

DEATH EVERY DAY

By
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The SOUND of FLAGS FLAPPING, the SEA, then a LOUDSPEAKER CRACKLING to LIFE.

STEWARD'S VOICE
On behalf of the Norse Irish Line,
we're pleased to announce the
Dining Cabin is now serving lunch.

FADE IN:

EXT. OBSERVATION DECK, NORSE IRISH FERRY -- DAY

A dozen people are taking air on the ferry's observation deck. Some sit on benches, others stand at the rail looking out across the grey sea. A coastline fades in the distance.

A man, PAUL (30s), is sitting apart staring at nothing.

STEWARD'S VOICE
If you'd like lunch, tea, or something a la carte, we are located aft of the Observation Deck.

A WOMAN (40s) is working a crossword opposite him. She looks up from her puzzle discreetly.

WOMAN'S POV: Paul is a good-looking man, but he's wearing an odd, vacant expression. His boots and pantlegs are spattered with dried mud and he looks as if he hasn't slept.

His eyes visibly begin to cloud with tears.

STEWARD'S VOICE (CONT'D) (cont'd)
We're expecting calm seas and light rain on our crossing today putting us just on schedule for a seven o'clock arrival at Pier Head. We'll update you again just as soon as we've crossed into English waters.

BEHIND THEM: Further down the deck, people can be seen coming up from below decks and heading toward the Dining Cabin.

Paul now begins to sob. He's an imposing-looking man, muscular, and his crying attracts attention. His distress is apparent, yet no one seems to know how to respond. Some seem embarrassed by this public display, others wary.

It begins to sprinkle rain. The woman heads for the Dining Lounge, holding the crossword over her head. Others collect their things, but Paul himself makes no effort to get up. He sits in the drizzle, shaking with sobs.

INT. BELOW-DECKS CORRIDOR, NORSE IRISH FERRY -- SAME

An Irish MOTHER and FATHER (40s), SON (13), and DAUGHTER (10) make their way with a half-dozen others up a long corridor toward an ascending stairway, talking as they go.

SON
--you can't just take new tiles
whenever you want. That's cheating.

MOTHER
Your father was nice enough to sit
down and play that game with you--

SON
He read me the rules!

FATHER
I'm going to throw that bloody
thing overboard if you don't shut
your mouth about it.

The son looks at them both, disgusted. They begin climbing.

MOTHER
(to her daughter)
It looks like rain, sweets. You can
try out your new umbrella.

EXT. OBSERVATION DECK, NORSE IRISH FERRY -- SAME

As the family comes up into the drizzle, the daughter opens her UMBRELLA. It's huge and she has trouble at first holding it level.

She sees two OLD WOMEN (80s) coming slowly up the stairs behind them and moves to shield them from the rain. The first old woman looks up warily, but the other smiles.

The father and son move toward the Dining Cabin, but the mother, amused and touched by her daughter's generosity, finds a space under an overhang to watch. Her daughter helps several others who thank her playfully. Then she looks out across the deck.

DAUGHTER'S POV: Paul sitting alone in the rain.

She dashes toward him. Her mother sees this and calls out.

MOTHER
Gretta--

But her daughter does not hear, so she stays where she is, out of the rain, watching her daughter closely.

The girl walks the last few yards up to Paul. When she holds the umbrella over him, the SOUND of RAIN PATTERNING ON NYLON makes him look up.

MOTHER'S POV: The girl holding the umbrella for the man.

One or two people have paused in the door of the Dining Cabin to watch this unfold. The man and girl seem to be talking.

ONLOOKER #1
Your daughter's adorable.
(beat)
I was just like that at her age.

The mother turns and offers a polite smile. Her husband has appeared again, looking for her. One of the onlookers GASPS. She turns.

MOTHER'S POV: The umbrella has been knocked to the ground and Paul has pulled her daughter into a sudden, hard embrace.

Her husband runs past her, out into the rain.

FATHER
You there! LET HER GO!

The mother watches as her husband pounds down the deck and yanks their daughter away. He then hauls Paul up and throws him down onto the deck. Then, with his daughter in his arms, he grabs the umbrella and stalks back toward the cabin.

ONLOOKER #2
That's generous. I'd've busted that man's face.

The girl is scared now, and begins crying herself. The mother steps out into the rain and reaches for her.

FADE TO BLACK:

The CREDITS play over the SOUND of a RADIO TRANSMISSION.

DISPATCHER'S VOICE
This is Merseyside dispatch, go on with your transmission, over.

MASTER OF SHIP'S VOICE
This is the Ship Master of motor vessel Norse Irish SeaStar, Whiskey
Bravo Lima Four Four Four.
(MORE)

MASTER OF SHIP'S VOICE (cont'd)
 Inbound for Pier Head, Liverpool.
 (beat)
 I'm radioing a complaint of a
 suspicious person filed by a
 passenger.

DISPATCHER'S VOICE
 I'll patch you through to Canning
 Place. Stand by. Over and out.

A long beat.

DESK SERGEANT'S VOICE
 Desk Sergeant Merseyside Police. Go
 on with your complaint, Sir.

The following TEXT appears:

WEDNESDAY

EXT. DISEMBARKATION RAMP, PIER HEAD, LIVERPOOL -- DUSK

Crowds of passengers come jostling off the ferry down a
 covered disembarkation ramp. Two bored-looking MERSEYSIDE
 POLICE OFFICERS, as well as a FERRY SECURITY GUARD, stand
 waiting at the end of the ramp as people file past.

OFFICER #1
 You following the Premiership?

OFFICER #2
 I saw last week's Blackburn match.

OFFICER #1
 That Riedle's a sorry waste.

The ferry guard points discreetly up the ramp.

FERRY GUARD
 That's him.

OFFICER #1
 Thanks much.

The guard heads off as the officers watch Paul come down the
 ramp toward them. When Paul sees them, he doesn't hesitate,
 but keeps moving. They fall in beside him.

OFFICER #1 (cont'd)
 Excuse me.

Paul stops, but says nothing.

OFFICER #1 (cont'd)
We need to talk to you a moment.
Mind stepping over here with us.

Paul looks from one to the other, then follows.

OFFICER #1 (cont'd)
We understand there was a bit of a
problem on board today.

Paul says nothing. Officer #2 glances at his partner.

OFFICER #1 (cont'd)
A problem with you and a child, a
little girl?
(beat)
Do you know what I'm referring to?

PAUL
Yes. I'm sorry about that. I said
so to the parents. They filed a
charge--is that what this is?

OFFICER #1
No, just a complaint. We're wantin'
to make sure everything's okay.

PAUL
Everything's fine. I appreciate
your concern, but it's not needed.

He takes a step as if to go.

OFFICER #2
What did you think you were doing
there, with that girl, so?

Paul turns back and speaks to Officer #1.

PAUL
I need to go. I have my car on the
ferry down below--

OFFICER #2
I'd be happy to fetch your car.

Paul does not even look at Officer #2 now.

PAUL
I don't think so. May I go?

OFFICER #1
Yeah, go on.

They watch Paul walk away. Officer #2 looks expectantly at Officer #1, who says:

OFFICER #1 (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Follow him and run his plates.

EXT. EXIT ROAD, PIER HEAD, LIVERPOOL -- NIGHT

A police car is idling at a bend in the lane that exits the ferry lots. When Paul drives up the officers wave him to the side with their flashlights.

Officer #1 approaches the car and shines his flashlight along the mud-spattered car. Paul rolls his window down.

OFFICER #1
License and registration.

Paul offers his license.

OFFICER #1 (cont'd)
And registration.

Paul does not move.

OFFICER #1 (cont'd)
This car isn't registered to you is
it, Mr. Hargreaves?
(beat)
Would you mind steppin' out?

Paul unclips his seat belt and steps out of the car.

OFFICER #1 (cont'd)
Sir, we know this car isn't yours,
so, why don't you tell us how
you've come to be driving it today.

Paul simply looks down at his feet.

OFFICER #1 (cont'd)
(with a hint of force)
I'll ask you once more. Do you know
the driver of this car?

PAUL
Yes.

OFFICER #1
And how've you come to be driving
it?

PAUL
It's a friend's who's on holiday.
She lent it to me while she's gone.

OFFICER #1
An Irish girl?

PAUL
She lives here.

OFFICER #1
But you took her car to Ireland? I
don't understand.
(a beat)
If we wanted to get a hold of--
(looks at his notepad)
Susan Banks, do you know how we
could?

PAUL
(with eerie calm)
I told you she's on holiday. I
don't exactly know where.

OFFICER #1
Do you mind if we look inside?

A beat.

PAUL
Yes.

The officers look at one another and without discussion,
Officer #1 walks to his car and takes up the CB.

OFFICER #1
This is car B7 with a request for
permission to search. Over.

EXT. EXIT ROAD, PIER HEAD, LIVERPOOL -- LATER

Paul and the other officer stand back as Officer #1 removes
the keys from the ignition and leans into the back seat with
his flashlight. Nothing. He then walks around and opens the
boot. He stares down at what he sees.

OFFICER #1's POV: a muddy shovel, muddy blankets, muddy work
gloves, a muddy umbrella, a pair of muddy women's shoes, a
paper sack of clothing with a woman's brassiere lying on top,
a muddy set of finger marks on it, and a large muddy stone.

Sprinkles of rain glint in the beam of the officer's light.

OFFICER #1
(to Paul)
You'd better come with us.

The following MONTAGE of Liverpool at night:

1. The lights of Pier Head and the Port of Liverpool beside the Liver Building. It is now raining.
2. St. John's Garden from William Brown Street. The rain is driving all the evening walkers out.
3. The columns of St. George's Hall dark with rain.
4. Theatergoers emerging from the Everyman Theatre and lifting their umbrellas.

EXT. EVERYMAN THEATRE -- NIGHT

Two of the emerging theatergoers, JUDITH and CLIVE (50s-60s) huddle under one umbrella and begin walking up the street. They lean into one another to stay dry.

They reach a car and Judith quickly unlocks it, slips in, and rolls down her window.

CLIVE
Feel like a stop at the White Star?

JUDITH
Not tonight, Clive.

Clive smiles and leans in for a kiss.

CLIVE
Follow me home, then?

JUDITH
Thanks, but I'm all done in. And
I've some reading.
(wearily)
Legal. I'd just keep you up.

CLIVE
Is everything all right, Jude?

Judith looks up at him for a moment, then nods.

JUDITH
Go on, get out of the wet. I'll
call you tomorrow.

He offers another smile and then withdraws into the rain.
Judith rolls up the window and checks her watch.

INT. JUDITH'S CAR -- LATER

Judith is driving through the rain and then pulls off to a kerbside spot and parks.

EXT. UNITED POWERS -- SAME

Judith gets out of her car and rushes toward the entrance of a stately looking pub. She steps around a man helping a woman down the front steps.

INT. ENTRY, UNITED POWERS -- SAME

The pub inside is busy. Drinkers hang over the bar and sit laughing at the tables and booths. Judith scans the pub. A young woman, ELLEN (26), waves her over to a booth.

Judith flops her coat into the corner and sits down heavily.

ELLEN
Where's Clive?

JUDITH
He couldn't make it, dear. He said
he was all done in.

ELLEN
Oh.

They regard one another for a moment.

JUDITH
You're relieved. Just a bit.

ELLEN
I don't know him well, yet, mum.

JUDITH
He's not brand new, you know. He's
an old friend.

A waiter comes.

WAITER
What'll it be, ladies?

JUDITH
Whiskey and soda, right away.

ELLEN
Cider, please.

The waiter goes.

JUDITH
Thanks for calling. I haven't seen
you since Bartell's. How's classes?

ELLEN
Fine. How's work?

JUDITH
I'm still on leave.

A beat.

ELLEN
Okay, so--how's that going?

JUDITH
I thought you didn't want to hear
about it.

ELLEN
Well, I know it's going on. And
what I'm imagining is probably
worse, so you may as well tell me.

A beat.

JUDITH
All right, for starters, I can't
decide whose solicitor I like less,
your father's or mine. And
paperwork. I feel like I'm getting
a study-at-home law degree. We're
making our lists now, you know?

ELLEN
Dividing up stuff?

JUDITH
Yes. Ancillary relief, they call
it. I can't figure out what's so
ancillary about it. It's like a
bloody farm auction at the house.
Since I'm there, I get to tag
everything--your father's
solicitor's brilliant idea. A
yellow tag means it's on his list.
They're all over the house. There's
one on the fucking andirons.

ELLEN

And how's he doing? Dad? I haven't talked to him in a week. He doesn't always return my calls. Embarrassed, I guess.

JUDITH

How's anyone bloody doing?
(beat)
It's the worst thing that's happened to any of us.

A long beat.

ELLEN

I doubt, given your profession, that's a surprise to you.

JUDITH

My "profession." That makes me sound like a whore, doesn't it?

ELLEN

(genuinely sad)
I take it back--this is worse than I imagined.

JUDITH

I'm just tired. When I'm tired like this, you just have to put up with me.

(beat)

I do have one question for you if you think you can stand to talk about this for two more minutes.

ELLEN

What is it?

Judith roots through her handbag and pulls out a sheet of paper in a plastic bag.

JUDITH

Could you take a look at this and tell me what it is? You know I'm not a book girl.

Judith hands it over. Ellen looks at it.

ELLEN

Where'd you find this?

JUDITH

An old briefcase of your father's,
from two or three years ago. I told
my solicitor I would try to find
out what it was.

ELLEN

Your solicitor? It's a poem, mum.

JUDITH

I know that. Is it a--love poem or
something?

ELLEN

Why're you giving this to me?

JUDITH

You take literature, I thought--

ELLEN

It's Yeats.

JUDITH

But what's it about?

ELLEN

It's about someone in mourning,
about love being done. A death.

Judith shrugs this off.

ELLEN (cont'd)

Are you disappointed?

JUDITH

What do you mean?

ELLEN

That it's not more incriminating?

Judith does not answer this.

ELLEN (cont'd)

(looking at the poem)

Here's a bright spot for your
solicitor: this line's about
someone's breast. Of course, it's
an image of nursing, but he can
work around that, right?

JUDITH

Don't be cheeky.

Ellen tosses the paper back to her mother.

JUDITH (CONT'D) (cont'd)
I'm taking it in tomorrow morning,
just in case.

ELLEN
In?

JUDITH
To work. For fingerprints, dear.

Ellen exhales disgustedly.

JUDITH (CONT'D)
I know something's going on, Ellen.
I know it. There's been a car
parked at his new place quite a
lot. I have the license number.
(beat)
You find this disappointing do you?

ELLEN
(almost pleading)
Yes.

JUDITH
Look, despite what you may think,
your father's not always the nice
bloke you think he is. I've never
met anyone as arrogant, or slippery
for that matter. If he was screwing
around on me I want it out there
and on the record. This is serious.

A BURST of LAUGHTER and light applause comes from some remote
corner of the pub. Neither of them looks in its direction.

ELLEN
I guess I don't have to tell you
why you want that, do I, Mum?

A beat.

JUDITH
That's bullshit. If he fucked
around while we were married, he
should have to wear it to court,
like anyone else.

ELLEN
Like you.

Elsewhere in the pub, the barman calls:

BARMAN
Last Orders!

Judith meets her daughter's look without hesitation or, apparently, embarrassment.

JUDITH
Damned right.

INT. ENTRYWAY, JUDITH'S HOME -- LATER

The SOUND of KEYS as Judith enters her dark house. She comes in and stands there for a moment looking into the dim living room. Small yellow tags hang here and there. It is SILENT. She climbs the stairs.

INT. BEDROOM, JUDITH'S HOME -- SAME

Judith turns on a lamp. She sets her bag on the bed, flips on the TV, and begins to undress. The evening news is on.

NEWS ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
--corpse of a badly decomposed woman discovered there by amateur divers late last week. Now that the woman's been identified, residents around Coniston Water can lay the mystery to rest.

(beat)
In the U.S., another scandal in the Clinton administration--

In her bra and slip she brushes her teeth, then closes the bathroom door to get at the nightgown hung on the other side.

NEWS ANNOUNCER'S VOICE (cont'd)
Mike Espy, Agriculture Secretary from 1993 to 1994, was charged last night with accepting £21,700 worth of gifts, lying to investigators, interfering with witnesses, and altering documents during the investigation. Prosecutors say Mr. Espy, a sports fan, accepted, among other things, tickets to football, basketball, and tennis matches from several companies he was regulating.

Judith takes a BOTTLE OF PRESCRIPTION ANTIDEPRESSANTS from the medicine cabinet and takes one.

Then she comes out and climbs into bed. She draws her handbag toward her and pulls out a clipboard loaded with legal forms.

NEWS ANNOUNCER'S VOICE (cont'd)

In British news tonight, Diana, Princess of Wales, faced criticism over comments she allegedly made to a French newspaper regarding the former Conservative Government's policy on land mines--

Judith changes the channel to another station.

WEATHER ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

--There will be a dramatic shift in the next ten hours or so. The coolness the rain brought will end and look for sunny days ahead with possible record highs in the low 30s. This could well be the last hurrah of summer for Liverpool.

Judith turns off the TV and the room is suddenly emptier. She looks at the legal documents and then tiredly unclips them.

JUDITH

Hurrah.

CUT TO:

The following TEXT appears:

THURSDAY

EXT. KERBSIDE, CANNING PLACE -- MORNING

Judith crosses Canning Street toward a massive Romanesque hall with "MERSEYSIDE POLICE" done over the entrance.

INT. CENTRAL OFFICE, CANNING PLACE -- SAME

Judith heads through a large room ranged with two dozen desks at which officers and detectives work. One of them sees her.

OFFICER #3

G'morning Inspector.

JUDITH

(a tone of warning)

I'm not here.

She passes, but does not notice, a flyer with the heading: "CHESS PLAYERS COME FORWARD ASAP."

INT. JUDITH'S OFFICE, CANNING PLACE -- SAME

Judith enters her office with a handful of mail and shuts the door behind her. The words "CHIEF INSPECTOR" can be seen in reverse painted on the glass. She dials the phone.

JUDITH
Hal, it's Judith. Anything?

A beat. She checks a notepad on her desk.

JUDITH (cont'd)
Yes, that's the plate.

As she listens, her demeanor hardens. She's genuinely pissed.

JUDITH (cont'd)
Jan Williams. A woman, then?
(beat)
Address?

She writes this down.

JUDITH (cont'd)
Can you get age?

There is a knock at the door. A man, DETECTIVE SUPERINTENDENT LOOMIS (50s), enters. Judith motions him in.

JUDITH (cont'd)
(into the phone)
I'll get back to you about this.

She puts the phone down.

JUDITH (cont'd)
(without composure)
I'm not here, John.

LOOMIS
How much do you know?

JUDITH
About what?

INT. CORRIDOR, CANNING PLACE -- SAME

They walk down a corridor lined with chalkboards listing duty rosters and shift rotations.

LOOMIS
They brought him in last night for questioning.
(MORE)

LOOMIS (cont'd)
We thought it was going to be a
simple matter of finding the owner
of the car and confirming his
statement.

They pass another "Chess" flyer posted on a bulletin board.
This time Judith regards it briefly as they pass.

LOOMIS (cont'd)
But so far, no luck. We're still
trying to locate the woman's kin.

They come to a conference room and go in.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, CANNING PLACE -- SAME

Inside the room is a conference table surrounded by chairs.
There is a VIDEO MONITOR at the far end of the table.

JUDITH
John, this seems routine.

Loomis motions Judith to sit.

LOOMIS
The man's name is Paul Hargreaves.
White male, age 35. He wouldn't
speak once they brought him in,
except to determine how long we
could hold him. Then he declined a
legal advisor. Everyone assumed he
was just being difficult, but with
what they found in the car, and the
incident on the ferry, Mike signed
off to keep him the full twenty-
four just in case.

JUDITH
I really have to stop you here,
John. This sounds like something
for Geoff or Clark, surely. You
know I'm not available for this.

Loomis moves to the video monitor and turns it on: a tape
from a ceiling-level security camera. It shows Paul sitting
at a deposition table while two detectives stand by. Behind
Paul is a LARGE ONE-WAY MIRROR. The SOUND is TURNED DOWN.

LOOMIS
Carl got him up early and went at
him pretty hard with questions. At
about nine o'clock, this happened--

JUDITH
John. You're ignoring what I'm
saying.

Loomis looks at her, unruffled, serious.

LOOMIS
Watch the tape, Judith.

Loomis turns the SOUND UP.

ON THE VIDEO MONITOR:

DETECTIVE #1
(a little condescendingly)
You think you've worked it all out?
You're the first person who's sat
tight like this? Vow of silence,
all that? It tells us a lot more
than you'd think.

Paul does not respond, but is clearly tired, agitated.

DETECTIVE #1 (cont'd)
I can go over this with you all day
if you like, we've got time. All
you've got to do is nod. That's not
so hard. Now--
(a sigh)
Did you hurt her. In any way.
(then, with a smirk)
Things went too far, maybe. Roughed
her up a little, got excited, got
her out of her clothes--

PAUL
(done with this)
Shut your mouth.

INT. DEPOSITION ROOM, CANNING PLACE -- DAY

Paul looks larger, more imposing than on the tape.

DETECTIVE #1
Well. Brother Paul speaks.

PAUL
(very angry)
You don't what you're talking
about.

DETECTIVE #1
Fill me in, then.

PAUL

No.

(beat)

You don't deserve it.

DETECTIVE #1

Then how about my friend here? Or is there someone else you think's worthy enough?

(beat)

We can go and fetch him--

PAUL

Why are you PLAYING at this?

Paul is clearly trying to hold his anger down.

DETECTIVE #1

Well, it's up to you, Hargreaves. Are you going to tell us where you fucked and/or killed and/or buried this woman or are you going to keep wasting our time?

Suddenly, without warning, Paul shoots up to a standing position, knocking his chair back with a hard SLAP.

DETECTIVE #2

Ho!

The detectives tense in place, but neither goes for Paul.

DETECTIVE #1

Good fucking morning, then. What's next, fella, handsprings?

PAUL

You want to play games?! That's what you'd like?

Paul whirls around to look at the one-way mirror.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM, CANNING PLACE -- SAME

Paul can be seen through the one-way mirror addressing some shadowy figures inside.

PAUL

That's what you'd like? Is it?

A beat. He's thinking.

PAUL (cont'd)

Fine.

BACK TO VIDEO:

On the table in front of them is a clipboard and a BLACK MAGIC MARKER. Paul grabs the marker and turns back to the one-way mirror. As the detectives watch, Paul begins drawing. Only a corner of what he's doing can be seen on the tape, but it looks like a map of some sort.

When he's done, he throws the marker back on the table, and addresses the detectives in a truly inscrutable tone.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Fine. Let's play.

Loomis turns off the video monitor. A beat.

JUDITH

Very buff. I particularly like the condescending use of and/or.

LOOMIS

Judith, please.

JUDITH

(shaking her head)

Well, you can't charge him on that. He's not confessing anything.

LOOMIS

Gordon says no charges. We can't even confirm the woman's missing yet. And we've got two false arrest cases lined up in court from spring could break press any day. We're on a tight rein.

JUDITH

Court extension?

LOOMIS

We're sending it over now. With this tape, it's not going to be a problem. They'll give it to us.

JUDITH

John, tell me why I'm here.

Loomis puts his hands on the table, opened wide.

LOOMIS

It's not entirely standard. This Hargreaves won't talk to Carl or Trent anymore. He says they're biased--which is true. For some reason they really want to break this guy. I pulled them off this morning. But he won't talk to me, either. I asked him who he would talk to and he said he'd like some people to choose from. Playing off Carl's invitation, apparently.

Judith produces a clipped laugh.

JUDITH

You're joking.

LOOMIS

It's simple, Judith: If we want him, we've got to keep him talking.

JUDITH

This already sounds like a lot of trouble and you don't even have a missing person.

LOOMIS

He grabbed a child on a ferry and was driving a car that isn't his with the owner's muddy brassiere stuffed in the trunk. Now this.

(beat)

We want to send in a few people this afternoon.

JUDITH

Meaning me.

LOOMIS

I would like you to go in and talk to him just in case you strike him the right way. I told him I'd send in anyone I had available.

JUDITH

Jesus John, this sounds like a bloody audition for Cats.

LOOMIS

Even with the court extension, we can only hold him until Saturday night. That's only two more days.

JUDITH

You're taking him seriously, then.
John, he could be mucking with you.

John pulls a copy of Paul's complete drawing out of his
briefcase and slide is over to Judith.

LOOMIS

No one hopes this woman turns up
more than I do, but until she does,
I have to take this seriously. You
know that.

(beat)

I want to get him talking to you or
one of the detectives, and soon. Be
ready to go in after lunch. I'll
come find you.

Judith sighs. She gestures to the drawing.

JUDITH

A chessboard?

Loomis shrugs.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDY, RODGER KNUDSON'S HOUSE -- DAY

RODGER KNUDSON (rhymes with Hudson, but is mispronounced as
NUDE-son) (50s) is sitting at his computer in his bathrobe.
He runs on a kind of low-grade nervous energy. Even in his
own home, he does not seem entirely at ease.

His study is stacked with books; COMPUTER MANUALS, books on
CHESS THEORY, and a whole range of MYSTERY NOVELS and CRIME
THRILLERS; Patricia Cornwall, James Patterson North, Ellery
Queen, etc. Rodger's HOME COMPUTER is magnificent.

On his screen is a wide image of the SPICE GIRLS in nighties.
The scrolls back and forth across it, pausing at each girl.
After a moment, a BELL SOUND TINKS and a COMPUTER VOICE says:

COMPUTER VOICE

Black pawn J3 to I3. White's move.

Rodger opens another window revealing a chess board, laid out
mid-game. The top reads "WORLD-WIDE CHESS NETWORK" and the
bottom reads: "CURRENT OPPONENT: LadySol26 from Changsha,
CHINA" Next to this is a small thumbnail image of the woman
he's playing; a sternly lovely Asian woman (30s).

Rodger studies the screen.

RODGER
I'll have you in four, China.

He is considering his countermove when the telephone beside him rings. He picks it up.

RODGER (cont'd)
Morning.

BUCK'S VOICE
Rodger, Buck. You call in sick?

RODGER
Yes. It's nothing; congestion--

BUCK'S VOICE
--You'd better get down here fast.

RODGER
I'm-- Why? Is the server down?

INT. OUTER OFFICE, CANNING PLACE -- SAME

Buck is sitting in one of the desks in the outer office. As he speaks, he is watching a group of people gathering around one of the detectives.

BUCK
No, nothing like that. But trust me. You'll want to be here.

INT. STUDY, RODGER'S HOUSE -- SAME

Rodger is already closing down his computer.

BUCK'S VOICE
And bring a chessboard.

RODGER
What?

But Buck has rung off.

INT. CENTRAL OFFICE, CANNING PLACE -- LATER

Rodger comes in with a wooden chess box under his arm. He's dressed rather dandily for a man his age. He immediately sees one of the flyers, takes it, and goes to the nearest person.

RODGER
What's going on?

A WORKER (50s) glances over his shoulder.

WORKER
They're looking for people who know
how to play chess.

RODGER
Why?

WORKER
They've got Kasparov in for
soliciting, how the hell should I
know?

Rodger crosses the room and heads down a corridor where the
higher-ranking officers keep their offices.

INT. CORRIDOR, CANNING PLACE -- SAME

He arrives at the open door to Detective Hanover's office.
HANOVER (40s) and another man are inside talking.

RODGER
Excuse me.

No one hears him, so he raises his voice, a hair too much.

RODGER (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Excuse me.

Both men look.

RODGER (CONT'D) (cont'd)
You're looking for a player?

He holds up, and then shakes, his chess case with a flourish.

RODGER (CONT'D) (cont'd)
I'm your man.

INT. JUDITH'S OFFICE, CANNING PLACE -- SAME

Judith is completely absorbed in a phone conversation. An
uneaten lunch plate sits on her desk, pushed aside.

JUDITH
Answer the question, damn it.
(beat)
Well you're not saying "no" either,
are you?
(beat)
Don't take that tack. This is
between you and me.
(beat)
Clive is a known quantity.
(MORE)

JUDITH (cont'd)

(beat)

Listen, we're not just talking about bloody assets anymore. We're talking about who gets to lie and who doesn't.

(beat)

No, I sued you for divorce because our marriage was over--

(beat)

Look, I'm telling you: if you're not going to be straight with me about this, if I have to, I'll pick over every colleague you have, every office helper, every neighbor to get the truth here. I will. Do you understand me, I will.

(beat)

You start calling it that and I promise you're in for a fuckload of trouble, Ken.

Judith slams down the phone, considers this a moment, and then quickly picks it up again and dials.

JUDITH (cont'd)

Richard Harrow, please. It's Judith Emlyn.

(long beat)

You said call anytime, Richard. You shouldn't have said it if you didn't mean it.

(beat)

Kenneth's barking harassment.

(beat)

If I call you back in an hour, you'll hear it from his solicitor first. Is that how you want it?

(beat)

If you put me on hold--

(to herself)

Jackass.

Judith looks up and sees Loomis down the corridor coming her way. She looks cornered, pissed. She slams down the phone.

JUDITH (cont'd)

Fuck this.

He arrives at her door and pokes his head in.

LOOMIS

Ready?

With a glare, Judith leads the way. Loomis shakes his head.

INT. DEPOSITION ROOM, CANNING PLACE -- SAME

Paul is sitting at the same table as in the video. He looks more alert now, and more calm. The drawing is behind him. A GUARD stands silently in the corner.

Judith enters. She nods to the guard, but does not step further into the room or acknowledge the drawing on the glass.

PAUL
Are you another detective?

JUDITH
No. Inspector.

PAUL
Congratulations.

JUDITH
Mr. Hargreaves, I'll be frank. I'm not here because I'm at all involved with, or interested in, your case.

Paul nods.

JUDITH (CONT'D)
I'm actually supposed to be on leave now. But I had the misfortune of coming in to collect my mail on the wrong morning. And when your superior officer makes a request like this, it's difficult to say no, for a number of reasons.

PAUL
Would you like to sit down?

JUDITH
I would like to sit down, but in my home, with a whiskey, and some quiet music playing.
(beat)
Mr. Hargreaves, I don't want to establish rapport with you. I don't particularly like what I've heard about you.

PAUL
And what is that?

Judith gestures to the drawing, still not looking at it.

JUDITH
That you play games.

PAUL
(thoughtfully)
When pushed far enough, yes--

JUDITH
(ignoring this)
You've been taken into custody on suspicion. You refuse to speak in your defense. You've refused the help of a legal advisor, except to clarify that we cannot keep you here for long. And instead of reading a book or passing your time some other way, you've decided to play a game with a lot of people who have little time to spare. There are all sorts of awful things happening in this city right now, I assure you, and instead of helping fix some of those things, a number of good public servants are now sitting out there in the hallway because you wanted to play a game.
(beat)
Well, I don't like your game, Mr. Hargreaves, and I've no desire to play it.

Paul nods.

PAUL
Thanks for your candor.

Judith nods and steps out of the room. Paul watches her go, thinking.

INT. LOOMIS' OFFICER, CANNING PLACE -- DAY

Loomis is sitting at his desk. Judith has just come in.

LOOMIS
He picked you.

JUDITH
What?!

LOOMIS
He picked you. And we found someone to help us with the drawing, a chess expert, Mr.--
(MORE)

LOOMIS (cont'd)
(looks at clipboard)
--Knudson. (mispronounced)

JUDITH
Fuck.

LOOMIS
You know what I'm about to say.

JUDITH
John, please. I'm in the middle of
an awful time. You know that.
Between court appointments,
meetings with my solicitor--
(she sets her jaw)
I can't do this. I can't. Not now.

LOOMIS
We both knew this was a possibility
when you agreed to go in there.
Although, if I know you like I
think I do, you went in and tried
to freeze him out. But he's picked
you, and now you're our plan.

JUDITH
(quietly)
I wish you wouldn't do this.

LOOMIS
I regret the timing. I do. But
you're going to give this 100%. You
may not like the terms, but there's
a pressing concern here as well as
a professional obligation I'm sure
I don't need to remind you of.

He waits until Judith offers a small nod.

LOOMIS (cont'd)
You'll be granted extended leave
time to make up for this, and I'm
not asking you to take this case
should it open up. All I'm asking
you to do is help us charge him. If
we can't come up with enough to do
that, we've got to let him go
Saturday. That's not even two days.
(beat)
Call your solicitor and tell him
there's been a delay.

JUDITH
It's not that easy.

LOOMIS
We'll meet back here in ten and you
can meet Mr.--

JUDITH
(flatly)
--Knudson. (mispronounced)

LOOMIS
You know him?

JUDITH
Not at all.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, CANNING PLACE -- LATER

Loomis is sitting on one side of the conference table with
Detectives Hanover and Geoff Rothwell. Judith and Rodger are
sitting on the other.

LOOMIS
We've located the woman's mother.
Only living relation. She's aged in
a home in Parkgate. She confirmed
Susan's supposed to be on holiday,
an extended one in fact, expected
to last nearly a year. Something
she saved for. We're getting her
bank info now. Her mother saw her
Tuesday and Susan told her she was
leaving England the next morning to
start her trip in Ireland, which is
where Hargreaves was coming from.
Mrs. Banks doesn't expect to hear
from Susan for several more days.
(beat)

When I mentioned that we'd picked
up someone driving her daughter's
car, she guessed it was Hargreaves.
From what she said, Hargreaves and
Susan knew each other pretty well.
They met in art college and got
back in touch about a year or so
ago. Mrs. Banks made it very clear
she'd never believe Hargreaves
would harm her daughter.

JUDITH
Why not wait? See if she pops up?

LOOMIS
We're checking all airlines, ferry
companies, car agencies.
(MORE)

LOOMIS (cont'd)
 Everything we can think of. So far
 her name hasn't turned up at all.
 She's just gone. We're putting out
 bulletins to all constabularies
 this afternoon.

JUDITH
 How about abroad?

LOOMIS
 We're posting on all services.
 (beat)
 Meanwhile, we've got to get this
 Hargreaves to say something
 incriminating enough to charge him
 if indeed he's done something
 wrong.
 (beat)
 As far as the investigation goes,
 Judith, interview him as often as
 you'd like. If you ask a pertinent
 question, he says he'll answer it.
 Any guess you have as to how all
 the evidence we have fits he'll
 hear, and if it's reasonably close,
 he says he'll confirm it.

JUDITH
 That's ridiculous.

LOOMIS
 Of course it is. Look, I don't care
 how you do this. Just get him to
 acknowledge something's wrong.
 Maybe Susan Banks will turn up, but
 I'm doubtful, given what Hargreaves
 pulled this morning.

(beat)
 Goeff's on this case full time now.
 Use him.

(turning toward Rodger)
 Mr. Knudson-- (mispronounced)

RODGER
 --Knudson.

LOOMIS
 Of course. Let us know what
 questions or suggestions you have
 and we'll follow up on them as
 quickly as we can.

Rodger nods, clearly excited by all of this.

LOOMIS (CONT'D)

There's no off-duty until Sunday.
Use all the time you can. We're
sending out the usual canvassers.
They'll catch most of the details.

JUDITH

I'm not going back in there until
I've done a search on his
residence. Maybe hers, too.

LOOMIS

Fine. Mr. Knudson?

RODGER

Some time in the room with that
drawing.

LOOMIS

All right, then. I guess it's our
move.

INT. PAUL'S CELL, CANNING PLACE -- SAME

Paul is sitting on his cot listening to the SOUNDS the other
prisoners are making. One is clearly DRUNK.

DRUNK

They're teetotallers, ya know? Must
be. They ask you and they ask you.
Well I'm not a bloody alarm clock,
I'm a drunk. What the hell d'they
think makes me tick?!

Paul takes a breath and steadies himself.

SINGING begins down the cells. The SOUND of DISTANT SLAMMING.

INT. DEPOSITION ROOM, CANNING PLACE -- SAME

Rodger enters and moves to the table. He opens his chess box
and lays out the board and pieces inside. Then he sits at the
table facing Paul's drawing. He studies it for a few moments
and then begins playing through various sequences of moves.

Rodger smiles a little, getting into the game. The drawing
is now fully visible.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. SCHOOL LANE -- DAY

The SOUND of a car HONKING in a thriving, though gloomy, part of Liverpool where tiny art galleries, used bookstores, and cafes have taken over. A street fair is in progress. School Lane is blocked. Hundreds of people are out for it.

On the outskirts of this commotion, Judith approaches an old walk-up. She knocks, the door opens, a chat, she goes in.

INT. LANDLADY'S FLAT, 19 SCHOOL LANE -- SAME

Judith stands just inside a landlady's flat. MUSIC from the fair can still be heard. The LANDLADY (45) is searching for a set of keys. She's very heavy, Scouse through and through.

LANDLADY

You're sure he's not in trouble?

JUDITH

Yes, ma'am.

LANDLADY

What would I do if ya told me he was in some kind of trouble? I'd hate to have to explain that sort of thing to neighbors. They get somethin' like that on ya--

Judith glances around the house. It is not unlike her own; no photographs, a dusty vase, a lone umbrella in the stand.

JUDITH

You live here alone, then?

LANDLADY

I told ya I've tenants, didn't I?

An awkward beat. They study each other. Judith looks away.

JUDITH

And when was that? That Mr. Hargreaves moved in?

LANDLADY

Four or five years ago. '93 it was. I know, 'cause that's the year I went in for me knee.

She holds up a keyring.

LANDLADY (CONT'D)

Here then. I'll take ya up.

JUDITH
You don't need to--

LANDLADY
(as if greatly put out)
It's all right.

EXT. STAIRWAY, 19 SCHOOL LANE, LIVERPOOL -- SAME

Judith follows the landlady slowly up a long iron stairway to a separate entry on the second floor of the building.

JUDITH
We haven't been able to locate Mr.
Hargreaves' place of employment. Do
you have any idea where he works?

LANDLADY
Machine shop. In Bootle. I can give
ya the number. I think he teaches
art classes, too, somewhere about.
(beat)
I give him this place quite cheap.
I could arrange a good bit more. Me
neighbors all do. This block's in
fashion now, what with Quiggins
there, but I want quiet. You see
these kids with their loud music
always shoutin', always calling
attention. I didn't want someone
like that over me head at night.

JUDITH
Did he have a lot of friends?
Anyone stop by you can remember?

LANDLADY
None I remember meetin'. I try not
to get involved with me tenants
lives, or them in mine. Nothin'
good comes a that.

They arrive at the top and the landlady lets them in.

INT. PAUL'S FLAT, 19 SCHOOL LANE -- SAME

The flat is quite small. The kitchen, living room, bath, and
bedroom are all bunched together around the tiny entry.

LANDLADY
Hell's this?

They take a step into the living room. The walls are COVERED with FACES--all roughly the same size, of all races and ages--carefully cut from magazines and held up with tailor's pins. Otherwise the room is bare except for a couch, a few stacks of books neatly lined along the wall, and an iron fireplace.

LANDLADY (cont'd)
He asked me a bit back could he
hang some things up? Fine, I said.
I'd no idea.

JUDITH
Just this summer?

LANDLADY
Yeah. I'd no idea.

They look around at all the faces. There must be over ninety.

LANDLADY (CONT'D)
I couldn't sit in a room like this.
I feel positively watched.

INT. LIVING ROOM, PAUL'S FLAT -- SAME

The Landlady has gone and Judith is walking around. The following MONTAGE around Paul's flat:

1. The BOOKS piled in the living room are all from the library. Philosophy, collections of short stories, poetry.
2. The kitchen is neat and looks unused except for two glasses, long dried, on a towel on the counter.
3. The bedroom is equally spare: a bed, a small table, a chair. A SUITCASE and DUFFLE lie open and empty on the bed.
4. In the bedroom: more FACES. Judith takes them all in.
5. In the bathroom is the happiest FACE of all--a grinning old man taped up on the mirror where one's reflection would normally show.

JUDITH
Equal opportunity freakshow.

EXT. SCHOOL STREET, LIVERPOOL -- LATER

Judith is walking on the fringes of the street fair talking into her cell phone. People are LAUGHING and SINGING, and as diverse a collection of faces as the one inside Paul's flat.

Intercut as needed:

JUDITH

You'll have to shout. I should have called you inside. There's a bloody carnival on here.

GEOFF

Nothing new here. Mr. Knudson's been in with the drawing for three hours. He says he's letting it solve itself right in front of him, so I...guess that's good.

JUDITH

What an idiot.

GEOFF

So what's next?

Judith considers this a moment.

JUDITH

Susan Banks wasn't seeing anyone?

GEOFF

Not that we know of.

JUDITH

Were they involved, do you think? She and Mr. Hargreaves? Old friends back in touch. Something like that. Did she break it off? Was there someone else?

GEOFF

Her co-workers haven't mentioned anyone. We're canvassing neighbors now.

JUDITH

No one they knew about.

(beat)

We can't get medical until she's officially missing, but-- Geoff, we need to find out somehow if she was on birth control, or even pregnant, maybe. Who knows? People go on long trips for a lot of reasons.

GEOFF

You just said "was."

JUDITH

What?

GEOFF

I said you just said "was." Past tense.

Judith considers this a moment as well.

JUDITH

What does that tell you.

(beat)

Arrange for a deposition room with Hargreaves. I'm on my way now.

INT. DEPOSITION ROOM, CANNING PLACE -- LATER

Paul is sitting at the table when Judith arrives.

GUARD

Where would you like me, Inspector?

JUDITH

Hall's fine.

The guard exits and Judith takes a seat.

PAUL

I'm sorry.

This takes Judith off-guard for a second.

JUDITH

A confession already, Mr. Hargreaves? Isn't this cake.

PAUL

You know what I mean. I know you didn't want this.

They regard one another for a moment.

JUDITH

Well, you obviously thought it was necessary this way. Now you've got me.

(beat)

You will have to remind me about the protocols here. They frankly didn't make much sense the first time around.

Paul looks slightly embarrassed by this.

PAUL

That was just--me making fun.

JUDITH

Fun.

PAUL

We can just talk.

JUDITH

All right. We'll just talk, then.

She begins, all business.

JUDITH (CONT'D)

Do you know anything about where
Susan Banks was planning to travel?
Specific cities, hotels even?

PAUL

Yes, some of the cities, but I'm
not sure yet of the order, or
dates. She was heading to Italy
first, I think.

JUDITH

What do you mean yet.

PAUL

She told me she'd put all that in a
letter for me.

JUDITH

I see. And you've received nothing.
(beat)
And if the police hadn't picked you
up at Pier Head, you wouldn't be in
England this afternoon either,
would you?

PAUL

No. I had a trip planned myself.

JUDITH

And if we decide not to bring you
up on charges, you'll be on your
way, won't you?

Paul nods.

JUDITH (CONT'D)

A long trip?

PAUL

Yes.

JUDITH
But with only a small suitcase.

PAUL
I don't need much.

JUDITH
Where will you go?

PAUL
All over.

JUDITH
How are you fixed for money if
you're going on a long holiday.

PAUL
I never said it was a holiday.

JUDITH
Will you be traveling for business,
then? Your landlady told me you
work in a machine shop?

PAUL
It's-- personal business.

JUDITH
Yes, I see. If we checked, would we
find record of your ticket?

PAUL
Yes. I purchased it a month ago. I
was to leave yesterday. I can give
you the flight number.

JUDITH
So this letter, from Miss Banks?
You were planning to meet up, then?
Good friends, both abroad--

PAUL
In a matter of speaking, yes. We
were hoping to cross paths.

JUDITH
As just friends.

PAUL
Of course. What did you think?

JUDITH
Why didn't you mention all this?

PAUL
Would it have helped?

JUDITH
(thinking it over)
No.

PAUL
And now I'm late getting started
because of all this.

JUDITH
(pointing to the map)
Well, because of that, actually.
You'd probably be gone already if
you hadn't done that.

PAUL
I know.

JUDITH
Do you regret that now?

PAUL
I haven't decided.

JUDITH
How will you know?

A beat. Paul simply raises his eyebrows.

PAUL
Is there anything else?

JUDITH
So, you and Susan Banks weren't
involved?

PAUL
No.

JUDITH
Would you like to have been?

PAUL
There was a time I did--you're on
the wrong track.

JUDITH
So helpful.
(beat)
Was she involved with anyone?

PAUL

No.

JUDITH

You're sure?

PAUL

As far as I know.

JUDITH

How would you feel if it turned out she was?

PAUL

Why don't you just tell me what you're getting at.

Judith simply raises her own eyebrows.

PAUL (CONT'D)

If Sue was seeing someone, I'd be pleased to hear it. I really would. She deserved someone special.

JUDITH

Not you?

PAUL

Better than me.

JUDITH

Oh.

Judith looks at her watch. Then she stands and grabs her bag.

JUDITH (CONT'D)

Well, I've got more snooping to do. But just some parting observations before I go. You needn't respond.

(beat)

I found it curious there was no chess set in your flat. Not a single pawn. None of your books were about chess. No chess-themed mugs or kitchen magnets. Nothing. In fact, you don't have many things do you? Maybe you've been cleaning.

(beat)

I've asked them to give you a cell phone so I can call you from the road if I need to. Is that acceptable?

PAUL

Fine.

She heads for the door, but turns back.

JUDITH

Oh, I do have one more question.
Why is there a crowd of a hundred
or more people in your apartment.

PAUL

Sorry?

(beat)

Oh, those. I wondered if you'd
mention them.

JUDITH

So, is that art or something?

PAUL

No, not really. Just a reminder.

JUDITH

Of?

PAUL

People. The world. That I'm not the
only one in it.

JUDITH

Keep you humble, do they?

PAUL

Is that how you felt when you saw
them? Humbled?

JUDITH

Yes, quite. I'm on my way to
confession now.

(beat)

You should know your landlady is
probably going to ask you to take
them down.

She goes. Paul smiles.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, CANNING PLACE -- DAY

Rodger is intently working through various moves on his
board, pausing to look up and study a large copy of Paul's
drawing he has tacked up there. He picks up one of the
pieces, a ROOK, and emphasizes its movement and then:

He IMAGINES this possible INTERPRETATION of it:

INTERCUT:

From PAUL'S POV: Walking in a thin, dark wood and seeing the silhouette of a broken castle tower looming up ahead.

Rodger repeats a series of moves to be sure they match what Paul has drawn. He then gets up and walks to the drawing and traces a line along the left-side shape.

From PAUL'S POV: Through the windscreen, a dirt road ends in front of the car at some dark woods. It is dusk. The motor's running and the taillights put a red glow on the trees.

Rodger, eyes closed, continues IMAGINING what he's deducing.

From PAUL'S POV: Inside the car. Sue is screaming and struggling with the door when Paul yanks her back, ripping her blouse. He strikes her hard in the face.

From PAUL'S POV: Pulling off a long strip of duct tape.

INT. CORRIDOR, CANNING PLACE -- DAY

Rodger comes out of the conference room beside himself with haste. He rushes down to Loomis' office. Loomis is not in. He looks around, now distressed. A SECRETARY passes by.

RODGER
Have you seen Loomis?

SECRETARY
Loomis?

RODGER
Detective Superintendent Loomis?

SECRETARY
That's better. Why do you need him?

RODGER
This is serious!

He continues on. People stare as he goes by. He passes Judith's office. No one. He heads across the central office and then sees Loomis on the other side. Loomis sees him and makes his way toward him. They meet amid the desks. Rodger is unable to stop himself and blurts out:

RODGER (cont'd)
He's holding her somewhere. He's got her. She isn't dead!

INT. DEPOSITION ROOM, CANNING PLACE -- LATER

Loomis, Hanover, and Geoff stand looking on as Rodger addresses them. He gestures to the drawing and chessboard equally.

RODGER

If we take the Banks girl as white-- as innocence, as in an innocent victim--and Mr. Hargreaves as black--as in, you know ominous in some way--we can follow the directives he's drawn interiorly outward to this lay-out on the board. If we argue back from here, we have several immediate and calculated moves against the white queen, as if the agenda was her and not necessarily to win, if you follow. That might explain his little game with us. If we move from this layout forward, we can have black winning the white queen in only three more moves, which we find puzzling: If she's dead why not draw the white queen's capture, or any number of subsequent moves?

Rodger is taking on an increasingly dramatic rhetorical tone.

RODGER (cont'd)

Do you see? It's an aggressive game against that girl--but it's not yet done.

Loomis looks grave, but says nothing. He motions for Rodger to continue.

RODGER (CONT'D)

We agree the map looks an awful lot like Great Britain but upside down. Part of the challenge, no doubt. The two spots drawn on the map fall roughly at Liverpool and Dublin or a little south of Dublin. And both are moves of black.

(beat)

So, let's imagine: He accompanies the girl to, or joins her in, Ireland where he detains her by force in the countryside south of Dublin, where he's picked out a place in advance.

(MORE)

RODGER (CONT'D)

(beat)

The black piece that likely falls first on that spot, given his directives, is the black rook--or castle--indicating a castle-like structure, something large, something with battlements. Or maybe an armory. Or a mill. She may be held inside--or nearby. And the worst thing is--

GEOFF

--she'd be running out of time.

RODGER

Precisely.

HANOVER

All that from what Hargreaves drew?

Rodger's intensity just about covers the look of pleasure that crosses his face at this question.

RODGER

I haven't got all of it yet, I know.

LOOMIS

But you feel sure of what you've said? Enough for us to work this?

(beat)

You must be certain--

RODGER

I'm absolutely certain.

INT. LOOMIS' OFFICE, CANNING PLACE -- SAME

Loomis, Hanover, and Geoff are in conference. There is a speakerphone on the desk in front of them.

JUDITH'S VOICE

Do you have anyone to confirm it?
Anyone else with expertise in this?

INT. JUDITH'S CAR -- SAME

Judith is driving through downtown. She has the air conditioner cranked high.

HANOVER'S VOICE

We've had a few other chess players come up, but this guy's written books.

(MORE)

HANOVER'S VOICE (cont'd)
He content edits what I'm told is
the most well-respected website on
chess. This is his life.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED:

GEOFF
I just got off the phone with the
head of the British Chess
Association. He knows this Knudson
fellow as a legitimate expert.

JUDITH
We should still get other opinions.
If Hargreaves isn't as smart a
player as Knudson, then Knudson
could just be reading into it.
(beat)
Have you been in touch with the
Garda at all on this?

LOOMIS
No, no. I wanted to see if you'd
found anything to support all this.

JUDITH
No, nothing. I'm heading over to
Sue Banks' flat now. I'll call you
if anything comes up.
(beat)
John, have you had anyone follow up
at Hargreaves' work?

Loomis looks to Hanover.

HANOVER
We sent someone out to Bootle this
afternoon. He quit the shop, last
week. He said he was going on a
trip and wouldn't be back for a
year. Sound familiar?

JUDITH
What about the art classes?

HANOVER
We've called around. Nothing.

JUDITH'S VOICE
Anyone at the shop know him to be a
chess player? Or an artist?

HANOVER
I don't think that was asked.

JUDITH

We've got to check in on these assumptions. Are we showing the drawing around?

LOOMIS

No, I'd like not to for the moment. I know I don't have to say it, but let's keep this buttoned up. If we can keep this out of the news, I'd be very pleased.

(beat)

So let's sit tight. I'll hold off calling the Garda. Maybe something else will turn up. I will say I am tempted to go for it because we've so little time, and if Knudson's right, we've got even less.

HANOVER

What about Knudson? He'll want to know what were doing.

LOOMIS

Tell him thanks for his help and we'll be in touch.

INT. STAIRS, CANNING PLACE -- DUSK

Loomis is coming down the stairs with his briefcase in hand.

INT. LOBBY, CANNING PLACE -- SAME

Walking toward the revolving doors, Loomis sees a few lights hovering outside: a few men with cameras on their shoulders and a few reporters. He walks through the doors.

EXT. FRONT STEPS, CANNING PLACE -- DUSK

Loomis is immediately questioned.

REPORTER #1

Is it true a woman is being held somewhere in Ireland?

REPORTER #2

How did you crack the chess puzzle?

Loomis pushes his way through.

LOOMIS

No comment. I've no comment.

INT. CALL BOX, LORD STREET -- SAME

Loomis is in the call box angrily punching buttons.

LOOMIS
Two bloody hours.

INT. HANOVER'S OFFICE, CANNING PLACE -- SAME

Hanover's phone rings and he answers.

HANOVER
Hanover.

LOOMIS' VOICE
Look outside.

INT. CENTRAL OFFICE, CANNING PLACE -- SAME

People are packing up to go home. Others are just coming in for their shifts. Desk lamps have gone on as it is now dusk outside. Hanover addresses them.

HANOVER
Listen here everyone. There's a number of reporters and news crews outside the building. You know the drill, you'll provide them with no comments whatsoever.

AT RODGER'S DESK: Rodger is listening to this. As Hanover speaks, he stands and discreetly moves to the window near his desk which looks out to the front of the building.

RODGER'S POV: Reporters milling on the stairs.

Hanover leaves. Rodger goes for his phone and dials. A beat.

HANOVER'S VOICE
Hanover.

RODGER
It's Rodger Knudson. I was thinking more about the puzzle, the chess puzzle, and was wondering if maybe it makes sense to call the Irish police in the area I mentioned and have them fax us a list of all the castles and old structures there--

He looks at a map of Ireland he has unfolded across his desk.

RODGER (CONT'D)
County Wicklow, I'd say--

HANOVER'S VOICE

We haven't decided how to proceed on this, but we'll be in touch if we need anything else.

RODGER

But you're doing something, right?

HANOVER'S VOICE

Go home, Mr. Knudson. Have a pint. We'll be in touch.

Hanover rings off. Rodger tries to look nonplussed.

INT. LIVING ROOM, NEIGHBOR'S FLAT -- NIGHT

Judith is sitting in a chair opposite a NEIGHBOR of Sue's (40s). She is a bit overweight. Her flat is nicely done. Plants are everywhere.

NEIGHBOR

Sue's lived over me for several years. We're friends. There're a lot of older people in this building, and Sue's very nice with them all, but she and I sort of gravitated to one another.

JUDITH

And you were aware of this trip she'd been planning?

NEIGHBOR

Oh yes. She's been so excited about it. She's going all over the world! She asked me to show her all my pictures from when I went to Italy last year. And I told her all my Italy stories. It's very romantic. All sorts of cuties fawning over you there.

(beat)

Have you been?

Judith nods, but offers no encouragement. The neighbor picks up on this.

NEIGHBOR (cont'd)

Well, a friend of mine's going to sublet her place starting next month. Sue stopped her mail, but I've got her cat. And her plants.

(MORE)

NEIGHBOR (cont'd)
And the garden, but that's only a
rock garden, so.
(beat)
She looked good, too. Very thinned
down. Very confident.

JUDITH
Do you know where she was planning
to start? Or any places she'll be
along the way?

NEIGHBOR
No, she was very hush hush about
the specifics. She said it would
have to be a surprise where the
postcards came from.

JUDITH
And you've received nothing?

NEIGHBOR
Not yet. It's only been a few days--
You think something's wrong, then.

JUDITH
We're not sure. We'd just feel
better if we heard from her.
(beat)
Did you ever meet any of her male
friends, from work or school, say?

NEIGHBOR
Well there's a fellow called Paul,
who's been a friend of hers for a
while. There's a man called Gary
who Sue used to work with. Both
very nice. That's all I can think
of.

JUDITH
Was she romantically involved with
either of them? Maybe both?

NEIGHBOR
(laughing a little)
No, no. I'm quite sure of that.

JUDITH
(harder than intended)
How can you be?

The neighbor's laugh quiets as she looks at Judith, a little
confused and put off by this.

INT. LIVING ROOM, SUE BANK'S FLAT - NIGHT

Judith lets herself into Sue Bank's flat. A small lamp has been left on, but Judith turns on a brighter one. The flat has been combed over already; a number of items around the room have been TAGGED by police for special notice.

Judith puts on some latex gloves and begins to look around. The following MONTAGE of Judith's search:

1. The telephone answering machine holds no messages. Judith presses the announcement button and listens:

SUE'S VOICE

(with genuine good humor)

You've called on (0151) 709 3131.
I'm not here at the moment, but far
away, on holiday! If you didn't
already know that I must not know
you very well and probably wouldn't
call you back at any rate. I'll be
away indefinitely. If there's an
emergency, call my mother on (0151)
642 8932. Au revoir!

2. The closet is rather empty. A few odds and ends remain. On the top shelf are TWO FIREPROOF RECORDS BOXES.

3. A row of SNAPSHOTS in frames: (These photos reveal that Sue is a lovely black woman.) One of her mother; one of a handsome man grinning at the camera; Sue in a group of women, her hair fashionably shaved; and a string of photo booth shots of her and Paul. Judith picks up the shot of the grinning man and takes it out of its frame to check the back.

3. A large overstacked bookcase. There is a long row of TRAVEL GUIDES for destinations as varied as St. Petersburg, Tierra del Fuego, Jordan, and Micronesia. Judith finds many penciled-in notes but no itinerary with dates attached.

4. The bathroom and medicine cabinet are practically cleaned out. Toothbrush gone. Toiletries gone. The taps turned off.

5. The refrigerator is unplugged and the door hangs open.

6. Under the sink are bags of potting soil and various gardening supplies; trowel, terra cotta pots, watering can, a box of empty old jars and PRESCRIPTION BOTTLES for seedlings, their labels worn off. Judith scans the flat, but there are no plants anywhere. She puts the bottles in an evidence bag.

7. Judith stacks two fireproof records boxes on the table. She rubs her eyes and then checks the time: 9:40 p.m.

She sighs, sits, and opens the first box. Inside are dozens of folders labelled such things as "Taxes" and "Benefits."

EXT. RODGER'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Rodger pulls into his drive. His house is a plain brick house much like the one on either side of it.

He rushes up the walk, checking his watch as he goes. On his porch sits a young woman, GINA (17). She is sitting beside a backpack and is wearing a tiny denim jacket over a tiny doll-like dress.

Rodger notices her as he approaches his front door. They regard one another for a tense second. Then Rodger nods amicably and walks up the porch steps toward the door.

RODGER

Back in our parts, are you?

GINA

Uncle Rodger--

He puts his key in the lock.

RODGER

Good to see you. It's been, what, a year? That's not bad. Stop and see your old uncle once a year. I know a lot of uncles have it much worse.

GINA

I'm not here to cause trouble.

Rodger opens the door and then turns to look at her.

RODGER

But you have. You have caused trouble here, haven't you?

He walks through the door into the dark front room, but does not shut the door behind him. In a moment, a lamp comes on inside. Gina picks up her backpack and creeps in.

INT. LIVING ROOM, RODGER'S HOUSE -- SAME

Gina walks into the living room and shuts the door. Rodger has turned on the TV, SOUND DOWN, and left the room. Gina drops her pack and heads toward the lights in the kitchen.

INT. DINING ROOM, RODGER'S HOUSE -- SAME

She sits in the dark dining room watching Rodger pull out two cups for tea.

RODGER
We can talk, but I have to keep my
eye on the news.
(long beat)
So, I usually hear from your mother
a day or two before you turn up.

Gina does not respond. Rodger turns to look at her.

RODGER (CONT'D)
Tell me you came straight here.

Gina shakes her head "no."

RODGER (CONT'D)
How long since you left?

GINA
Don't know. A week?

RODGER
Where--?

GINA
(quickly)
With friends. I've not been on the
street. Not once.

RODGER
And what if I'd been gone tonight
or away for a few days on holiday?

Gina shrugs. Rodger shakes his head.

RODGER (CONT'D)
She must know you're gone, right?

GINA
She's ashamed. She thinks you think
she don't know what she's doin'.

RODGER
Do you mean as a mother? What would
I know about that?
(beat)
Besides, after what you did last
time, she should be ashamed. So
should you.

A long beat.

RODGER (cont'd)
You know, I didn't know that camera
was missing until I needed it. 150
pounds that cost me. But I guess
you found that out eventually.

Gina looks away.

GINA
I thought I could, you know, make
up some of it. If you need work or
something done here, a scrub--

RODGER
Then you need to stay?

GINA
I'm meeting me friend Michelle next
week. We're heading up to Glasgow
to stay with her sister awhile.

RODGER
Michelle lives here?

GINA
In Liscard.
(beat)
But her dad, he wouldn't want me
stayin' there. He rages.

Rodger brings in the tea. He sets hers down and looks at her.
Behind her, the television shows news anchors at their desk.

RODGER
I won't lie to your mum if she
rings.

Gina relaxes, visibly relieved.

GINA
Will you ring her?

RODGER
Eventually. If you'd rather I held
off until you were gone, I could.
(beat)
And I'm not promising anything. We
go night by night this time.

Gina nods. Rodger glances over her shoulder at the TV.

RODGER (CONT'D)
 And the instant something goes
 missing, I'm calling the police. I
 mean it. I'll send them after you
 this time.

GINA
 (painfully candid)
 I'm not that girl anymore.

RODGER
 No. Not until you need to be--

Suddenly, he sits up.

RODGER (cont'd)
 There.

On the television is a news reporter with a graphic over her
 shoulder: a CHESSBOARD with a large QUESTION MARK over it. He
 jumps out of his seat.

INT. LIVING ROOM, RODGER'S HOUSE -- SAME

Rodger crouches in front of the TV and turns the SOUND UP.
 Gina follows him in and sits on the sofa.

NEWS ANNOUNCER
 --into custody yesterday evening.
 When questioned about the location
 of the missing woman, the suspect
 provided police with a detailed map
 and a series of chess moves, though
 it was unclear what he intended by
 the gesture.
 (beat)
 Rodger Knudson (mispronounced)--

RODGER
 --Damn.

NEWS ANNOUNCER
 --an employee of the Liverpool
 constabulary and expert on chess
 had this to say:

ON THE TELEVISION: Rodger on the front steps looking back and
 forth between the reporter and the camera, terrified.

RODGER
 We're uncertain at the moment as to
 the specifics, but there's very
 clearly something wrong here--

The clip is then replaced with the news anchors.

NEWS ANNOUNCER
We'll bring you more on this story
as it develops.

Rodger snaps to another channel, but it is already on sports.

RODGER
I said a LOT more than that!

GINA
(clearly impressed)
But you're on the telly.

They share a disbelieving smile.

RODGER
I was, wasn't I?

CUT TO:

The following TEXT appears:

FRIDAY

INT. CENTRAL OFFICE, CANNING PLACE -- DAY

Judith is unlocking her office, looking tired and a little
rumped. Hanover intercepts her.

HANOVER
Loomis' office, five minutes.

INT. JUDITH'S OFFICE, CANNING PLACE -- SAME

She enters her office to find her answering machine blinking.
She presses play.

WOMAN'S VOICE
Ms. Emlyn, this is Carol from
Boyston, Boyston, and Harrow. Mr.
Harrow would like to get in touch
as soon as possible--

Judith just shakes her head. She presses the FORWARD button.

CLIVE'S VOICE
Jude, it's Clive. I tried to get
you at your place last night, but
you must have come in late. Ring me
here at the office. I'll be in
Surgery from two on.
(MORE)

CLIVE'S VOICE (cont'd)
Call before if you can. I'm a
little concerned. I hope all's
well.

A BEEP.

WOMAN'S VOICE
Inspector Emlyn, my name's Tyra
Mallon, I'm a reporter with BBC
One. I'm calling to ask you a few
questions regarding a case you're
currently investigating, the case
involving the chess puzzle--

JUDITH
You're fucking joking.

INT. LOOMIS' OFFICE, CANNING PLACE -- SAME

Judith storms in to find Loomis, Hanover, and Geoff waiting.

JUDITH
What the hell's going on. I just
got a call from the bloody BBC. Are
we sub judice on this or not?

LOOMIS
Calm down. It's everywhere. Print's
got it. Television's got it.

GEOFF
Did you see the news last night?

JUDITH
No, I was up at Sue Banks' until
three in the morning.

GEOFF
And the headlines this morning?

JUDITH
I'm barely awake, Geoff.

LOOMIS
"The Chess Puzzler" they're calling
this. They've got the drawing.

JUDITH
(seriously)
Did they give his name.

LOOMIS
No. They know we'd sue.

JUDITH
Do we know how it got out?
(beat)
Was it Knudson?

Loomis nods.

JUDITH (CONT'D)
Bastard.

HANOVER
I called him this morning. He
denies leaking it and says they
cornered him on the front stairs,
that he didn't know what to do.

JUDITH
That's straight from the horse's
arse. How much did he spill?

HANOVER
A lot. Basically recited his
interpretation of the drawing.
There have been calls all morning,
interview requests.

JUDITH
I'll break that dandy's neck.

LOOMIS
We've dealt with this before. It's
done. We knew we were going to
cross press lines at some point.
Maybe we can use it. They've
already brought up the Styles case.

JUDITH
That bloody thing again?

LOOMIS
Well, the public's still very upset
about it. This case looks a little
like that one. It's natural to put
them in one sentence, I suppose. At
the very least it gets Susan Banks'
face on the news--if she's really
just traveling, she'll come in.
Gordon's called a press conference
for five. We'll make our statement
there. We'd like you to comment.
Soundbytes. You know the drill.

Judith nods.

LOOMIS (CONT'D)

We've been in touch with the Garda this morning, which of course means the Irish press has been tipped as well, but at least we're taking the lead on it.

JUDITH

I thought we weren't sure on that--

LOOMIS

Things have changed, Judith. It's all over the news now that a woman may be shut up in secret someplace dying of dehydration or what have you while we're holding a suspect. Whether we like it or not a clock is ticking for that girl in the public's mind and as far as they're concerned, we might as well be signing her death certificate if we don't do something visible. Otherwise, they'll blow this up in the news until it's the Styles case all over again. We can't afford that.

JUDITH

Her own mother won't even sign off that she's missing, John.

(angrily)

And since when does the media dictate how we run an investigation?

LOOMIS

I'm not saying I'm happy about this, not at all, but if the public perceives--again--that we're ignoring compelling evidence, we lose trust and everything goes to shit for six months. You know that as well as I do.

JUDITH

This is unreal.

(beat)

Where is Knudson?

She looks around at them all, disgusted.

EXT. NEWSPAPER STAND, JAMES STREET STATION -- DAY

Rodger is standing at a news stand watching the morning edition being snapped up by commuters. On the front page of the Dispatch is a small article titled "LOCAL EXPERT FACES CHESS PUZZLER IN CASE OF MISSING WOMAN." Next to the title is a reduced image of the drawing.

He looks around and laughs a bit out loud.

EXT. FRONT STEPS, CANNING PLACE -- LATER

Judith is coming down the front steps. A dozen or so members of the press are waiting outside. They do not approach her. She passes, but does not notice, Rodger coming up.

Behind her, the SOUND of the PRESS COMING TO LIFE. She looks back and sees them approaching Rodger. At the same moment, her cell phone RINGS. She hesitates, then goes for the phone.

JUDITH

Emlyn.

RICHARD'S VOICE

Judith, it's Richard Harrow.

Judith watches the press surround Rodger.

JUDITH

Yes, go on. Quickly.

RICHARD'S VOICE

I've been trying to reach you all morning. We need to meet.

JUDITH

Right now?

Rodger is talking, but she sees Hanover coming out of the building and heading toward him, fast.

JUDITH (CONT'D)

I'm on my way.

INT. RICHARD'S OFFICE, BOYSTON BOYSTON AND HARROW -- DAY

Judith enters a conference room with a table not unlike the one at Canning Place. A SECRETARY motions for her to sit. She is a slender girl in heels and a jarringly short linen skirt. As she goes, Judith watches her and then rolls her eyes.

In a moment, Richard enters.

RICHARD
Do you want anything? Coffee?

JUDITH
No. I have ten minutes for this.

RICHARD
It won't take five. Sign these.

He hands her some forms. Judith signs without reading them.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
And listen: If you have anything on
your husband, I need it now. He's
considering contesting the terms of
the petition.

She flinches and seems about to ask a question, but does not.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
You took that well.
(beat)
He's not filing on harassment, but
he may plan to use it as leverage
later, I don't know yet.

JUDITH
How much more damage can he do?

RICHARD
This could mean everything.

JUDITH
The drama doesn't help me, Richard.

RICHARD
(with drama)
You want a house to live in, right?
The farm in Edale? Something from
the portfolio? The instant you tone
this down, you're perceived as
admitting something, Judith. You
can't do that, and at this point,
with all that's at stake, neither
can I. And if I seem a little
dramatic, that's because I am out
there, giving a damned bravura
performance trying the wring
compassion out of a judge who has
about as much as a load of bricks--
all for a confirmed adulteress.

JUDITH
You're having the same kind of day
I am, aren't you?

RICHARD
That's why I like you, Judith. I
don't need to explain to you why
I'm a bastard.

JUDITH
I have information coming in today
or tomorrow.

RICHARD
What is it? Really--what's the best
it could be?

JUDITH
An affair. On his side.

RICHARD
Good. What's the worst?

JUDITH
Nothing, I suppose.

RICHARD
(thinking)
You're not willing to go with any
of the other claims we've talked
about?

JUDITH
None of them are true, Richard.

RICHARD
That doesn't mean they're not
options. It's a divorce case. A
little bluffing is standard.

Judith says nothing.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Well, tomorrow at the latest, then.
If he contests, we need to respond
on Monday. And as long as he's
opened the door, I'd like a chance
to change the terms myself, with
your permission--

The secretary pokes her head in.

SECRETARY

Della Piana on line two.

RICHARD

(getting up, to Judith)

Don't worry. This isn't all bad.

(beat)

Tomorrow. At the latest.

He leaves.

INT. SUNROOM, IVES HOME FOR THE AGED -- DAY

MRS. BANKS, a wizened-looking black woman (70) is sitting in a sunny parlor watching a television with other residents.

ON THE TELEVISION: A reporter sits at the news desk, an IMAGE of a CHESS PIECE over his left shoulder.

NEWS ANNOUNCER

Our top story takes us to Liverpool where a most puzzling challenge has been laid out for the local constabulary--a case involving a missing woman and a suspect who speaks only in chess moves. Denise Signalli has the story live from Canning Place.

Denise Signalli on the front steps of Canning Place:

DENISE SIGNALLI

All seems quiet out here, but inside this building a battle of wits is going on of the highest intensity. The prize? To possibly save the life of missing Englishwoman, Susan Banks. The police are holding a press conference later today, but we've been told by Rodger Knudson, the chess expert working with police to crack the puzzle, that progress is being made.

Mrs. Banks gets up and leaves. The others watch her go.

The rest of the following NEWS BROADCAST:

A shot of Rodger talking to reporters, looking less scared.

RODGER

The theory we're working with now is that the woman may be held or buried somewhere in Ireland just south of Dublin, possibly in or near a castle or mill of some sort in County Wicklow.

REPORTER

Have you questioned the suspect?

RODGER

No, I've not yet been permitted. But anything could happen today.

Hanover can be seen pushing through the crowd toward him. Denise Signalli returns.

DENISE SIGNALLI

A detective from the Merseyside Police offered us this statement.

Hanover in front of the camera looking grim.

HANOVER

We've no comment other than to say we're doing our best.

DENISE SIGNALLI

This case comes on the heels of the Styles murder trial in which many feel Merseyside Police were lax in their investigation of the racially motivated killing of white housewife Gloria Styles by black activist Leonard Hills. Styles' body was found under a mattress in a Wirral culvert in April. Her eyes had been gouged out.

AT THE NEWS DESK:

NEWS ANNOUNCER

Denise, is it true the man they're holding is, in fact, Irish?

DENISE SIGNALLI

Yes, that rumor has been confirmed.

NEWS ANNOUNCER

We will certainly update this story as it happens.

(MORE)

NEWS ANNOUNCER (cont'd)
Join us for live coverage of the
press conference at five.

EXT. FRONT GATES, IVES HOME FOR THE AGED -- DAY

Judith pulls up to a guard house at the entrance and shows her badge. The guard admits her. A PRESS VAN can be seen in the background being turned away.

EXT. LAWN, IVES HOME FOR THE AGED -- DAY

Judith walks up a lawn toward a manor house. A few residents can be seen walking where the grounds slope down to the River Dee. A game of Roque is being played on a court alongside the building next to an extensive rock garden.

Judith approaches a wing of the house set with a row of French doors. There is a number on a tile next to each one. Judith checks her notepad and finds the door she's looking for. It's open, the curtains blowing out.

JUDITH
Mrs. Banks?

She steps inside.

INT. MRS. BANKS SUITE, IVES HOME FOR THE AGED -- SAME

A lovely sitting room. There are two wingback chairs, a sofa, and a fireplace mantle lined with PHOTOS and cut flowers in silver cups. Mrs. Banks sits turned away on the sofa, a book in her lap, her head tilted off to the side.

Judith takes a moment to look around. The photographs on the mantle are of Mrs. Banks, her husband, and two children.

MRS. BANKS
I'm not sleeping, you know.

Judith turns. Mrs. Banks is watching her. She speaks with an Irish accent.

JUDITH
I called out--

MRS. BANKS
I know you did. I wanted to see if you'd wait or come in. People don't think of a French door as a real door sometimes.

JUDITH
I apologize. I'm here about your daughter.

MRS. BANKS

I know.

JUDITH

I'd like to help.

MRS. BANKS

I don't see how you can. Sue isn't missing.

JUDITH

We don't know that for sure.

MRS. BANKS

I do. I know.

JUDITH

Have you heard from her?

MRS. BANKS

Any day I will.

JUDITH

Then--

MRS. BANKS

Do you have children?

JUDITH

A daughter, yes.

MRS. BANKS

Don't you feel her alive somewhere? That no one could walk through that door and tell you she was gone without you knowing it first?

JUDITH

Actually, no.

MRS. BANKS

You see too much in your work.

Judith nods.

MRS. BANKS (CONT'D)

That's a shame. You see, when my son died, I knew. We were expecting it--oh, for months--but I knew. No one had to come with the news. I was already ringing his friends.

JUDITH
And your husband?

MRS. BANKS
Don't be clever. I was with him
when he died. An aneurysm. You've
never seen anything like it.

JUDITH
And your son?

MRS. BANKS
A drug user. Intravenous. I wanted
him at home, but he wouldn't have
it. He didn't want me to see him
wasting.
(a chuckle)
Now I want to spare Sue the same
thing. She needs to live her life.
That makes me happiest. We
shouldn't interfere.

JUDITH
I don't consider--
(a beat)
When did he pass?

MRS. BANKS
My husband or my son?

JUDITH
Either.

MRS. BANKS
My son in '90, my husband in '91. I
moved from Ireland to be nearer to
Sue then.

JUDITH
You must be very strong, then.

A beat. A great sorrow reveals itself on Mrs. Banks' face,
but in a moment she masters it.

MRS. BANKS
I never feel apart from them.
Buried in Ireland, they are, but I
never feel apart. Sue planned to
stop there first, you know, where
she grew up, in Aughrim, to see
their graves.

JUDITH
Aughrim? Where is that?

MRS. BANKS
County Wicklow.

A beat.

JUDITH
I'd like to ask you a few
questions, if you'll indulge me.

MRS. BANKS
I've already spoken with a
detective on the telephone today.
And reporters have called. This is
wearing on me if you don't mind.

JUDITH
I'm sorry. We feel it's important.

MRS. BANKS
Any day, I'll get a letter from
Sue. Why can't you let be?

JUDITH
Because that might not happen.

Mrs. Banks gets up.

MRS. BANKS
Sue's alive, Mrs., and I'll be
hearing from her shortly. She's out
there seeing the world. Isn't that
lovely? That's what makes me
happiest. I can't wait to hear from
her. All this talk is for nothing.
Please leave us be. And let Paul
alone. He's done nothing.

Mrs. Banks passes Judith slowly. Judith watches her go.

JUDITH
Except draw us a funny map.

MRS. BANKS
You'll see.

INT. PRESS ROOM, CANNING PLACE -- DAY

A few reporters are setting up cameras in the press room.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, CANNING PLACE -- SAME

Loomis, Hanover, and Rodger are talking. Or, rather, were. There is a tense silence. Finally:

RODGER

I had no idea speaking candidly
with the press would spell trouble.
I'm sorry.

Loomis is pissed.

LOOMIS

You're not to say anything from now
on we haven't approved or scripted,
do you understand?

RODGER

Yes.

LOOMIS

They think we're holding back, but
you've put yourself out as the
official source. That's divisive
and misleading and I won't have it.

RODGER

Yes.

LOOMIS

I'd like to fire you on the spot,
but if they don't see you again on
the news tonight, they'll perceive
us as gagging you, which makes us
look even worse. We'll worry about
firing you when all this is over.

RODGER

Then I'm on for tonight--

LOOMIS

We're giving you two minutes at the
press conference to say some things
we've scripted. That's it. And
we're sending you in to talk with
Hargreaves about the drawing, if
only to be able to honestly say
you've consulted with him. Do you
see how this works?

RODGER

Yes.

LOOMIS

No more games, Mr. Knudson, only chess, and only what we tell you to say. We're going to get this thing back, damn it.

INT. DEPOSITION ROOM, CANNING PLACE -- DAY

Paul is sitting in the same chair as always, looking worn.

HANOVER

Mr. Hargreaves, this is Rodger, the constabulary's Webmaster.

Paul nods. Rodger nods in return.

HANOVER (CONT'D)

He's been working with your drawing and he'd like to run a few things by you.

PAUL

Where's Inspector Emlyn. I didn't agree to this.

HANOVER

Talking with Susan Banks' mother, I believe.

Paul looks piqued by this.

HANOVER (CONT'D)

She'd like you to talk with Mr. Knudson.

(to Rodger)

I'll be just outside.

Hanover withdraws.

Rodger takes a few steps forward, looking down at Paul with a smile, ignoring the guard. He seems excited to be here, in this room, a part of this. He still holds his chess box.

RODGER

(gesturing to the drawing)

This is quite something, you know. You've got everyone excited.

PAUL

Have I?

Rodger gives him a knowing nod.

RODGER

Oh yes.

PAUL

And what do you think of all this?

RODGER

I'm fascinated.

PAUL

And you know why I'm here?

Rodger nods again.

RODGER

I came forward because I play chess. And I have a certain ability with logic and reason. The two most important skills in this business, of course.

PAUL

Business?

RODGER

Detecting. Oh, I'm not a detective mind you, and I don't pretend to know the ins and outs, but I do read the papers, my boy, I do read my Sherlock Holmes--

He gives Paul an odd, almost flirtatious look.

RODGER (CONT'D)

--very closely.

He turns his back again to Paul and Paul offers the guard a puzzled look.

PAUL

You play well, then? Chess?

RODGER

Yes, I think so. I am ranked.

PAUL

I didn't know they ranked chess players.

RODGER

They most certainly do! I'd have thought you knew all about it.

PAUL

Well, I've never been interested in the organized side of things.

(beat)

So how do you stack up, Mr.--

RODGER

Knudson.

(beat)

Well it constantly changes, of course. There are tournaments and matches all the time.

PAUL

Well, how about last year, or season, or whatever they have in chess?

RODGER

201st.

PAUL

How many serious chess players are there in England, do you think?

Rodger smiles a little condescendingly.

RODGER

I meant in the world.

(beat)

Maybe 201st doesn't sound all that impressive, but I'm sure you wouldn't mind being the 201st richest, or sexiest, man in the world, would you?

PAUL

(dead serious)

Or happiest, or healthiest.

An awkward beat.

RODGER

So.

(gesturing to the drawing)

Would you like to hear what I've come up with?

A beat.

PAUL

Go on.

Rodger eagerly begins setting up his board.

INT. JUDITH'S CAR -- DAY

Judith is waiting in line to enter one of the Mersey tunnels. She has the air conditioning cranked, but is still unbuttoning her blouse to the bra line.

Outside the tunnel is a large, already-peeling sign showing the skyline of Liverpool and the words "WE'RE ON OUR WAY. A JEWEL OF EUROPE BY 2000."

Her cell phone rings.

JUDITH

Emlyn.

GEOFF

It's Geoff. Where are you?

Judith checks her watch.

JUDITH

Mersey tunnels. Loomis said five.

GEOFF

No, no. I was hoping you were at Sue Banks'.

JUDITH

Why, Geoff?

GEOFF

The prescription bottles you gave Hal. He wants to know if there were any more.

JUDITH

Why?

GEOFF

Didn't say. He said he needs all you can find.

JUDITH

Dammit. I'm stuck here. No. --Yes. Send someone to the neighbor, the downstairs neighbor. Tell them to look through her plants.

GEOFF

Plants?

JUDITH
And where does Knudson think all
this went on? Which county?

GEOFF
County Wicklow. South of Dublin.

JUDITH
We'll talk when I get there. I'll
see you in twenty.

EXT. PEAT BOG, COUNTY WICKLOW -- DUSK

FROM PAUL'S POV:

1. A dirt road ends at some dark woods beside an uncut peat bog. It is dusk. A car is parked there. The motor's running and the taillights put a red glow on the trees.

2. Inside the car. Sue is screaming and struggling with the door when Paul yanks her back, ripping her blouse. Her breast is visible for a flash. He grabs it roughly. Then he strikes her hard in the face. Twice.

3. Pulling off a long strip of duct tape. Sue is motionless in the passenger seat, her breast exposed. He tapes her wrists together. Then her mouth.

4. Dragging Sue through the underbrush and woods toward a fallen-in castle tower that looms above the trees.

INT. DEPOSITION ROOM, CANNING PLACE -- DAY

Paul is watching Rodger intently, looking almost horrified.

RODGER
I think she's still out there.
(beat)
I don't know what you came back to
England with her car for. Possibly
to plant it somewhere to divert
attention later. I'm not sure. But
I think you'd like to get back to
her.
(beat)
I think she's alive.

Paul seems speechless.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM, CANNING PLACE -- SAME

Hanover and Loomis look on through the one-way mirror,
through the drawing, as Rodger and Paul talk.

HANOVER
Here it is.

INT. DEPOSITION ROOM, CANNING PLACE -- SAME

RODGER
So. Am I correct?

PAUL
(shaken)
No.

RODGER
Am I close?

PAUL
No.

Rodger leans forward, completely earnest, suddenly with no trace of his former condescension. Paul draws a little back.

RODGER
Would you tell me if I was?

A beat.

PAUL
I have no idea.

Paul and Rodger regard each other seriously. A long beat.

RODGER
That's good enough for me.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM, CANNING PLACE -- SAME

The guard assists Paul to the door. Rodger stays behind gathering papers.

HANOVER
That doesn't help us.

LOOMIS
No, he's not going to play fair.
Not with Knudson anyway.

A beat.

LOOMIS (CONT'D)
Does he make you uncomfortable?

HANOVER
Since I met him.

LOOMIS
I think he's enjoying this.

Hanover looks at his watch.

HANOVER
It's time, John.

INT. CORRIDOR, CANNING PLACE -- LATER

Loomis, Hanover walk toward the rear door to the press room.
Geoff and Rodger follow behind.

GEOFF
(to Rodger)
Are you ready? Any questions?

Rodger is looking excited and a little nervous.

GEOFF (CONT'D)
You'll only be up there for two
minutes tops. You'll be fine.

Rodger pats Geoff's hand in a gesture of gratitude and then
goes into the press room.

HANOVER
He's an old pro by now.

INT. PRESS ROOM, CANNING PLACE -- SAME

They enter to find the press room now PACKED PAST CAPACITY.
People in the rear struggle to see who's just entered.

RODGER'S POV: Fifty people are jammed into a room designed
for thirty and a dozen more hover in the room beyond.
Flashbulbs go off like shots. Judith is there glaring at him.

Rodger takes a few deep breaths, wipes his forehead, gags.
Suddenly he lurches back the way they've come.

RODGER
(to Hanover)
I need a minute.

He heads back through the door they've come in. Geoff's look
says: I've got him.

INT. CORRIDOR, CANNING PLACE -- SAME

Rodger bangs into the hall. He leans against the wall for a
moment and then vomits into the corner behind a plant. Geoff
comes out just as it's happening.

GOEFF
Whoa there. Steady.

They can hear the SOUND of LOOMIS addressing the press inside and CAMERAS still GOING OFF.

RODGER
(panting a little)
Something I ate.

GOEFF
Do you want to take a pass.

RODGER
--No. No. I just need a lavatory.

INT. MENS' LAVATORY, CANNING PLACE -- SAME

Rodger splashes his face at one of the sinks, then rinses out his mouth and spits. He looks up and sees his own agitated reflection. He smooths his hair into place.

RODGER
I am Rodger Knudson.
(beat. with more warmth)
I am Rodger Knudson.

INT. PRESS ROOM, CANNING PLACE -- SAME

Judith is up at the podium addressing the press.

JUDITH
..and there's absolutely no reason to think anything that might have happened to Susan Banks is at all related to the Styles murder. The idea of this being some kind of retaliation crime has never, I repeat never, been a factor.
(beat)
We need to keep in mind that Susan Banks could surface any moment. We are just taking reasonable precautions given the circumstances and giving this our full attention. Thank you.

Hanover takes the podium as Geoff and Rodger slip back in. He looks questioningly to Geoff, who gives a quick thumbs-up.

HANOVER

We'll bring up Rodger Knudson next
to answer questions you might have
about the drawing.

Rodger makes his way to the podium, steadier now. There are a
dozen questions asked at once; a frenzy. Flashbulbs POP.

REPORTER #1

What makes you think she's
being held alive?

REPORTER #2

How much time does she have?

REPORTER #3

Is there any evidence of rape
in the chess moves.

REPORTER #4

Do you know why he's holding
her?

Rodger leans up to the microphone, overwhelmed and excited.
When he speaks, it is exactly as if he's reciting from rote.

RODGER

I am Rodger Knudson. I am the
webmaster for the Merseyside
Constabulary. Thank you for the
chance to make my thoughts known.

Loomis leans up to Judith, red-faced and fuming.

LOOMIS

I'll break his bloody neck.

INT. LOOMIS' OFFICE, CANNING PLACE -- LATER

Loomis stands while Rodger sits, looking like a truant.

RODGER

What'd I do?

LOOMIS

We should have written this is what
they told me to say across your
forehead.

RODGER

(with apparent sincerity)
You did tell me to say it!

LOOMIS

Are you truly this obtuse or are
you just trying to dodge
responsibility here.

RODGER

I'm obtuse!

LOOMIS

Yes, and an expert at chess? I don't buy it. Thanks to you, the public is now priming for another offensive against us. Thanks to you we've got people all over County Wicklow walking their property looking for graves. Thanks to you we now have over 350 e-mails to sort through from amateur chess players all over the world--I'm going to let you handle those in the morning. As far as the press is concerned, you say one additional word to them and you're done here.

(beat)

This could have been quiet. Now everyone's watching. Be here first thing tomorrow. And bring your reading glasses.

INT. FORENSICS EVIDENCE ROOM, LIVERPOOL STATION -- NIGHT

The motor HUM of large refrigerators. A door opens, bringing in light from the corridor. The lights are switched on. Judith enters and checks a clipboard on the wall. Then she heads to a back corner of the room.

On the table in front of her are the items pulled from the boot of Sue Banks' car. Judith looks them over silently:

The MUDDY SHOVEL, a MUDDY WOOL BLANKET, MUDDY WORK GLOVES, a MUDDY UMBRELLA, a pair of MUDDY WOMEN'S SHOES, a PAPER SACK, WOMEN'S CLOTHING including a WOMAN'S MUD-FLECKED BRASSIER lying on top, and the LARGE MUDDY STONE.

JUDITH

No blood, no fluids.

She rubs her eyes and squints them shut for a moment. She's tired. Her attention is drawn back to the stone. She puts a hand on it but quickly removes it. She shakes her head.

INT. DEPOSITION ROOM, MERSEYSIDE STATION -- NIGHT

Judith and Paul are back at the table, both looking tired.

JUDITH

I'm very tired so no beating around the bush, all right.

PAUL

Ask.

JUDITH
Do you know how to play chess?

PAUL
Not really.

JUDITH
I didn't think so. Are you just
mucking around or does that drawing
mean something?

PAUL
It means everything.

JUDITH
But not about chess?

PAUL
Not exactly.

JUDITH
Did you kill Susan Banks?

PAUL
That's a question I can't answer.

JUDITH
You're holding her somewhere?

PAUL
That's another.

JUDITH
Yet you're not defending yourself
against these accusations, are you?

PAUL
No.

Judith exhales.

JUDITH
You know they think you're Irish
and she's English. It makes for
better TV, apparently. Don't you
mind that?

PAUL
(thinks it over)
Now that you mention it--

JUDITH
--And what's with the rock?

Paul looks at her.

JUDITH (CONT'D)
(quietly)
So should we start digging up
County Wicklow or what?

PAUL
I can't tell--

JUDITH
I know and I don't care about your
bloody game anymore. Why'd you take
a big rock and put it in the boot
of her car? Why the map? Why chess?

PAUL
Why?

JUDITH
Yes, why. You're white, Sue was
black. Is that it? Sue was good,
you're not. Is that it? What's the
metaphor?

PAUL
I'm not sure I--

JUDITH
I'm out of patience.

PAUL
I don't--

JUDITH
(with real anger)
Is it a clue or isn't it?

A long beat.

PAUL
(quietly)
You're not for games, but you are
for clues--?

JUDITH
I'm done. You can take your game
and go to hell. I never wanted to
be a part of this. I'm moving on
next year anyhow. I shouldn't care--

She stands and collects her things, but stops.

JUDITH (CONT'D)

--but, fuck it. There's a woman out there somewhere dead, dying, or sunbathing. And I want to know which. But I don't want to go through your bloody game to find out.

A beat.

PAUL

So is this a game to you or isn't it?

JUDITH

No. Not to me, it isn't. Not anymore.

PAUL

Then not to me either.

JUDITH

I don't know what that means.

PAUL

Just what I said.

JUDITH

Then tell me what happened.

PAUL

I can't.

She does collect her things.

JUDITH

I want this to be over. I want you charged or gone and out of my life.

PAUL

Try to relax.

JUDITH

Don't tell me to relax. I can't relax. The moment I do, I'm finished.

PAUL

No you're not.

JUDITH

If I don't get some sleep I'm going to tear this bloody room apart.

PAUL
Do you think I did something bad?

JUDITH
Absolutely.

PAUL
Ask yourself why.

JUDITH
Go to hell.

She goes.

INT. LIVING ROOM, RODGER'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Gina is sitting on the sofa in her sleep shirt watching a movie. She has a bowl of popcorn beside her. Rodger comes in and shuts the door excitedly behind him.

RODGER
Get dressed!

GINA
What for?

RODGER
We're going to the pub. Come on!
We've not much time!

After a moment, she leaps up smiling and heads to the stairs.

INT. THE GRAPES -- LATER

A busy Liverpool pub. Rodger and Gina weave through the crowd to sit at the bar in front of a large TV. The barman comes.

RODGER
Two ciders.
(gesturing up to the TV)
And can you turn that up?

After a moment, the SOUND COMES UP.

ON THE TELEVISION: A commercial. The SOUND of CRUNCHING and then a SATISFIED MOAN. A chorus of happy-sounding people SING over the image of a box of soup crackers:

JINGLERS' VOICES
Everyday Crackers, Everyday
Crackers. At home for so many
meals.

WOMAN'S VOICE
In your home, today!

A NEWS BROADCAST BEGINS. Music, graphics, a desk of anchors.

NEWS ANCHOR #1
In Liverpool tonight, a mystery is unravelling that has the whole of Lancashire, if not Britain, asking the same question: Where is Susan Banks?

Conversations at the bar have quieted as people hear the name and then gravitate toward the television. One man says:

BAR PATRON #1
They should let that bloke go and then follow him. He'd go right to her I bet. Stupid fucks.

BAR PATRON #2
Nah, she's on holiday. Cruise ship, something like that. Doesn't know what's going on.

BAR PATRON #1
You'll see. It's just like that chess champ said, she's in Ireland tied to some fucking bed wondering what the hell's taking everyone so long to figure it out.

Rodger and Gina offer one another a sly smile and settle in to watch the broadcast. Behind them, someone begins a DRUNKEN SINGING.

GINA
It's like Sherlock Holmes with TV in it.

Rodger throws his head back and laughs.

INT. BEDROOM, JUDITH'S HOUSE -- DAWN

Judith is propped up in bed with the lamp on, papers in her lap, in the middle of a nightmare. She jerks awake. She looks at the clock: 5:10 a.m.

The following TEXT appears:

SATURDAY

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT STEPS, CANNING PLACE -- SAME

Judith is coming up the stairs. She is mobbed, but does not break stride at all. Amazingly, a path is made for her.

REPORTER #1	REPORTER #2
Have there been charges made yet?	What can you tell us about Rodger Knudson?

She ignores these questions and goes in.

INT. JUDITH'S OFFICE, CANNING PLACE -- DAY

The phone is ringing as Judith tries to unlock the door and get to it in time. She just makes it.

JUDITH
Emlyn.

HAL'S VOICE
Judith, Hal.

JUDITH
Give me some news, Hal.

HAL'S VOICE
Yes, well, I was able to pull some compounds out of those bottles you sent. I don't know what it's worth, but I thought you'd want to know right away. Get a pen.

JUDITH
Wait.
(she does)
Go.

HAL'S VOICE
We found two compounds in the bottles. One's a glucocorticoid. We think it's a drug called Prednisone. The other is Procarbazine. They're not something we've seen much of, I can tell you that. My guess would be they're part of a chemo regimen.

JUDITH
Chemotherapy?

Judith sits.

HAL'S VOICE

Yes. You'll need to ask a doctor
for the rest. I have a number--

JUDITH

No, I have someone I can call.

Judith's mind is racing and it shows on her face.

HAL'S VOICE

Judith?

JUDITH

I'm just trying to think here.

HAL'S VOICE

I've got something else for you.
That letter you gave me. The poem?

JUDITH

(refocusing)

Yes?

HAL'S VOICE

The only prints on that letter were
your husband's and those of a woman
I think you know well.

JUDITH

Someone I know?

HAL'S VOICE

Yes, Ellen Emlyn. That's your
daughter, right?

This throws Judith in another direction. In a moment, she
figures it out: she's enraged.

JUDITH

I'll get back.

She hangs up the phone and then dials a new number.

ELLEN'S VOICE

Hello.

JUDITH

Ellen it's your mother. Meet me at
my office as fast as you can get
here and I am not mucking about.

ELLEN'S VOICE

Fine.

Judith slams down the phone.

INT. CENTRAL OFFICE, CANNING PLACE -- MORNING

Rodger is sitting at his desk contacting the constabulary's website. He actually has worn his reading glasses. There is a MAILBOX labelled CONTACT REGARDING OPEN CASES. He runs a SUBSEARCH on new e-mails containing the word "CHESS" in the subject line. The computer TABULATES.

The number appears and makes Rodger GASP: 9,731

He quickly conducts a second subsearch for e-mails containing both the words "CHESS" and "INTERP" or "GUESS." He TABULATES.

The new number appears: 771

Amazed and dejected, he begins scrolling down the list, seeing NAMES from all over the world. He stews.

INT. LOOMIS' OFFICE, CANNING PLACE -- DAY

Loomis is looking over a stack of printed e-mails when his intercom BUZZES.

LOOMIS
Yes, Mary?

MARY'S VOICE
Officer of the Garda for you.

LOOMIS
Yes, send him through.

His PHONE RINGS.

LOOMIS (CONT'D) (cont'd)
This is Detective Superintendent
Loomis. How can I help you?

EXT. WICKLOW MIRROR FACTORY -- DAY

An officer of the Irish Garda is walking up an dirt road running between peat bogs and woods. He has a cell phone to his ear. His accent is thick.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED:

OFFICER SHANNON
Yes, Detective, Miles Shannon here
with the Garda.
(MORE)

OFFICER SHANNON (cont'd)
I'm standing a few miles out from a
little town called Dunlavin, 40
kilometers SW of Dublin. County
Wicklow.

Loomis grabs an atlas off his file cabinet and hastily flips
through it.

LOOMIS
Go on, yes.

OFFICER SHANNON
Well, we got a call in from someone
watching your news, lives here. He
had us come out and look at a place
abutting his property. Said he
heard some screaming going on here
a few nights ago. Local kids is
what he thought til he saw it on
the news about this Irish girl.

LOOMIS
Yes, I see where you are.

OFFICER SHANNON
It's an old factory, hundred fifty
years or more, abandoned. We've
looked all through it and came up
with nothing, but we just found out
about the mercury vaults.

LOOMIS
I'm sorry, the what?

OFFICER SHANNON
Mercury vaults. This factory made
mirrors back in the 1800s. Kept
mercury in these underground
vaults. Each one's about the size
of a garage, with one iron door on
top. They've all been tampered
with. It looks like the locals have
wild times in them. We've started
going through them, but it's going
to take a while. Some of the tops
are buried over.

LOOMIS
How many are there?

Officer Shannon looks back. The WICKLOW MIRROR FACTORY comes
into view. It is an ominous structure, made of fire-blackened
brick built up into a battlement-like pattern around the top.
It is surrounded by woods.

Around it, several little groups of people are sifting through dirt with spades. A few IRON DOORS can be seen angled open out of the ground.

OFFICER SHANNON

Forty five.

INT. LOOMIS' OFFICE, CANNING PLACE -- DAY

Rodger is standing in front of Loomis' desk pleading.

RODGER

Let me go. Please, I could be of real use.

LOOMIS

There's no need. The Gardai will either find something or they won't. They're faxing some photos now. I just wanted you to get a look at the place and tell me what you thought.

RODGER

It's exactly as I'd imagined. Even the mirrors fit. Don't you see?!

(beat)

If I could see it up close, I might could--

LOOMIS

I've no time for this! You're not going. That's the end of it. Hanover and I are meeting in ten minutes to walk through the faxes they're sending. We've only got Hargreaves for another few hours. We'll be in the conference room. You're welcome to join us. That's all.

Rodger looks as if he's just been slapped. He lingers for a moment, then goes, a look of contempt dawning on his face.

INT. ELEVATOR, CANNING PLACE -- LATER

Ellen is coming up in the elevator. She is eavesdropping on a conversation two secretaries are having behind her.

SECRETARY #1

Well, it'd be exactly right if she was. I would be.

(MORE)

SECRETARY #1 (cont'd)
You can only get pissed on for so
long before you're tired of being
in the wet.

Both secretaries ERUPT in laughter.

INT. CENTRAL OFFICE, CANNING PLACE -- LATER

Ellen makes her way across the central office and looks up to see Rodger on the phone at his desk, watching her. She is wearing a halter top and her shoulders are suntanned and lovely. She can barely hear a snippet of his conversation:

RODGER
Yes, that'll do. 2:15 p.m. Aisle
seat if you would.

She approaches her mother's office. When she arrives, Judith grabs her elbow and they head, instead, down the corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR, CANNING PLACE -- SAME

They go into an interrogation room. Judith shuts the door.

INT. DEPOSITION ROOM, CANNING PLACE -- SAME

ELLEN
What are we doing, mother?

JUDITH
Why did you not tell me that the
poem was from you?

A long beat.

ELLEN
You want the truth.

JUDITH
Damn right I do.

ELLEN
I wanted you to fall on your face.

JUDITH
Well that part I figured out.
(beat)
What the hell did you think you
were doing?

ELLEN
It was easy. At the pub. All I did
was keep my mouth shut. You were
doing all the work.

JUDITH
What the hell does that mean?

ELLEN
Making a fool of yourself. You were doing that all on your own. Don't try hand off blame to me.

JUDITH
I am your mother. And this is a very difficult thing that doesn't really concern you.

ELLEN
Or Dad for that matter.

JUDITH
What--

ELLEN
No, this is about a woman trying to get out of taking responsibility for cheating on her husband--

Judith slaps Ellen.

ELLEN (cont'd)
--and is off and running with her moral blinders on.

A beat.

JUDITH
You don't know what you're talking about.

ELLEN
I'm going to walk out of here in ten seconds, but let me tell you something first. Two years ago, when Dad's mum died, it was the first time I saw him cry. He was up late at the kitchen table. I don't know where you were. Here, maybe, interrogating someone else. And I came down and he tried to make it seem like he wasn't crying. For me, he did that. His mother was dead and he was thinking of me. So I copied a poem down for him, that I thought would help.

(MORE)

ELLEN (cont'd)
And somehow nothing about this
divorce has hurt me more than
seeing it in one of your fucking
evidence bags.

The anger slowly drains from Judith's face.

ELLEN (cont'd)
And the reason we're standing here
is because of what you thought you
knew. Why don't you spend some time
now worried about what you don't.
(beat)
And get some sleep. You look like
shit, mother.

She walks out.

INT. CORRIDOR, CANNING PLACE -- SAME

Judith comes out of the conference room and turns to find
Mrs. Banks waiting there: An exhausting surprise.

MRS. BANKS
They asked me to take a seat, but I
said I'd wait right here.

JUDITH
What can I do for you, Mrs. Banks?
How did you get here?

MRS. BANKS
I came to ask you to please stop.
Please stop on the telly, please
stop in the papers, please stop
talking about my daughter. You
don't have my permission and I'm
sure you don't have hers.

JUDITH
It's not that simple, Mrs. Banks.
We're worried about your daughter.
And I can't control the press.
Anyways, despite how it may look,
all of this press is a help to us.

MRS. BANKS
I've been asked fourteen times
today--I counted--fourteen times
today to comment on what it's like
to know my daughter may be lying
somewhere half-dead. I'm holding
you responsible for that.

JUDITH
Don't do that. I'll give you the
name of the man responsible. You
can harass him.

MRS. BANKS
Shame on you.

JUDITH
What--?

MRS. BANKS
My daughter is all I have in this
world--

Judith nearly snaps.

JUDITH
--Mrs. Banks, why didn't you tell
us everything you knew? Obvious
things! Why didn't you mention that
your daughter had--

She stops herself in time, realizing... Mrs. Banks, on some
level, senses something herself. She quickly moves on.

MRS. BANKS
I've told you everything. Stop what
you're doing and let my daughter
live her life. And shame on any
mother who doesn't understand that.

Mrs. Banks walks slowly away and Judith watches her go. She
takes a deep breath. Then she turns with purpose down the
corridor.

INT. CELL WARD, CANNING PLACE -- DAY

Judith is standing outside of Paul's cell.

JUDITH
You helped her.

A long beat. Paul sits up on his cot.

JUDITH (cont'd)
(with a little force)
That's a question.

PAUL
Yes.

Judith exhales.

JUDITH
She asked you to?

PAUL
Yes.

A beat.

JUDITH
For her mother.

PAUL
That was part of it.

JUDITH
Her condition was worsening?

PAUL
Yes, that too.
(gravely)
Did you tell her? Mrs. Banks?

JUDITH
No.

PAUL
Thank you for that.
(beat)
Will you tell your superiors?

JUDITH
I don't know what to tell them! WHY
did you even begin this game? Now
I'm in the middle and I'm damned
pissed about it.
(beat)
I don't want to hurt that woman,
and if you're telling the truth,
you don't either. But there are
people digging. Digging.

PAUL
They won't find her.

JUDITH
That's not the point, Paul.
(beat)
Why all this? You could have kept
your head down, waited out the
time, and gone your way.
(growing angry)
WHY all of these damned dramatics?
(MORE)

JUDITH (cont'd)
All this time spent searching?
Where's the dignity in this?

Paul's answer is simple.

PAUL
The dignity is that's the first
time you've called me Paul.

This stops Judith. She considers.

PAUL (CONT'D)
You didn't know Sue, but she was
good, all the way through her. You
get to know a person like that once
or twice in your life. I would have
done a lot for her, almost
anything.

JUDITH
But you didn't--

PAUL
No.
(beat)
When they brought me here, they
walked me through every awful
scenario they could think of: that
I'd swindled and killed her; that
I've got her tied up somewhere
because she rejected me, or because
I'm ill. Or to rape. --Rape my
friend.

(beat)
That detective was smirking when he
said that. Smirking.

(beat)
Never once--not once--has anyone
imagined I might be protecting her,
or helping her in some way. Why is
it more important that I've done
something awful? Now I'm told it's
headline news.

(shakes his head)
People must want death more is all
I can figure out. All those people
murdering Sue in their imaginations
a hundred times over, and then to
tell me I'm wasting their time. I
couldn't listen to that. No.

JUDITH
We didn't know.

PAUL

(angered by this)

That's right. You didn't know, so you made a choice. You filled in the blanks, my blanks, with whatever meant the most to you.

(beat)

The guards have a pool going when they'll find her. The pool is not only for the day it will happen, but whether she's found alive or not. Whether there's evidence of rape. Did you know that? And that's probably happening in every pub in Lancashire. I overheard the desk sergeant saying his wife is praying for Sue every night. That she's cut out Sue's picture from the papers. And mine too, because I'm the most frightening man in Britain to her and she's praying for me as well. Why? I can hardly believe there's enough of it to spare. Why misspend it on us, people she doesn't know? I'd guess it's not about us at all.

(beat)

When I look at a person I don't know, I try hard to not think of me. Sue taught me that. And it takes time. It takes time to see the world is not always about you.

(beat)

I thought if I could show even one of you that.

Judith can't look at Paul.

JUDITH

What happens now?

PAUL

Sue really was supposed to go on this trip. She'd been planning it for a year. But when things got serious with her health, and she decided to do this, she wanted me to go in her place.

JUDITH

Why?

PAUL

You spoke with her mother. Sue is out there seeing beautiful things, living a full lifetime's worth every day and will write home about it--just as soon as I can get out here. She bought the stamps. I'm just putting letters in post boxes. Do you understand, now?

JUDITH

I think so, yes.

PAUL

But I got delayed. And I lost my focus. And now I've got to get it right. I promised.

A long beat.

JUDITH

Do you want to tell me what happened, Paul?

He shrugs.

PAUL

We drove up into the mountains, found a place she knew of, she took everything off, to make it harder to, you know, later, if someone--

Judith nods.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Then she took a bottle of something and, after a while, went to sleep. I stayed with her, and then I--drew the covers up.

Judith nods. He's having trouble keeping the tears back.

PAUL (CONT'D)

That was my part. I got to be there for her last smile, her last words.
(beat)
She said Thank you.

JUDITH

For what?

PAUL
For holding the umbrella.
(beat)
While we waited. It rained and
rained.

A long beat. Paul grimaces, strains to keep from crying.

JUDITH
I'm sorry.

Paul nods.

PAUL
Me too.

A long beat.

JUDITH
Sit tight, okay. I'll come back and
take you down to get your things.

INT. JETWAY, DUBLIN AIRPORT -- DUSK

Rodger is coming up the jetway excitedly, he passes a number of people on his way out and crosses under a large overhead sign that reads "Welcome to Dublin" in English and Gaelic.

INT. CAR HIRE DESK, DUBLIN AIRPORT -- SAME

Rodger is filling out a form while the agent lays out his keys and a map of Dublin.

RODGER
I'm headed to Dunlavin. South of
Dublin.

AGENT
Yes, I've got an aunt in Eustace,
not far from there. About an hour
I'd say.

RODGER
Good, I'm in a very serious hurry.

She points to the map.

AGENT
You want to take the N81 straight
through the city--

Rodger is all attention.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, CANNING PLACE -- NIGHT

Loomis is pacing as Judith and Hanover watch him.

HANOVER

It's time.

Loomis shakes his head as if trying to think of a way.

HANOVER (CONT'D)

They're not even close to being half done out there. We can't wait any longer. If we need him later, we can find him, John.

LOOMIS

Judith?

JUDITH

If we keep him any longer, he'll sue. It won't be a difficult suit to win, either.

HANOVER

We gave it our best.

Loomis is angry.

LOOMIS

If you gave it your best, what are you doing in here sitting on your asses.

He storms out.

INT. PAUL'S CELL, CANNING PLACE -- SAME

Paul is sitting expectantly on his cot. He hears his name called.

GUARD

Paul Hargreaves, collect yourself.

The SOUND of FOOTSTEPS coming his way. He comes to the bars and is met by a guard who lets him out. When he steps out of his cell, he sees Judith waiting at the end of the corridor.

INT. PROCESSING ROOM, CANNING PLACE -- SAME

Paul is being given his things back and has changed clothes. He turns to Judith.

JUDITH
The press is going to be all over
you when you leave.

PAUL
They don't know what I look like.

JUDITH
Oh, I'm sure someone's sold them a
description.

PAUL
I just need a cab. And that'll be
the end of it.

JUDITH
I took care of that, but I can't
come with you. If they see me walk
out with you, they'll know who you
are for sure. Just get to Canning
and South John, by the news stand,
and look for a black Audi. My
friend's name is Clive. He'll take
you wherever you ask.

Paul shakes her hand. A beat.

PAUL
Thank you for hating my game.

Judith does not accept or acknowledge his thanks and so Paul
nods, and then walks down the corridor and out of sight.

JUDITH
(to herself)
Not enough.

INT. RODGER'S RENTAL CAR -- NIGHT

Rodger sees a turnoff for Dunlavin. He exits and in a moment
sees light coming from up the road. It is like the light of a
night game at an outdoor stadium.

He drives through a forest and when he emerges from the trees
on the other side, he is suddenly confronted with the
imposing face of the Wicklow Mirror Factory.

EXT. WICKLOW MIRROR -- SAME

The worklights are burning as a dozen or so men dig manually
in the field beside the hulking old-brick factory. They
compete with the lights of several television crews, filming
news correspondents and the progress of the digging.

Rodger parks his car behind the news vans and steps out. He approaches the scene like a child would a circus tent.

INT. LIVING ROOM, RODGER'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Gina is reclining on the couch watching a movie that is now ending. The credits from What Ever Happened to Baby Jane? are rolling up the screen. She gets up.

INT. KITCHEN, RODGER'S HOUSE -- SAME

She scans the cupboards until she sees some microwave popcorn. She takes a packet down and puts it in to cook.

INT. LIVING ROOM, RODGER'S HOUSE -- SAME

Gina is looking through Rodger's videotape collection. There is nothing that interests her. She heads up the stairs.

INT. BEDROOM, RODGER'S HOUSE -- SAME

Rodger has a television cabinet opposite his bed. She opens it and there are other tapes inside. She finds one with the homemade label reading The Third Man and pulls it out.

INT. LIVING ROOM, RODGER'S HOUSE -- SAME

Popcorn can be heard POPPING in the next room as Gina slides the tape in. She presses play.

ON THE TV: Two Asian women fellating a man who can be seen only from the waist down. He has a hand on each woman's head.

Gina, startled, angrily punches the stop button.

INT. BEDROOM, RODGER'S HOUSE -- SAME

MONTAGE:

1. Gina is trying out another video on the bedroom TV. More porn. This time a vampire is attacking/seducing a buxom black woman.

2. Gina flings Rodger's closet doors open and looks under piles of pressed shirts, in boxes, etc. She sees an old shirt box and pulls it out. Inside is a folio, bound, but with no title.

3. She removes it and begins flipping through it.

4. CLOSE ON BOOK: At first, it looks to be a kind of medical reference book as all the photographs and illustrations are clinical, but all of them are of human genitalia.

On the last page is a reflective MYLAR PANEL, presumable for viewing one's own genitals. Her reflection appears in it for a moment and then she shuts the book with a shudder.

5. She looks through Rodger's bedside table. In the bottom drawer, under some towels, is a tube of LUBRICANT and a loose PILE of PICTURES TORN OUT OF MAGAZINES. Most are pornographic in nature, but there are a few of young female pop stars, and suddenly, Gina flips to HER OWN PHOTO. She is brought up sharp the sight of it. It is a school photo. She can't be older than fourteen in it.

7. Gina's anger turns to sorrow and weariness at what she is seeing. For this moment, she looks much older than seventeen.

EXT. FIELD, WICKLOW MIRROR -- NIGHT

Rodger is finishing an on-camera interview. He is standing beside one of the excavated vaults, leaning on the iron door.

RODGER

Well, a new shift's just come in so the digging has some fresh energy. We could have something any moment, really.

REPORTER

This is Holly Savoy for Dublin One news at the site of Wicklow Mirror as crews dig for the missing Irish-woman Susan Banks.

(beat)

Cut. Thank you Mr. Knudson.
(correct pronunciation)

Rodger offers a grave, satisfied nod.

REPORTER (cont'd)

We'll do the full-length interview in about fifteen minutes. We'll send over a girl to get you ready.

RODGER

Very good.

From somewhere in the dark beyond the lights comes a voice.

VOICE

James!

Rodger moves to the site of another vault being uncovered.

VOICE (cont'd)

Come on, come on.

The SOUND of VAN DOORS SLAMMING SHUT and an ENGINE STARTING.

REPORTER
What's going on--

Rodger looks in that direction.

REPORTER (cont'd)
(with genuine emotion)
Oh no!

Rodger can't see past the worklights. He begins walking over. Suddenly the remaining camera lights go out. He jogs.

Rodger finds the reporter.

RODGER
What's going on? Did someone--

REPORTER
(upset)
We're done here. We have to go.
Now.

RODGER
GO?! What do you mean?

But she has turned away.

RODGER (CONT'D)
You can't go NOW! We could be moments away from your story.

REPORTER
(over her shoulder)
Not tonight. Not anymore.

Rodger is quickly losing his composure.

RODGER
Just what do you think you're going to tell your boss when you don't show up with an interview or footage of what I find?

She does not respond.

RODGER (cont'd)
I'm talking to YOU, missy.

REPORTER
(turning on him)
YOU find?
(MORE)

REPORTER (cont'd)
This story wasn't about you, Mr.
Knudson. You're just a guy who
plays chess. Big bloody deal.

One of the cameramen helps her into the van.

RODGER
Bitch.

CAMERAMAN
Do you want me to--

REPORTER
Just forget him.

The cameraman shuts the door.

RODGER
Does she want you to what? You're a
fuckin' imbecile to walk away now.

CAMERAMAN
(somewhat amused by this)
Watch it.

The cameraman gets in the driver's seat and shuts his door.

RODGER
We're out here busting our asses
for you! We're not just digging up
some girl, we're digging up your
ratings! Not every skirt like you
gets a shot at being three fucking
inches away from a story like this.
Don't you fucking leave!

Behind him, police officers can be seen reacting to what
they're hearing coming from beyond the lights. Some are
moving toward Rodger.

RODGER (cont'd)
(with real fear)
Don't you leave.

The other crews begin pulling out. The reporter's van drives
off.

OFFICER #3
Mr. Knudson? (mispronounced)

Rodger turns on the cop. Furious.

RODGER
It's KNUDson! KNUDson! KNUDson!

EXT. KENNETH'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

KENNETH (50s) opens the door and Judith is standing there. He is in his robe.

KENNETH

Judith.

Judith stands under the harsh porch light. Kenneth does not invite her in.

KENNETH (cont'd)

Is something wrong? It's not even five. Is it Ellen?

JUDITH

No. I-- I don't mean to alarm you.
I'm sorry.

KENNETH

What is it you want, then?

In one of the neighboring townhouses, a dog begins to BARK.

JUDITH

I wanted to say I'm sorry.

KENNETH

Sorry?

JUDITH

Deeply. About all this. All I've been putting you through. And Ellen.

Kenneth says nothing.

JUDITH (cont'd)

I wanted you to know I'm done. No more shouting or prying or sneaking around. It's over.

(beat)

I've treated you--well things were bad already, I know. But--I've made them worse. And I don't even know why, really. I didn't want this.

KENNETH

What did you want then, if you didn't want this?

JUDITH

I'm not sure.

Kenneth closes his robe a little.

KENNETH

I don't know what this is, Judith.

A disconnect. Judith's expression betrays she's felt it.

JUDITH

I'm apologizing, Ken.

KENNETH

You don't do anything without a reason. So what's going on? I'm sure I'll hear it from my solicitor in the morning, but why not just be straight with me about it now?

Judith says nothing.

KENNETH (cont'd)

Well, I guess that wouldn't be your way. No.

Judith's old anger toward this man flares for a moment, but her sincerity wins out.

JUDITH

The reason is I'm sorry.

KENNETH

Oh, come on. You expect me to believe that one night you sit up in bed and your conscience is suddenly idling in your head? That you really feel this? Better to just tell me: Where does this get you? I'm not pushing harassment, you know. What, is your solicitor telling you to play the remorse card?

Judith is stunned by this. Not angry, stunned. Somewhere, further on, a second dog begins to bark.

KENNETH (cont'd)

Anyway, you don't get to change the rules this late in the game. You've pulled me through the ringer, you know that?! Really tried to do me in. You've dragged my co-workers into this, my friends--my employer tells me your solicitor called just yesterday.

(MORE)

KENNETH (cont'd)
Well, you don't get to say "I'm
sorry" after all that. If I let you
it'd be at my expense.

(beat)
People change, Judith, I believe
that. But you get worse.

(beat)
Now get off my porch or I'll call
the police.

Kenneth goes inside and shuts the door. After a moment, the porch light goes off. Judith stands there a moment longer. When she finally does walk back into the street toward her car, she looks back once, and on the second floor of the neighbor's house, a curtain falls back into place.

She opens her car but does not get in, instead she shuts it and wanders down the street to an all-night bakery.

INT. RISE UP BAKERY, LIVERPOOL -- NIGHT

She walks in and there are a few late shift people coming off work and a few early shift people on their way in. There are coffees and pastries on all their tables. Judith walks in and looks around, helpless for a moment.

CUT TO:

She is sitting at a table with a mug, still a little shaky. She grabs her handbag and finds her cell phone. She dials.

JUDITH
Are you awake?

CLIVE (O.S.)
Yes, yes. What's wrong?

Judith simply begins to cry, hard, into the phone.

There is an awkward minute while people stare with varying degrees of discretion. Her distress is apparent, yet no one seems to know how to respond to this public display.

CLIVE'S VOICE
Jude. Jude. I'm here. I'm here.

JUDITH
(between sobs)
Oh no.

INT. COMMUTER PLANE--NIGHT

Rodger is sitting in a full row of business commuters on a small plane. He is staring ahead at nothing.

Two airline whiskey bottles and two plastic cups of ice are on the tray table.

A COMMUTER who is sitting across the row from him glances up.

COMMUTER'S POV: Rodger's a stately-looking man, but he's wearing an odd, vacant expression. His boots and pantlegs are spattered with dried mud and he looks as if he hasn't slept. His expression does not change.

The following TEXT appears on the screen:

SUNDAY

CUT TO:

The following EARLY MORNING MONTAGE of Liverpool:

1. A television playing a live report at a Paris tunnel.
2. A newspaper stand at Williamson Square lined with new papers. People are gathering to read and buy them. Some are crying where they stand. The headline of the Times reads:

PRINCESS DIANA AND LOVER DODI DIE IN PARIS CAR CRASH

3. A WOMAN who is crying stops and sits in the middle of the stairs coming out of James Street Station. People have to cut around her.
4. A MAN at Clayton Square is hawking photographs of Diana.
5. A television shot of a crowd of children at a school being told the news. One or two of them are crying.

INT. GUEST ROOM, RODGER'S HOUSE -- MORNING

Gina is fully dressed and packing her bag. Once she's done, she steps into the hall with purpose.

INT. LIVING ROOM, RODGER'S HOUSE -- MORNING

Gina comes down the steps and drops her bag on the sofa. At that moment Rodger enters. When he speaks, it's with an edge, as if he's had a few.

RODGER

What are you doing?

GINA

I--I thought it was time to be off.

Rodger notices her backpack, packed full, on the sofa.

RODGER

Off?

GINA

I left something on the notepad--

Rodger offers a look of such contempt, Gina is silenced.

RODGER

This isn't like last time, is it?
We're not going down that road
again, are we?

GINA

No! I'm--

RODGER

Don't say anything right now.
(beat)
What's gone missing this time?

GINA

There isn't--

RODGER

NOT ONE MORE WORD.

He steps into the room and Gina flinches back, thinking he might grab her. He goes instead for the backpack. He unzips it furiously and roots through it.

RODGER (cont'd)

What's going on, then? What are you
trying to pull? You think I didn't
suspect something when you showed
up? You never speak to me until you
need something. You show up when
you're desperate.

Gina's look turns insolent.

GINA

Well I won't be calling anymore.

RODGER

Oh no?

GINA

(more quietly)
I don't like it here anymore.

RODGER

What's not to like? Huh?

Gina says nothing. Rodger has found nothing of his.

RODGER (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Going out there this morning to
score something, then? Used me up
and now it's back out to needle up?

GINA
You don't know everything, do you?
You think you do, but--

He slaps her. It is sudden and unprecedented, taking them
both off guard.

Gina hesitates for a moment and then decides: She grabs her
backpack and heads for the door. Rodger yanks her back.

GINA (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Stop it.

RODGER
I want to see in your pockets. I
want to see what you've taken. I'll
find it damn it.

GINA
Nothing! No.

He makes a grab at her back pockets and she tries to push him
away. This tussle quickly evolves into a fight, which Gina
clearly hasn't the strength to win.

GINA (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Get off me you perv.

He gropes over her jeans for entrance into the pockets and
when she hits at his face, he loses what restraint he has
left and wrenches her around forcefully against the corner.
He steps up to block her in. Her back is to him and she is
screaming now in pain. He again goes for her pockets one at a
time, sliding his hand in and rooting around.

He gets to one front pocket before he finds himself sliding
up against her.

GINA (cont'd)
Oh my God! Don't--

But he clamps his hand up under her skull and forces her head
into the corner as he shift his weight against her. He slides
his other hand around her and suddenly, heavily, it is up
into her blouse.

Gina begins shouting. Rodger says nothing, makes almost no noise at all, but the blood pumping furious in his head, and all his violence, are more than evident.

GINA (cont'd)
Bastard--! --Bastard!

She makes a final push to get out of the corner and he responds by simply knocking her head against the place where the two walls meet.

CUT TO:

The following is heard over a BLACK SCREEN:

The quiet hissing of a reel to reel tape being played.

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE
You approached him, even though you thought he was a bit scary looking?

GIRL'S VOICE
I went up to him because he was in the rain and I thought he needed my umbrella.

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE
And you said he told you something?

GIRL'S VOICE
He said--
(thinking)
You could save the world like that.

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE
What did he mean do you think?

GIRL'S VOICE
I don't know. With my umbrella? I don't know how you'd do that? Maybe he meant he really liked it? The umbrella?

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE
And then he grabbed you.

CUT TO:

INT. JUDITH'S OFFICE, CANNING PLACE -- DAY

Judith is at her desk, looking like she hasn't slept. She has a cassette player on her desk and is listening to a tape.

MOTHER'S VOICE
She says it was more like a hug.

INTERVIEWER'S VOICE
Quite a hug. Is that right?

GIRL'S VOICE
Yes. He was sad. He was sad and
crying and he said he was sorry.

Judith shakes her head. Loomis knocks at the door, startling
her. She switches off the reels. He has a REPORT in his hand.

LOOMIS
Your report. I just signed off.

JUDITH
What's on your mind then?

LOOMIS
This is everything?

JUDITH
Yes.

A beat.

LOOMIS
I don't believe you.

JUDITH
What do you want me to say to that?
(beat)
What could I possibly gain from
holding something back? Come on,
John, use your damn head.

Loomis inhales deeply.

JUDITH (CONT'D)
Fine. You're welcome to start an
internal.

LOOMIS
That's not necessary.

JUDITH
I just lose your trust instead?
That's not acceptable.

LOOMIS
It's not that. I trust you. But I
think you know more.

Judith says nothing.

LOOMIS (cont'd)
Fuck it. It's out of our hands now.

JUDITH
(seriously)
She could still turn up, John.

Loomis responds only by showing her an open hand and then letting it fall.

LOOMIS
I'm sorry. I should be thanking you
for your help on this.

JUDITH
Not at all.

LOOMIS
We're giving you paid leave 'til
the 15th.

JUDITH
You don't need to do that.

LOOMIS
We want to. I'm sorry about this.
I'm just tired.

JUDITH
Yeah.

For a moment, they are together in this.

JUDITH (CONT'D)
Everything all right?

LOOMIS
Sure. How about you? Everything
good?

JUDITH
Not really.

Loomis offers her a sympathetic squeeze on her hand. Then he gets up. On his way out the door, he turns back.

LOOMIS
You heard about Diana?

Judith nods.

LOOMIS (CONT'D)
I met her once, here in Liverpool.
(beat)
What a damned waste.

Loomis runs his hands over his face. He walks out and shuts the door behind him.

INT. CORRIDOR, CANNING PLACE -- LATER

As Judith walks down the corridor, a RECEPTIONIST calls out to her.

RECEPTIONIST
Inspector?

Judith turns.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
There's a call for you. A doctor,
he says it's important.

Judith points to a conference room, the receptionist nods, and Judith darts in and closes the door behind her.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, CANNING PLACE -- SAME

Judith hovers over the phone until it RINGS. She answers.

JUDITH
Clive, what is it?

DR. FORBES' VOICE
I'm looking for Inspector Emlyn?

JUDITH
This is she. Go on.

DR. FORBES' VOICE
My name is Curtis Forbes, I'm a
oncologist phoning from London.

JUDITH
Yes, Dr. Forbes. How can I help?

DR. FORBES' VOICE
I'd have phoned sooner. I was up
last night catching up on the news
and ran across the chess map that
was printed in the Times today.

JUDITH
Go on.

DR. FORBES' VOICE

Well, I don't know anything about chess, but the drawing is something I thought I recognized. It may or may not be helpful to you.

(beat)

The paper here is calling it a map of the United Kingdom, and it does certainly look that way, but to me it also looks like something called a Reed-Sternberg cell.

A beat.

JUDITH

Lymphoma.

DR. FORBES' VOICE

Yes, you know it?

JUDITH

Yes, we -- thought the same thing when we saw it and we're thoroughly exploring that avenue.

DR. FORBES' VOICE

You're quick.

JUDITH

Well, not quick enough sometimes, but we try.

(beat)

But thank you for phoning Doctor. We always appreciate the help.

DR. FORBES' VOICE

Not at all. Let me give you my number in case you should need any information.

(beat)

Are you ready?

Judith makes no move to grab a pen or paper.

JUDITH

Yes, go on.

DR. FORBES' VOICE

Dr. Curtis Forbes, F-O-R-B-E-S at St. Thomas' (0171) 928 9292.

JUDITH

Thank you.

DR. FORBES' VOICE
(in a delighted voice)
Don't hesitate to call on me. I've
been an expert witness before. I'm
at home in a courtroom.

JUDITH
Thank you Dr. Forbes.

DR. FORBES' VOICE
Not at all.

Judith puts the phone down.

INT. CORRIDOR, CANNING PLACE -- SAME

Judith is standing at one of the dry-erase boards which lists the various duty rosters. She erases her name for the day and writes "Asleep," then erases what she's written and replaces it with "Back 9/16."

INT. OUTER OFFICE, LIVERPOOL STATIONHOUSE -- LATER

Judith closes up her office. Then she begins crossing the outer office toward the exit. She walks through all the desks of detectives and officers going about their work.

At one desk sits Gina, wrapped in her tiny denim coat. She is waiting for an officer to finish on the phone. Her forehead is bruised.

OFFICER #3
Yes, when we're done here I'll
bring her over myself.
(beat)
Yes--relation.

As Judith walks past, they share a moment of eye contact in which Judith offers sympathy. Then she walks out of the room.

EXT. FRONT DOOR, ROGER'S HOUSE -- DAY

A police officer knocks on the door. A beat. He knocks again. The door opens and there is Rodger standing in his bathrobe. One of his eyes is cut and he staggers in the door, drunk.

OFFICER #4
Mr. Rodger Knudson? (mispronounced)

RODGER
He's sleeping. He's not here. I am
here, if you want.

From behind Officer #4, another officer steps into view.

OFFICER #5
That's him.

OFFICER #4
Mr. Knudson, you're being arrested
for criminal acts against Miss Gina
Welcher of Stockport.

Rodger is silenced at this. He sighs once, and remains standing there, but all expression leaves his face.

OFFICER #4 (CONT'D)
Do you understand what I'm saying?

Rodger offers no response.

OFFICER #4 (CONT'D)
Sir?

Rodger begins to shake. He takes a step back into his house and turns about, as if looking for something.

OFFICER #4 (CONT'D)
Sir, why don't you come with us?

Rodger looks up.

RODGER
No. I am not your man. I'm not
Knudson. (mispronounced)

OFFICER #4
Sir.

Rodger suddenly balls his fists and hits himself in the face, at first tentatively, then harder.

He is forcibly restrained.

FADE TO BLACK.

The following TEXT appears on the screen:

SEPTEMBER

CUT TO:

The following MONTAGE of Liverpool at night:

1. Judith's house. It is completely dark.

2. Paul's house. The upstairs is dark, but the blue glow of a television is alight in a downstairs window. From inside, a woman pulls the drapes closed.

3. Rodger's house. It is completely dark.

4. The Everyman Theatre is closed and dark. In place of a theatre poster is a photograph of Princess Diana.

INT. BEDROOM, CLIVE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Clive is in bed, sitting up watching the news. The broadcast is some sort of biography about Princess Diana.

ON THE TELEVISION:

NARRATOR'S VOICE

During the procession of the
Cortege from Kensington Palace, the
Tenor Bell was tolled every minute.

The SOUND of the TENOR BELL. The IMAGE of the Cortege.

NARRATOR'S VOICE (CONT'D)

And inside the chapel, her passing
was eloquently, humbly lamented.

Various PHOTOGRAPHS of Diana.

REV. WESLEY CARR (V.O.)

In her life, Diana profoundly
influenced this nation and the
world. Although a Princess, she was
someone for whom, from afar, we
dared to feel affection, and by
whom we were all intrigued. She
kept company with kings and queens,
with princes and presidents, but we
especially remember her humane
concerns and how she met
individuals and made them feel
significant. In her death she
commands the sympathy of millions.

Judith slides in and lays with her head on Clive's chest. She has two letters in her hand. Clive mutes the television.

CLIVE

Something came.

JUDITH

Choose.

CLIVE
The blue one.

Judith opens the letter. It looks official and is stamped.

JUDITH
Decree absolute.

CLIVE
It's over then?

JUDITH
More or less.
(wryly)
You should probably wait a few
weeks to propose, though. We don't
want talk.

Clive smiles and rubs Judith's shoulder.

CLIVE
How do you feel?

Judith simply shrugs.

CLIVE (CONT'D)
And the other?

JUDITH
Mrs. Banks received it this
morning. The postmark is from
Italy. She asked the home to fax it
to me.

CLIVE
(sitting up, serious)
It is her handwriting--Susan
Banks'?

JUDITH
Yes, definitely.

CLIVE
Is it dated?

JUDITH
Just September this year.

Clive whistles between his teeth, shaking his head.

CLIVE
Let's hear it.

JUDITH

Mum,

(beat)

I've been in Italy now three days and have been walking from seaside town to seaside town with my sandals off and the sun in my hair. I'm here! You said you thought Italy would be particularly lovely, so I've started here for you.

(beat)

What I didn't know about Italy from my reading is that the people here have figured out a way to make enjoying life a priority all the time. How did I find this out?

Listen: Yesterday, I walked from a little fishing town to the next through a mile of olive groves in the hot part of the day. I'd run out of water by the time I came to the next town and when I walked into the first cafe I saw, three big, strong, beautiful men all came around the bar to welcome me. They sat me down, gave me a plate of cold melon, and splashed water in my face. We laughed and laughed. They spoke no English so we smiled our way through the whole episode. They taught me a song and when the chorus came, everyone would shout "Vivere!"

(beat)

As I was leaving, I gave each of them a big kiss on the forehead. They called me "camicia rosa" because my shirt was pink. How many people in the world will I kiss on the forehead before I'm through, mum?

(beat)

I hope you got my last letter. The post box I put it in looked unused for years. It was time for someone to put a letter in it. I hope it made it.

(beat)

I love and miss you and think of you every day. Sue.

They are quiet for a time and then Clive leans down and kisses Judith on the forehead. Judith has tears.

CLIVE
Will anyone buy it?

JUDITH
I think so. People have other
things on their minds now. And at
work, well, new cases all the time.
(beat)
Besides we'll never see Paul again.
The news never got his photograph,
thank God.
(beat)
What that boy must be going
through.

CLIVE
He'll write you. I bet he will.

JUDITH
(with a sense of regret)
I don't think so.

Judith sighs and then holds up the envelopes.

JUDITH (CONT'D)
The same bloody day.

CLIVE
I'm glad you're here.

Judith murmurs agreement. They lie with one another quietly
for a moment.

JUDITH
Can we spend the morning in bed?

CLIVE
Of course.

JUDITH
And even when we're awake, can we
stay here, for a while?

CLIVE
Sure. What'll we do?

JUDITH
Just talk.
(beat)
In the morning.

Clive smiles.

CLIVE

Then sleep. We'll talk when we're fresh.

(long beat)

Sleep.

(beat)

I'm right here.

JUDITH

Thanks.

CLIVE

Shhh.

Judith closes her eyes and is, in a moment, asleep.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. BEDROOM, HOTEL ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT -- MORNING

Paul is standing in a robe, just out of the shower. He is looking down at a large stack of SEALED LETTERS on the desk. He takes the top one and sets it aside. It is addressed to Mrs. Banks, and the return address is Alexandria, Egypt. The one underneath it is also addressed to Mrs. Banks, but its return address is Casablanca, Morocco.

He flips through the stack. There must be three dozen.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY, ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT -- SAME

Paul comes down a stairway into the lobby of a Egyptian hotel. He is dressed in a linen shirt and has his bag slung over his shoulder and a small suitcase in hand. The lobby is busy with departing guests.

He sets his room key discreetly on the front desk and walks out.

EXT. HOTEL ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT -- SAME

He emerges into a street busy with people going about their mornings. Paul steps over to a POST BOX and stops. He fishes the letter he'd set aside out of his bag and stuffs it into the post box. Then he turns and heads slowly up the street.

He falls in with the crowds coming and going, and heads further and further up the street until finally he is gone.

FADE TO BLACK.