, tight pants, narrow horn-rims and a full-on creative attitude. Paul studies a

book of wallpaper samples while Helen holds out a fabric swatch of blue denim.

Plastic sheets cover Jamie's bed, chair, table. The curtains have been taken down. Workers rewire the overhead lights and scrape paint off the window casement.

PAUL

Helen love, the denim works for curtains but not wallpaper. Can you imagine living inside someone's blue jeans?

Jamie enters the room holding her kitten.

HELEN

But that's what she wants.

Jaime approaches a table with a dozen or so etched glass ceiling fixtures.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Jaime, Paul thinks the denim won't work.

PAUL

No, no, denim is very cool, very edgy, but as an appetizer, not an entrée. Let's not give ourselves indigestion.

Jamie lets her kitten onto the table.

HELEN

Well then, what about a more neutral base?

The kitten weaves through the glass fixture as if maneuvering through a maze.

PAUL

Here we go!

(referencing book)

Oh my God, it's heaven! This oyster shell with sandstone pinstripe is so today. With denim drapes this room will be the next hot club.

CRASH!

A glass fixture shatters on the floor. The kitten leaps off the table.

HELEN

Jaime, be careful! Those are expensive!

JAIME

I didn't do anything.

Helen glares at the kitten darting past the broken glass.

HELEN

This is no place for kittens.

Helen reaches for the kitten as it runs past her legs.

JAIME

Don't hurt my kitty!

HELEN

Jaime!

The kitten disappears behind covered furniture.

HELEN (CONT'D)

I wasn't going to hurt it, honey.

Jaime's on the verge of tears.

The kitten leaps back onto the table.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Get off!

Jaime suddenly grabs the end of the table and with both hands topples the entire table over. The kitten springs away from a waterfall of glass fixtures cascading down the table. They SHATTER on the floor like buckets of broken rain.

Paul snaps his fingers at the workers.

PAUL

OK, boys. Time for a mother daughter.

Paul and the workers exit the room as Helen looks at Jaime in total shock.

HELEN

Why did you do that?

JAIME

What happened to my dad?

It dawns on Helen what this is about.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Honey, I just found out myself. I don't know what happened to Emmett.

JAIME

You're lying!

Helen takes a step toward Jaime.

HELEN

Why would I lie?

Jaime takes a step back.

JAIME

Because you killed him. You want me dead too!

HELEN

Why would I hurt you? I'm your mother.

Tears run down Jaime's face.

JAIME

No you're not.

HELEN

Of course I am. Why would you say that?

JAIME

Because she's dead! My mother's dead!

Now Helen's crying too. She opens her arms.

HELEN

I'm right here!

As Jaime reaches a wall, she slides herself down until she's crouched into a ball. The kitten jumps into her lap.

JAIME

She's dead, she's dead!

Jaime buries her face in the fur of her kitten.

JAIME (CONT'D)

She has to be dead...

INT. PRISON VISITING ROOM - DAY

Julian is stone-faced at a table with Helen as he's shown the Spokane newspaper article.

HELEN

Be honest with me: did you tell Marty to kill Emmett?

JULIAN

I may have ten years ago. You know how many times your brother's seen me since your mother died? Only once.

HELEN

He's been looking for you for a long time.

Julian hands the article back to Helen.

JULIAN

Why doesn't Melissa think you're her mother?

HELEN

He probably told her I died years ago.

He looks across the room at Jamie, sitting alone near the soda machine. The wheels in his head are spinning.

JULIAN

Emmett's body wasn't identified, was it.

HELEN

He's dead, Dad. And so is Marty.

JULIAN

(thinking)

So it says...I'm sorry about
Marty...

Julian pieces things together.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

Let me speak to Melissa a moment.

JAMIE'S TABLE

Julian takes a seat across from Jaime with two 7-Ups. He hands one to Jaime.

JULIAN

So you don't think Helen's your
mother?

Jaime opens her 7-Up. Takes a sip. Doesn't respond.

JULIAN

Your Gramma and I were at the
hospital the day you were born.
If she's not your mother, you're
not Melissa. That's the honest
truth. Did your dad tell you your
mom was dead?

Jaime remains still. Then gives Julian a small nod.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

Well, he told you a lie. One of
many I suspect.

Julian leans in toward Jaime.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

(almost a whisper)

We have a bond, you and I. Always
did. We can tell each other
things. Your mom thinks I'm an
innocent man. I'm not. When you
only have the past to think about,
you either tell yourself lies or
make peace with your punishment.

I'll be out of this place soon.
Thank God I don't care about
paintings anymore. I'd rather
feed ducks with you.

Julian takes a sip of soda.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
Now your dad, he still cares about
paintings. Prob'ly more than he
cares about you. You sent him the
key, didn't you?

Jamie can't help but look surprised.

JAMIE
What key?

Julian smiles.

JULIAN
You're a loyal little soldier. I
like that. Emmett was loyal at
first. He and his partner Riley,
they made quite a team. We made a
lot of money together before
things fell apart. It all
happened so quickly. Riley
disappeared, the police stormed my
house in Boston, and you and
Emmett vanished without a trace,
all in one weekend over a decade
ago.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
(whispering)
We'd just finished a major
acquisition when Emmett found out
about your mother and Riley. I
didn't realize how afraid she was
of him. He was such a clever,
charming monster.

Julian takes a sip of his soda.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
In his mind I betrayed him, too.
I told Riley about Johnny Pesky,

but told Emmett something
different. He'd become so
untrustworthy. So pathological.

A PRISON GUARD approaches the table.

GUARD
Time's up, Julian.

JULIAN
Give me a minute, Dutch.

GUARD
You know the rules.

Julian stands up.

JULIAN
He set you up, honey. You gave
him what he wanted, and now he's
long gone. He can have that key.
You're with us now, and that's all
that matters.

INT. VENITIAN CASINO - DAY

Franklin at the Pai Gow Poker table with BARBI (22), an
appropriately named piece of Las Vegas companionship.

Franklin flips his cards over: a King-high flush and two
Jacks.

DEALER
Winner.

BARBI
You won again, baby!

CRAPS TABLE

Franklin's the shooter at a bustling table loaded with
chips. The point is 8. Franklin throws the dice down the
table.

STICKMAN
Eight easy.

The table explodes. Barbi wraps her arms around Franklin's
neck. The TALL TEXAN beside Franklin pats him on the back.

TEXAN

Just keep rollin' those winners,
pad'ner.

A pile of green chips are pushed Franklin's way, but for a man who's winning big, he looks downright distraught.

INT. VENITIAN CAFÉ - DAY

Franklin and Barbi sit at a table along the faux Venetian waterfront.

BARBI

You can't lose, doll. Not with
your Lucky Charm.

She takes Franklin's hand.

BARBI (CONT'D)

You need me around if you wanna
keep winning.

FRANKLIN

You have any Ibuprofen?

Barbi checks her purse.

BARBI

Sorry, sugar. Just speed.

INT. WALGREEN'S DRUG STORE - NIGHT

Barbi dabs on a little rouge at a makeup display while...

Franklin walks the remedy aisle in search of Ibuprofen.
There it is, right next to the Tylenol.

Franklin hears a VOICE in the next aisle.

VOICE (OS)

Over here, Dad.

It can't be Jaime - he knows that - but the voice is so
reminiscent.

He walks around the shelves to the next aisle and sees...

A teenage girl choosing potato chips with her father.

Barbi walks up to Franklin and kisses him on the lips.

BARBI
Who's ready for luvin'?

EXT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Hard, raw silhouette sex, pure animal grunting. If you're looking for love, it's not here.

LATER

They lie in bed.

BARBI
You loved her bad, didn't you?

FRANKLIN
Who?

BARBI
The girl you're trying to so hard
to forget.

INT. JAMIE'S ROOM - DAY

CLOSE on a blurry swirl of color, gradually growing more clear as the magnifying glass we look through is moving away from Franklin. It's the first photo Helen showed Jamie when she arrived, the family portrait when Jamie was two.

Jamie looks down at the photo, tossing the magnifying glass on the bed.

INT. PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Ben introduces Helen and Jamie to Dr. Kipner (45), a bookish woman with a sweet smile who shakes Helen's hand and motions both of them to sit.

Ben leaves the office with the door closing behind him.

INT. SWIMMING POOL - HELEN'S HOUSE - DAY

Helen swims laps as Jamie takes tentative steps toward the pool's edge, wearing a new bathing suit.

Helen stops, encouraging Jamie to come in. She then splashes Jamie with water.

Jamie is tentative at first, then jumps into the pool cannonball style.

A water fight begins, lots of splashing and laughing.

INT. JAMIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Close on Franklin's picture on the Birthday card he gave Helen. Suddenly, the picture turns dark, then blackens as the candle flame beneath it burns through. Slowly the flames spread out along the card.

Jamie tosses the burnt card into her fireplace.

LATER

Jamie is in bed with her kitten. She hugs the kitten for comfort. The kitten sleeps while purring.

EXT. HELEN'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

Ben drops a suitcase into the trunk of his black sedan.

Helen and Jamie wave goodbye at the front door.

BEN

Jamie, take care of her now.

JAMIE

I will.

HELEN

Have a safe flight. See you
Tuesday.

Ben gets into his car and drives toward the front gates. His license plate reads "Gentle Ben."

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Helen and Jamie make blueberry pancakes at the counter.

The TELEPHONE RINGS and Helen picks up the cordless.

HELEN

Hello...Who is this?...

Helen looks at Jamie.

HELEN (CONT'D)
How'd you get this number?...She's
right here.

Helen hands the phone to Jamie.

HELEN (CONT'D)
It's your softball coach. He says
you called him.

Jamie takes the phone without reacting.

JAMIE
Hello?

FRANKLIN'S VOICE
Pretend your team won the
championship.

Jamie is elated - he's alive!

JAMIE
We did? What was the score?

FRANKLIN'S VOICE
Good. Here's the plan.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

Franklin in a rental car is parked across the street from
Helen's house.

FRANKLIN
Be at the Chicago Art Institute
tomorrow afternoon. Wait for The
Birth of Venus. That's your cue.
You'll know what to do.

JAMIE'S VOICE
That's awesome. Who played right
field?

FRANKLIN
That's my girl. I can't wait to
see you.

Franklin hangs up the phone.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Jamie hangs up the cordless. She's beaming.

JAMIE
That was my coach. Our softball
team won the district
championship.

HELEN
Who else have you called?

Jamie's smile disappears.

JAMIE
No one.

HELEN
Let me know when you call someone,
okay?

JAMIE
I'm sorry.

Helen puts her hand on Jamie's shoulder.

HELEN
(worried)
It's all right. I don't want the
police coming over asking a bunch
of questions. They don't know
you're here.

INT. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Helen tucks Jamie in.

HELEN
You like your new room?

Jaime nods.

Helen looks at the walls.

HELEN
You have a good sense of color.
Everything works.

JAMIE

Can we go to the Art Institute
tomorrow?

HELEN

The Art Institute? It's my
favorite museum in Chicago.

EXT. ART INSTITUTE - DAY

Helen and Jamie ascend the steps of the Art Institute.

JAMIE (VO)

Really?

HELEN (VO)

Whenever I missed you too much,
I'd go to the impressionists for
inspiration.

JAMIE (VO)

Then we can go?

HELEN (VO)

I've been waiting all your life to
take you.

INT. ART INSTITUTE - DAY

It's a zoo in the lobby, due to the bottleneck at SECURITY.
Helen and Jamie pass through, foregoing the long line at
coat check.

HELEN

Where should we start?

JAMIE

Show me your favorites.

Helen takes Jaime's hand.

HELEN

Follow me.

They weave through pockets of idle tour groups toward the
Art.

GIFT SHOP

Through large windows, behind a Rembrandt biography the size of Chicago's Yellow Pages, Franklin's eyes follow Helen and Jamie down the main lobby.

Franklin closes the book and follows.

GUNSAULUS HALL

Helen and Jamie stand before 15th Century Armor and bludgeon weaponry. Creepy stuff. Jamie loves it.

CHAGALL WINDOWS

Jaime stands next to the beautiful stained glass. Helen takes a picture.

AMERICAN MODERN ART ROOM

Jamie and Helen imitate the stark, stoic pose of...

American Gothic.

Then laugh. This is fun!

PICASSO ROOM

Helen and Jamie look at each other with puffed cheeks and crossed eyes, making fun of Picasso's "Woman in Chair."

A humorless art couple roll their eyes at such ignorant mockery.

IMPRESSIONIST ROOM

Helen and Jamie stand beside Van Gogh's self-portrait.

JAMIE

Why did he cut off his ear anyway?

HELEN

Because he was too fond of his nose.

Franklin is within eyeshot in the adjoining room, buffered by a steady stream of viewers.

GAUGAIN ROOM

Franklin searches...searches...searches...and finds a 30ish drop-dead ART DUDE with Fuck You eyebrows and Fuck Me goatee.

FRANKLIN

Pardon me, but I was wondering--

Franklin holds out a folded Ben Franklin between his fingers.

FRANKLIN

--would an easy hundred interest you?

RENOIR ROOM

Helen and Jamie in front of Renoir's "Lady at the Piano."

HELEN

Isn't this one incredible?
Renoir's my favorite!

Art Dude walks up beside Jamie.

ART DUDE

It's no Birth of Venus.

Jamie looks at him.

ART DUDE (CONT'D)

But if you're into cartoons, it rivals Porky Pig.

HELEN

Am I supposed to laugh?

Jamie looks over her shoulder.

Art Dude grins.

ART DUDE

It's my Sunday hobby to pick on the Renoir fans.

Helen's smile suggests he's too attractive to completely dismiss.

HELEN

Your family must be proud.

Art Dude rubs his goatee.

ART DUDE

I don't deny Renoir's natural charm, but I just can't see beyond the calendar art residue that pervades his paintings. Know what I mean?

HELEN

No, I don't. But I was born with good taste.

ART DUDE

That would explain it. You need great taste to see things from my perspective.

HELEN

You must lead an extremely dull life if this is how you spend your Sundays.

Art Dude laughs.

ART DUDE

It's the highlight of my week.

HELEN

That should tell you something.

Art Dude touches Helen's arm.

ART DUDE

I must confess. I love Renoir! I was actually sent to annoy you.

HELEN

You're doing an admirable job.

ART DUDE

Seriously. Your husband put me up to it.

HELEN

My husband?

Helen looks to her side. Jamie's gone.

ART DUDE
(pointing)
Over there.

Helen spins around...

HELEN
Jamie?

And then she sees Franklin, stealing one last look at her.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Jamie!

HALLWAY

Jamie and Franklin hurry through art rooms. HELEN'S CRIES are HEARD from behind. Franklin pushes doddlers out of his way.

People turn toward Franklin as they hear HELEN'S SCREAMS.

Turning a corner, Franklin pulls down a Fire Alarm.

PIERCING ALARMS ring throughout the museum.

Crowds stop. Confusion fills the halls as Franklin and Jamie maneuver their way to the exit.

HELEN

gets gridlocked behind a group of Japanese. She pushes through them like a seasoned Ugly American, as if her life necessitated immediate movement forward.

HELEN
JAMIE!

It's hard to hear her scream with alarms so loud.

EXT. MICHIGAN AVENUE - DAY

Franklin and Jamie hurry down the steps. Franklin hails curbside.

They slip inside a yellow cab as Helen exits the museum.

INT. CAB - DAY

Behind the wheel is the urban equivalent of GRIZZLY ADAMS.

GRIZZLY

Where to?

Jamie looks through the back window, watching Helen climb into a white cab.

FRANKLIN

We're being followed. There's something extra if you lose them.

GRIZZLY

No problem.

INT. HELEN'S CAB - DAY

Helen's CABBIE is a HUSKY WOMAN listening to the Cubs game. The nameplate on her dash says POLAR BEAR.

Helen points to Franklin's cab.

HELEN

A man in that cab has my daughter!
Follow him!

POLAR BEAR

Your daughter?

Helen can barely breathe.

HELEN

He just took her!

The cabby grabs her CB.

POLAR BEAR

Don't worry, honey.

(into CB)

Crabtree this is Polar Bear. I
need police dispatch.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

The yellow cab weaves through heavy traffic without gaining much ground.

The white cab keeps up, only half-a-block away.

INT. FRANKLIN'S CAB - DAY

Franklin checks the back window, then hears something, the faintest trace of POLICE SIRENS.

FRANKLIN
(to Grizzly)
How are your U-turns?

GRIZZLY
Better than most.

FRANKLIN
At the next light, spin us around,
then drive one block and make a
right at the corner.

GRIZZLY
Sure thing.

Jamie continues staring out the rear window. Franklin pushes her head out of view.

FRANKLIN
(to Jamie)
Stay down.

Franklin tosses a hundred dollar bill to the front seat.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)
(to Grizzly)
We'll get out once you turn, but
make it look like you didn't stop.
(to Jamie)
Don't let go of my hand.

JAMIE
I won't.

EXT. STREET - DAY

At the light, the yellow cab enters the intersection halfway before it taxi-ballets a perfect 180, zooming past the white cab.

INT. HELEN'S CAB - DAY

HELEN

That's them!

POLAR BEAR

I'm on it.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The white cab spins around, nearly colliding with a brown Mercedes. HORNS HONK. The Mercedes screeches to a halt, blocking the road. The DRIVER, a big man in a business suit, opens his door.

DRIVER

What are you doing you stupid--

Polar Bear rolls down her window.

POLAR BEAR

Outta the fuckin' way you or I'll
RAM YOUR BENZ TO SCRAP METAL HELL!

Polar Bear guns her cab like a pissed off bull ready to charge.

INT. HELEN'S CAB - DAY

Helen watches the Mercedes driver climb back into his car.

HELEN

They're getting away!

The white cab bolts, wheels squealing, just as the Mercedes reaches the curb.

INT. FRANKLIN'S CAB - DAY

The cab turns the corner and comes to a stop.

Franklin opens the door and climbs out with Jamie.

Their cab speeds off down the street as they hide behind a row of parked cars.

A few seconds later, Helen's cab passes, following the yellow cab. The SIRENS grow louder.

Franklin smiles.

FRANKLIN

Follow me.

They blend in with the heavy sidewalk traffic, walking in the opposite direction of the cabs. Above them is a metro train rumbling by.

EXT. METRO STATION - DAY

Franklin and Jamie exit the station and walk down the sidewalk toward an Ice Cream Parlor.

There's an ease in their walk.

INT. ICE CREAM PARLOR - DAY

Franklin and Jamie sit at a red booth inside an old-fashioned Ice Creamery, both working on enormous hot fudge sundaes.

FRANKLIN

We'll stay in Nebraska a few days.
Then take a trip around the world.

Jamie keeps busy with her sundae.

Franklin puts a hand on her arm.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

Hey...You were magnificent. We
beat them!

JAIME

Are we still on the run?

FRANKLIN

You think they'll leave us alone
after this?

JAIME

What about the evidence?

Franklin takes a napkin, whips his mouth.

FRANKLIN

There was no evidence.

Jamie stirs her sundae.

JAIME

So we can't go back to Spokane?

EXT. STREET - DAY

Franklin and Jamie walk along a quiet side street toward Franklin's hotel.

JAMIE

What happened to Marty?

FRANKLIN

The man who kidnapped you? He
blew up our house. He died trying
to kill me.

A long pause.

JAMIE

...Is Helen my mother?

FRANKLIN

Of course not.

JAMIE

Then why does everyone say she is?

Franklin stops walking. He puts his hands on Jamie's arms.

FRANKLIN

You spent over three weeks with
manipulative criminals. Whatever
they showed you, whatever they
told you, it's all lies. You know
the truth. You know who they are,
don't you?

Jaime doesn't answer.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

What is it?

Jaime begins to cry.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

Come on.

They continue walking. Franklin puts his arm around Jaime.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

If you're sad, show me happy. We
have a lot to celebrate.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Franklin and Jamie enter a roomy four-star with two double beds, large TV, and flowers in a vase. Franklin discovers and picks up a FedEx package slipped under the door.

FRANKLIN

How does pizza sound for dinner?

Jamie notices Franklin's laptop on the table, the screen reflected in the hotel window.

JAMIE

If you want.

Franklin opens the FedEx package.

FRANKLIN

I thought pizza was your favorite.

Inside the package is a British passport with a post-it note that reads "You Owe Me One."

Jamie jumps on the bed and reaches for the remote on the nightstand. She turns on the TV.

Franklin tosses the passport to Jamie.

FRANKLIN

You're not Jamie anymore.

Jamie opens the passport. Under her picture is the name Emily Clark. She tosses it back.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I hate the name Emily.

FRANKLIN

Then I'll call you Emma.

Jamie changes channels until she finds a Simpsons rerun.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)
I'm taking a shower. There's soda
and candy in the mini-fridge.

Jamie watches TV.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)
You all right?

No response. Franklin steps in front of the cartoon.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)
I don't like running either. But
believe me, things are going to
get so much better. You'll see.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Water SPRAYS from the shower head.

Franklin steps inside an upright marble stall. It's a plush bathroom with lots of mirrors and plenty of towels.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Jamie leaps off the bed and puts her ear to the bathroom door. She then runs across the room to the laptop on the table.

She clicks open the laptop directory.

On the screen, rows and rows of folders, organized by year and category.

Jamie clicks...searches...clicks...searches...

Then clicks open a folder labeled "Pictures-1987."

Tiny "thumbnail" pictures fill the screen...Jamie scrolls down...clicks one open.

A wedding picture of Helen and Franklin fills the screen.

Jamie clicks open another picture: Helen and Franklin with an infant in their arms.

And another: Jamie in front of a birthday cake with a single candle that reads, "Happy Birthday Melissa."

Jamie shows no emotion as she searches more folders...opens more files...until she opens the file titled "Marty":

FRANKLIN (VO)

You'll never find us, Marty, but
I'm ready to make a deal: \$10,000
in exchange for Melissa. You'll
become the family hero if no one
knows. I've grown tired of
raising children. E-mail is best.
IamEmmett@yahoo.com

Franklin's shower stops.

Jamie closes the file. She can hear Franklin whistling. She looks around the room, thinking.

FRANKLIN (OS)

Emma? What kind of pizza sounds
good?

Jamie clears her throat.

JAMIE

Cheese pizza.

FRANKLIN (OS)

Cheese pizza? That's so boring.

Jamie lunges for the remote on the bed, turning up the volume of the Simpsons.

She then tip-toes to the room door...carefully turns the door knob...quietly exits the room.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jamie runs toward the elevator.

She pushes the button and goes down.

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Franklin brushes his hair in his white hotel bathrobe.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)
 Maybe we should have steak
 instead. How does steak sound?

Franklin leaves the bathroom.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)
 With baked potato? Sautéed
 mushrooms?

No Jamie. He looks around the room, then sees the laptop
 reflected in the window.

His wedding picture is on the screen.

EXT. - HOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Franklin runs onto the sidewalk, his hair still wet, his
 clothes half on. He looks up and down the street, but
 Jamie's long gone.

INT. - O'HARE AIRPORT - NIGHT

Airport police canvas lobbies, gift shops, terminals.

GATES C1-C30

Egis searches a long, semi-crowded row of gates while on
 his cell phone.

EGIS
 Nothing at Gate B. I'm at C-20
 right now.

TICKETING

Helen at the information desk on her cell phone.

HELEN
 If we don't find her tonight, I'm
 calling "America's Most Wanted."

EGIS'S VOICE
 Your father won't like that.

HELEN
 That's his problem. Call me in 20
 minutes.

Helen hangs up her cell.

Manageable lines are formed at check-in. She scans the endless counters with eyes so distraught and tormented it's easy to look away.

Her cell phone rings.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Hello?

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Jamie at a payphone, out of breath.

JAMIE

I know the truth.

HELEN'S VOICE

Jamie!

JAMIE

He's after me.

HELEN'S VOICE

Where are you?

Jamie looks up at the street sign.

JAMIE

7th and Wabash.

HELEN'S VOICE

I'm not far! Here's what I want you to do.

JAMIE

Okay.

EXT. AIRPORT DROP-OFF - NIGHT

Helen exits the airport, hurrying toward her car at short-term parking.

HELEN

Go four blocks up Wabash. There's a woman's store on 11th called McClain's. Go to the 3rd floor dressing room and stay there.

JAMIE'S VOICE

I'm scared.

HELEN

Run as fast as you can, but keep
hidden. I'll be there in 15
minutes. I love you!

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Jamie puts the phone down and runs.

INT. SHORT TERM PARKING - NIGHT

Helen jumps into her car while dialing Egis's number. She
bolts out of the parking stall.

EGIS'S VOICE

Yes?

HELEN

She just called.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Franklin runs up the street seeing nothing.

He approaches a BAG LADY with a grocery cart.

FRANKLIN

Have you seen a girl? This high?
Brown hair?

The lady shakes her head no.

Franklin stops, closes his eyes.

FRANKLIN

Think think think think think...

An idea occurs.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Franklin runs through the lobby toward a closing elevator.

FRANKLIN

Hold it!

A hand is extended, keeping the doors from closing.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

The elevator doors open. Franklin rushes out.

ROOM DOOR

Franklin inserts his card key.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Franklin rushes to his cell phone...turns on the address book...scrolls through to Helen's information...her address and telephone numbers.

CLOSE on highlighted cell phone number.

In a drawer, Franklin takes out Marty's gun and stuffs it in his pocket.

INT. HELEN'S CAR - NIGHT

Helen speeds down the expressway. Her cell phone rings. She picks up.

HELEN

Hello.

FRANKLIN'S VOICE
(mimicking Jamie)

Where again?

HELEN

McClain's. On 11th and--

She hears a click.

HELEN (CONT'D)

...Jamie?

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Franklin bolts out of the hotel at full speed.

EXT. 11TH STREET - NIGHT

Jamie runs down a quiet, low-lit street. Most of the shops are closed for the night.

She walks underneath the awning of McClain's. The long display windows on each side are covered up.

An "Out of Business" sign hangs on the glass door.

Jamie looks inside. Nothing but empty racks and counters. There's a hole in the middle of the floor where an escalator used to be.

Jamie leans against the door and waits. It's getting cold, so she hugs herself for warmth.

EXT. 10TH STREET - NIGHT

Franklin crosses against the red, running as fast as he can. He almost gets hit by oncoming traffic.

CAR HORNS BLAIR.

He runs another block, pushing the limits of his endurance. At 11th he turns left...sees the awning for McClain's.

EXT. MCCLAIN'S - NIGHT

Jamie checks her watch. It's been 20 minutes.

She hears footsteps, heavy breathing, then sees a man walk into view.

It's Franklin, gasping for breath.

She tries to hide inside the darkness of the overhanging awning, but Franklin spots her huddled in a corner of the display window.

He's so winded he can barely speak.

FRANKLIN

What are you...doing...?

He walks toward Jamie.

Jamie's lips tremble. She's crying.

JAMIE

You lied. About everything!

Franklin leans over, still trying to catch his breath.

Jamie tries to run, but Franklin grabs her arm. He wraps his arms around her in a big bear hug.

FRANKLIN

Let me...I can explain. I can,
Emma.

JAMIE

Helen's my mom.

FRANKLIN

No she's not.

JAMIE

Yes she is!

FRANKLIN

Your mother died 10 years ago. We
need to leave before they come.

JAMIE

No!

Jamie tries to break free.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

You knew they were kidnapping me.
You knew everything.

Franklin takes the bowling alley key from his pocket. He places it in Jamie's hand.

FRANKLIN

This is our future, honey. Right
here! We're so close to getting
everything we deserve. Trust me.

Jamie looks at the key. It's different from the one she mailed.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

It's no lie. It's real. Please
don't betray me.

A CAR STOPS o.s. and we hear a door open with the motor still running.

Heels run along pavement and we see Helen appear on the sidewalk.

HELEN

Jamie!

Franklin points Marty's gun straight at Helen, using Jamie as a shield.

FRANKLIN

Hello, Helen.

Helen holds up her hands like a caught thief.

HELEN

(desperate)

Emmett, please. I'll give you anything you want. Just give me my baby.

FRANKLIN

Throw me your car keys.

HELEN

They're in the car.

JAMIE

Don't hurt her.

FRANKLIN

(to Jamie)

Shhhhhhh.

With his gun, Franklin motions Helen to move further inside the entrance. He and Jamie slowly creep toward the sidewalk as Helen steps toward the front doors of McClain's.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

(to Helen)

How does it feel to be left alone?
It hurts, doesn't it.

HELEN

Please, Emmett. Leave her here
and go. No one will bother you.

Franklin quickly glances at Helen's car. It's still running. The lights are on.

FRANKLIN

Say goodbye, Emma.

JAMIE
(crying)
Bye.

Helen is frantic.

HELEN
Emmett, no.

FRANKLIN
Goodbye, Helen.

Franklin keeps the gun pointed toward Helen as he backsteps with Jamie toward her car.

HELEN
She's not yours, Emmett.

FRANKLIN
If you ever marry again, stay faithful next time.

HELEN
You're not her father.

Franklin stops. Behind him, a vacant taxi drives across the street.

HELEN (CONT'D)
You killed her father!

Franklin appears confused.

FRANKLIN
What are you talking about?

HELEN
Look at her, Emmett. Riley is stamped all over her. She's Riley's! Not yours.

Franklin's confusion dissolves as he glances down at Jamie.

FRANKLIN
But you and Riley didn't...until after she was born.

HELEN
I lied.

Jamie looks at Franklin as his eyes stare back at her in search of the truth.

And then Franklin sees it, in Jamie's whole face, something he'd never seen until now, the imprint of the man who so horribly betrayed him.

INSERT: The faintest image of Riley superimposed onto Jamie.

FRANKLIN

No...

Franklin trembles.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

No!

He eases his hold on Jamie.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

It's not true!

HELEN

You know what else? He knew.

Before you killed him, Riley knew.

Franklin lets go of Jamie and she crumbles onto the sidewalk, curling herself into a ball.

Franklin keeps the gun pointed at Helen.

FRANKLIN

You fucking...

He lowers the gun toward Jamie.

HELEN

No Emmett!

FRANKLIN

I'd rather hurt you than kill you.

Franklin points the gun at Jamie's head.

HELEN

NO!

A SHOT RINGS OUT.

HELEN SCREAMS.

JAMIE SCREAMS.

Franklin falls to the ground. The barrel of Marty's gun lands a few inches from Jamie's face.

Jamie turns toward Helen's car.

Egis stands behind the fender, his arm resting on the hood, his gun still pointed at Franklin.

Jamie scrambles to Franklin, rolling him over face up.

JAMIE

(crying)

Why did you lie to me?

Franklin opens his mouth. Blood runs down his cheeks. He can't breath.

FRANKLIN

Don't...be...lieve...her.

Helen kneels beside Jamie, hugging her with all her might.

HELEN

My girl, my girl, my sweet little girl.

Franklin's eyes close.

Egis reaches Franklin, checking his pulse.

EGIS

He's dead.

Egis sees the gun on the ground. He picks it up, studies the tortoise shell handle.

EGIS

Marty.

The faint sound of POLICE SIRENS are heard.

Egis stands up, touches Helen's shoulder.

EGIS

Let's go.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Egis drives through downtown Chicago. Police cars speed past them in the other direction.

In the back seat, Helen and Jamie ride in silence. Helen runs a hand through Jamie's hair.

Jamie feels the bowling alley key in her hand. She pushes down the window button and throws the key into the Chicago River.

HELEN

What was that?

JAMIE

Nothing but lies.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - NIGHT

Helen's car drives down the street toward home.

TEXT ON SCREEN:

In 1990, six paintings worth over \$300 Million were stolen from the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum in Boston.

Their whereabouts are still unknown.

END TEXT:

FADE OUT