

STILLWATER

Written by

Tom McCarthy & Marcus Hinchey

and

Thomas Bidegain & Noé Debré

1 EXT. RUINS - DAY

After the tornado.

A row of devastated houses in what used to be a residential area. Some walls are pulverized, a shattered washing machine lies against a street lamp. The few houses still standing gape like some abandoned cardboard boxes.

A CREW OF WORKERS, wearing HARDHATS, pick up the rubble. They throw the debris into large dump trucks. Among them, his face covered with a paper mask, is BILL BAKER (50): a tired, lean, strong man absorbed by his task. He stands in what must have been a kitchen. His gloved hands lift the rubble... Shing! He throws it into the dumpster... Psshh!

Bill digs up a plastic children's highchair. He takes a look at it: one foot's missing... It ends up in the dumpster too.

2 INT. VAN - DUSK

2

Exhausted WORKERS ride in a crowded van. Bill sits behind two MEXICANS (30's.)

BASEBALL HAT

(Spanish)

That tornado fucked the town up.

SHAVED HEAD

(Spanish)

Maybe it was fucked up before.

BASEBALL HAT

(Spanish)

What happens with the town after we clean it up?

SHAVED HEAD

(Spanish)

They rebuild it.

BASEBALL HAT

(Spanish)

And the people, they all come back?

SHAVED HEAD

(Spanish)

Some of them. But for the others, it's too much. They move on.

BASEBALL HAT

(Spanish)

Maybe that's good. Change is good.

SHAVED HEAD

(Spanish)

I don't think Americans like to change.

BASEBALL HAT

(Spanish)

I don't think the tornado cares what Americans like.

Bill continues staring out the window. Oblivious. His gaze lands on a massive OIL RIG lit up like a space station, towering above the endless stretch of plains.

3 EXT. SONIC DRIVE-IN - NIGHT 3

Bill leans out the window, orders.

BILL

I'll have double cheeseburger.
Tots. And a Cherry-Limeade.

4 EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT 4

Bill's Ford Taurus pulls into the driveway of a rundown, ranch-style house with a small, cluttered porch. Bill gets out, Sonic bag in one hand, GEAR BAG with his hard hat dangling off in the other.

5 INT. BILL'S HOUSE - LATER 5

Bill walks inside, drops his bag. The walls are desperately bare. He puts down his jacket and turns on the TV, then the light. A loud commercial blurts out.

6 INT. BILL'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - LATER 6

His bare feet on the stained linoleum floor. Freshly showered, Bill grabs a Mountain Dew out of the fridge and sits at the kitchen table. The TV blares.

He mumbles grace, his hands clasped. He unpacks his cheeseburger.

7 INT. BILL'S HOUSE, DEN - LATER 7

Bill's asleep on his couch. A rerun of 'Everybody Loves Raymond,' on the TV.

8 INT. CAR - DAY 8

Bill is driving, smoking, baseball cap on. He pulls off the road and onto the LEASE ROAD.

9 EXT. DRILLING RIG, LOCATION - LATER 9

Bill gets out of his car and walks toward the TOOL PUSHER'S SHACK, a trailer turned office/live space for Pushers. He glances up at the massive rig.

TOOL PUSHER
Where you from?

BILL (V.O.)
Stillwater.

TOOL PUSHER (V.O.)
You got reliable transportation?

BILL (V.O.)
Yes, sir.

TOOL PUSHER (V.O.)
Who's the last drilling company you worked for?

BILL (V.O.)
ITA.

10 INT. PUSHER'S SHACK - DAY 10

Bill sits in the wood paneled office talking to TOOL PUSHER.

TOOL PUSHER
Why'd you quit?

BILL
Operator dropped our rig. We staked and I got laid off. Six months ago.

TOOL PUSHER
You gotta side job?

BILL
Yes, sir. I work construction. But that's been slow since the rigs went down. Spent last week doing clean up after that tornado by Shawnee. I've been getting after it.

The Tool Pusher nods, satisfied that Bill has the "want to".

TOOL PUSHER
You work derricks?

BILL
Yes, sir.

TOOL PUSHER
How long?

BILL
Eight years.

TOOL PUSHER
What kind of mud systems you worked
on?

BILL
Water and oil base.

TOOL PUSHER
What kind of pumps?

BILL
PZ's and HHF's.

11 INT. WALLS - DAY 11

Bill stands in the WOMEN'S CLOTHING section, choosing between two pairs of socks. He's wearing a pair of READERS which age him by about ten years, carefully inspecting the tags.

11A EXT. WALLS - DAY 11A

As Bill exits the store, a YOUNG ACTIVIST approaches him with a clipboard.

YOUNG ACTIVIST
Good afternoon, sir. Do you live
here in Stillwater?

BILL
I do.

YOUNG ACTIVIST
Can you sign our petition calling
for increased benefits for
teachers?

BILL
No, sir.

Bill keeps walking.

YOUNG ACTIVIST
Don't you think our teachers
deserve better treatment?

BILL
We all do. Doesn't mean we get it.

YOUNG ACTIVIST

Well, maybe you'd like to hear
about the issue so you can make an
informed decision?

Bill stops, turns.

BILL

I'd like you to leave me alone now.

His directness is startling. He walks away.

YOUNG ACTIVIST (O.S.)

It never hurts to listen, sir. Have
a nice day!

Bill arrives at his truck, finds a LEAFLET tucked under the
wiper. Teachers' Benefits.

He turns, sees the YOUNG ACTIVIST watching him. He crumples
up the flier and throws it on the ground.

12 EXT. SHARON'S HOUSE - DAY

12

Bill parks his car in front of a small brick house. SHARON
(70's) is sitting on her porch, oxygen tubes in her nose,
walker close by. She's absorbed by a 400-page crime novel.

BILL

Hey Sharon.

SHARON

Let me finish this page.

Bill waits. She flips a page, keeps reading.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Oh. One more page.

13 INT. SHARON'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

13

Bill's sitting at the table, eating a sandwich. Sharon pours
two glasses of milk at the counter.

SHARON

I'm not halfway through the book
and this detective has already
slept with three girls. Including
that little black reporter. And he
is still investigating. You read
the first one I gave you?

She places the milk on the table. Fox news plays loudly from the other room.

BILL
Not yet. Been busy.

SHARON
Lucky you're not that detective.
You'd be overwhelmed.

BILL
I'd stay focused on the girls
though.

SHARON
I bet you would. That'd be a good
day for serial killers.

She sets a bowl of chips on the table, sits. They hold hands, say grace. Routine.

SHARON (CONT'D)
Lord, thank you for this meal and
all that is good in this world.
Keep Allison in your watchful eye.
Amen.

BILL
Amen.

They start to eat.

SHARON
You get hired out yet?

BILL
Nope. Had an interview today.
Pusher said he might have some rigs
going up end of month.

SHARON
Where?

BILL
Didn't say.

SHARON
I got a call from your mother a few
days ago. She moved to Tampa.

BILL
She ask for money or some shit?

SHARON

No. She asked about you. You should call her sometime.

BILL

I got enough shit to deal with here.

SHARON

Did you pick up the car registration?

BILL

I did. It's at home. Spent all day waiting for...

She sets the REGISTRATION down in front of him. Busted.

SHARON

Got it online. Everything's online. Can't get a real human being if you tried. Didn't stop them from charging me twenty-three dollars.

BILL

I'll pay it.

SHARON

That's not what I meant.

BILL

I know.

Bill keeps eating. There's obviously tension around finances.

SHARON

There's a bag of books by the front door for you to take. And an envelope of photos up on her bed.

BILL

OK.

14 INT. SHARON'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - LATER

14

Bill enters a girl's room that is frozen in time. He takes it all in. Posters, photos, random keepsakes.

18 EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - DAWN 18

Bill, baseball cap on, drops his bag into the truck of his car, and slams it shut.

19 EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER 19

Bill's car cruises down on the empty highway, headlights on. The plains of Oklahoma disappear into the half light.

20 INT. WILL ROGERS AIRPORT - LATER 20

Bill stands at the counter. The CHECK-IN ATTENDANT prints the boarding pass and circles numbers with her pen.

ATTENDANT

You have two stop-overs, the first in Atlanta, the second in Paris. You are set to arrive at three pm local time.

BILL

Thank you.

Bill nods, he lifts his bag to put it on the conveyor belt.

ATTENDANT

Drop-off only opens 3 hours ahead of boarding so you're still early, sir. Come back in 40 minutes.

BILL

Ok. Thank you, ma'am.

21 INT. WILL ROGERS AIRPORT, GIFT SHOP - DAY 21

Bill holds up an orange OKLAHOMA STATE FOOTBALL SWEATSHIRT.

Sweatshirt in hand, he turns toward the counter but is momentarily blocked by an OLD WOMAN shopping. He waits, noticing a JEWELRY display. He focuses on a series of GOLD NECKLACES with words in GOLD LETTERS: OKC. TULSA. STILLWATER.

FEMALE SALESPERSON

Can I help you, sir?

The Old Woman is gone, a SALES PERSON in her place.

BILL

Yes, ma'am.

He hands her the sweatshirt.

22 INT. PLANE - DAY 22

Bill is awake. Looking out the window. It's bright outside.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)

Bonjour. Nous sommes sur le point de commencer notre descente vers l'aéroport de Marseille Provence.

(MORE)

CAPTAIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Nous espérons que vous avez
 apprécié le vol.

NOTE: AT TIMES THROUGHOUT THE SCREENPLAY, DIALOGUE WILL BE
 EITHER WRITTEN IN FRENCH AS ABOVE OR IN ENGLISH WITH ITALICS
 TO SIGNIFY THAT IT WILL BE SPOKEN FRENCH.

23 INT. MARSEILLE PROVENCE AIRPORT - DAY 23
 Bill pushes out through the crowds waiting for arrivals. Hat on, head down, he makes his way toward the exit.

24 INT. AIRPORT BUS - LATER 24
 Bill watches the sparkling French Riviera coast pass by.

25 EXT. MARSEILLE STREET - LATER 25
 Bill approaches a tram stop, rolling his suitcase. Le Gare de Marseille-Saint-Charles looms in the background.

26 OMITTED 26

27 INT. TRAM, MARSEILLE - DAY 27
 Bill stands next to his suitcase.

28 EXT. MARSEILLE STREET - DAY 28
 The tram moves through the city. Bill walks up the street.

29 INT. HOTEL, FRONT DESK - DAY 29
 Bill stands at the front desk. A RECEPTIONIST assists him.

RECEPTIONIST
 You are with us for two weeks?

BILL
 Yes, ma'am.

She gives Bill a form to sign.

RECEPTIONIST
 Initial here... and sign here.

Bill signs. She hands him his key as The MANAGER, an older man, emerges from the backroom.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Thank you. Here's your key. You are in room 204.

MANAGER

Welcome back, Mr Baker.

Bill nods, walks away.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

C'est lui dont je t'ai parlé. Le père de l'Américaine.

The Receptionist reacts, cranes her head to watch Bill climb the stairs. Bill is apparently a person of interest.

30 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY 30

Bill moves down the hallway. A young girl, MAYA (8), wearing a bathing suit is kicking a soccer ball in the narrow hallway. Bill passes her by.

He slides his key into the door and disappears into his room.

31 INT. BILL'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 31

Bill is sound asleep on top of his bed. He just crashed there, fully clothed. The room is dark and unassuming.

Laughter and music from the room next door. Bill opens his eyes, switches on the light.

32 EXT. HOTEL ROOM, BALCONY - NIGHT 32

Bill, a bit dazed, slides open his window. Two women smoke a joint and laugh on the neighboring balcony. They see Bill and stop.

VIRGINIE (40's) is the older of the two.

BILL

Ladies. Can y'all please lower the music? I'm trying to sleep.

VIRGINIE

No speak English. Sorry.

Bill insists. He gestures with his hands.

BILL
 Mu-sic. Can you...? Si vous plait?

VIRGINIE
 Quoi?

Virginie pretends she doesn't understand. She imitates his gesture. Her younger friend, an ARAB WOMAN, bursts into laughter. They're stoned. Bill gets it.

BILL
 Yeah. OK.

He closes the window. The girls keep giggling.

33 INT. HOTEL, BREAKFAST ROOM - MORNING 33

Bill sits alone eating his breakfast. He looks tired but is clean shaven, wearing a clean shirt.

33A INT. HOTEL, BILL'S ROOM - DAY 33A

Bill packs items from his suitcase into the plastic Walls bag.

34 INT. PENITENTIARY, INTERIOR ENTRANCE - DAY 34

A large Walls plastic bag slides on the conveyor belt, disappears into the X-ray tunnel. Bill goes through the metal detector.

He is surrounded by men, women, and young children, mostly African and Arab.

35 OMITTED 35

36 INT. PENITENTIARY, DROP OFF COUNTER - LATER 36

A GUARD checks the contents of Bill's Walls Bag, pulling out the clothes and books. Bill watches, passively.

37 INT. PENITENTIARY, WAITING ROOM - LATER 37

Bill sits among a crowd. He watches a few YOUNG CHILDREN squirm and play with toys. A GUARD calls out names and room numbers.

GUARD

Delbare. Huit. Moussa. Neuf. Salim.
Dix. Baker. Onze. Mekideche. Douze.

He stands up, makes his way toward the Guard.

38 OMITTED 38

38A INT. PENITENTIARY, VISITING ROOM - LATER 38A

A white box. One table, two chairs, and a fair amount of graffiti on the wall. Bill paces, waits. He watches as FEMALE PRISONERS, pass by the window of the opposite door. A few peek in at Bill. Finally the door opens and...

ALLISON enters. She has fair skin, (26) and clearly stands out. She spots Bill, and a tired smile appears on her face.

BILL
Hey, baby girl!

They hug. It's warm if a bit awkward.

ALLISON
Hi dad.

BILL
You look good.

They sit on each side of the narrow table.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
How was the flight?

BILL
OK. You doing alright?

ALLISON
I'm OK. Yeah.

BILL
Good. Good. You got laundry for me?

ALLISON
Yeah. Some.

BILL
I'll get it done.

ALLISON
You back to work?

BILL
Doing odds and ends. Lotta rigs still down.

There is an awkward tension between these two.

BILL (CONT'D)

They gave us two more visiting days. Next one is Friday. 2pm.

ALLISON

How's gram?

BILL

She's good. Still got the oxygen tank and still got plenty of opinions.

Allison almost smiles.

ALLISON

I miss her.

BILL

I bought all the things you asked for. I got you some extra socks. And some good new sneakers.

ALLISON

Thanks. Oh, Gram said she gave you some photos for me?

BILL

Shit. I forgot 'em.

ALLISON

Just bring them next time.

BILL

I mean I forgot 'em back home. In Stillwater. I'm so sorry.

ALLISON

Doesn't matter.

It does. But Allison is used to small disappointments.

BILL (CONT'D)

Got you a Cowboys sweatshirt at the airport. They gonna be good this year. Got this big ol' back outta Guthrie, boy can run forever.

Allison's face tells the story-- not so much a football fan.

ALLISON

Thanks.

BILL

And Sharon got you a lotta books.
Let me know if you need anything
else.

Beat. Allison fidgets, looks around. Bill watches her.

BILL (CONT'D)

You still working at the library?

ALLISON

No. I quit.

BILL

How come?

ALLISON

I just did.

BILL

Your mom was always into them
science fiction books. You ever
read those?

ALLISON

No. Not really.

Allison gathers herself. Her demeanor shifts. She scans the room, lowers her voice.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Dad I need you to do something.

She reaches inside her shirt, takes a rolled up ENVELOPE out of her bra and quickly hands it to Bill under the table. He cups it in his hand, concealing it, and then pockets it.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

I need you to give this to Leparq.
Make sure she reads it.

BILL

What is it?

ALLISON

Just... give it to her. Her address
is on the envelope. OK?

BILL

Yeah. OK. But... you good?

ALLISON

Dad... please.

Her tone is clear. Bill relents.

BILL

I'll go today, make sure she reads it.

(Beat)

Need anything else?

ALLISON

No. You already asked me that.

BILL

You're right. I did.

(Beat)

Mind if we pray a bit?

Allison gives Bill her hand. He closes his eyes, starts to pray. Allison watches him, unengaged.

38B INT. PENITENTIARY, WAITING ROOM - LATER 38B

Bill enters the waiting room. Picks up a BAG OF LAUNDRY marked, Baker.

39 EXT. PENITENTIARY - LATER 39

Buzzing sound. Bill, carrying the laundry bag, and some other VISITORS exit through the wooden door inset in massive stone walls of the Les Baumettes. He reaches into his pocket, takes out the envelope and unfolds it.

40 INT. MAITRE LEPARQ'S OFFICE, RECEPTION - LATER 40

Bill sits on a designer couch in a small reception area. He inspects Allison's letter as if searching for a clue. It's sealed. Leparq's name and address are written on the front.

INTERN

Mr. Baker? I'm sorry you had to wait but Maître Leparq is not coming back to the office today.

BILL

I'll come back tomorrow then.

INTERN

She's in court all week. Why don't you give me your letter and I'll make sure she gets it.

BILL
Can't do that. Thank you, Ma'am.

He leaves.

41 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY

41

The elevator opens and Bill walks toward his room, carrying a SUBWAY SANDWICH bag. Maya is sitting on the floor, leaning against her door, her backpack next to her.

MAYA
Bonjour.

BILL
Hey.

Bill disappears inside his room. Then he reemerges without his sandwich.

BILL
You locked out?

She doesn't answer. Bill holds up his key.

BILL (CONT'D)
You gotta key?

MAYA
Non. Je l'ai perdue.

BILL
Come on.

He starts down the hallway, beckons her to follow.

BILL (CONT'D)
Come on. Let's get you a new one.
(holds up his key.)
Come on. Let's get you a new key.

Maya hesitates, then follows.

42 INT. RECEPTION DESK - DAY

42

RECEPTIONIST struggles to magnetize a blank key. Bill stands, waiting with Maya at the reception desk.

MAYA
Beel.

BILL
Bill.

MAYA
Bell.

BILL
Closer. What's your name?
(Pointing)
You?

MAYA
Maya.

BILL
Maya. That's nice.

MAYA
C'est quoi ça?

BILL
This. A tattoo.

MAYA
C'est un oiseau.

BILL
What's that?

MAYA
L'oiseau. Là.

She points to the bird tattoo on Bill's arm.

BILL
This? That's an eagle.

MAYA
Eagle.

BILL
Yeah. Eagle. Bald eagle. America.

MAYA
Et là?

BILL
That's a skull. And that's a knife
going through it.

Receptionist hands her the key.

RECEPTIONIST
Here is your key.

She hands it to Maya.

BILL
Thank you, ma'am.

43 OMITTED 43

44 INT. MARSEILLE COURTHOUSE - DAY 44

Bill wanders around the courthouse. A fish out-of-water, he walks among the lawyers, clients, cops, and prisoners.

45 INT. MARSEILLE COURTHOUSE - LATER 45

Bill is sitting on a bench waiting, cup of coffee in his hand. He finally spots Maître Leparq (60's), a severe looking woman walking with STÉPANE, a young associate. He approaches.

BILL
Excuse me, Mrs. Leparq?

She stops, recognizes Bill immediately.

LEPARQ
Mr. Baker.

BILL
Yes, ma'am. I just need a few minutes of your time.
(taking out the letter.)
It's a letter from my daughter.

Leparq looks to her associate, she's trapped.

46 EXT. MARSEILLE COURTHOUSE - LATER 46

A quiet bench along the reflecting pool of the courthouse. Bill waits as Leparq finishes the letter. Stéphane lingers near, checking his phone.

LEPARQ
I'm sorry, Mr. Baker but I cannot honor your daughter's request.

Bill, knowing nothing about the contents of the letter, tries his best to navigate the conversation.

BILL
Why's that?

LEPARQ

Mr. Baker, a judge will not reopen this case based on hearsay. This is not possible.

BILL

OK.

LEPARQ

We have exhausted every possible legal action. This letter tells me that your daughter has not accepted her sentence. And she must. Do you understand?

BILL

Yes, ma'am.

Leparq folds the letter and puts it back in the envelope.

LEPARQ

Allison will be eligible for a temporary parole soon. That will greatly improve her mood and provide her with real relief. That is what you want for your daughter, is it not?

BILL

It is. Yes, ma'am.

LEPARQ

I must go now. I have a full day.

BILL

Can I get that letter back?

LEPARQ

As you wish.

She gives the letter to Bill who takes it and starts to go.

LEPARQ

Mr. Baker. There is a time for hope and there is a time for acceptance. The last thing you want to give your daughter is false hope. That could make her situation very dire. Do you understand?

BILL

Yes, ma'am.

She turns and leaves. Bill considers the letter, takes it out and looks at it briefly before reacting and putting it away.

47 INT. HOTEL, BILL'S ROOM - NIGHT

47

Bill walks back into his room. He drops his key and FAST FOOD BAG on the table followed by the letter. KNOCK. KNOCK.

He opens the door. It's the NOISY NEIGHBOR from the night before.

NOISY NEIGHBOR

Hello.

(Bill nods)

Thank you for helping my daughter, Maya yesterday. I was late coming back. We're in between apartments and there is no electricity at our new place! At least Maya loves it here, there's a pool, she thinks we are on vacation.

BILL

(deadpan)

Sorry. I don't speak English.

Virginie, caught off guard, reacts. She laughs.

NOISY NEIGHBOR

Ah, yes. My English. It came back to me. I'm sorry for the loud noise. My girlfriend is a bad influence. My name is Virginie.

BILL

Bill.

VIRGINIE

(Beat)

Hello, Bill. You are in Marseille for vacation?

BILL

I'm visiting my daughter.

VIRGINIE

She lives here?

BILL

Yes, ma'am.

VIRGINIE

Cool. Well hopefully we are only here for one or two more days but if you need anything, we are next door.

BILL

Thank you.

VIRGINIE

Thank you. Bye.

Virginie leaves. Bill shuts his door and stops, thinking.

48

INT. VIRGINIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

48

C/U on Allison's letter. Then...

VIRGINIE (O.S.)

(Reading/translating)

Dear Maitre Leparq.

Virginie is holding it, reading. Bill sits with her at the small kitchen table. The room is a happy, temporary mess. Maya is asleep in the other room.

VIRGINIE (CONT'D)

(Reading/translating)

I am writing to you because I was contacted by Patrick Okonedo, the chef... the chief of the Outreach program that I was involved with at University. Mister Okonedo was approached by a student who met a man named Akim at a party. She was told that he had stabbed a girl years ago and got away with it. This must be the same Akim that killed Lina.

She pauses.

VIRGINIE (CONT'D)

You're the father of the girl, the American student...

BILL

(Flatly, without emotion)

Yes, ma'am.

She returns to the letter.

VIRGINIE

We must check his DNA to the unknown DNA found at the crime scene. I ask...I urge you to investigate this matter, to talk to Mr. Okonedo and this student. I am innocent of this crime and I have no one else to assist...to advocate for me. My Grandmother can no longer make the trips to Marseille and you know my father...

She glances at Bill, hesitating for a moment...

VIRGINIE (CONT'D)

I would not trust him with this. He is not capable. You are my only hope.

Virginie pauses, the weight of her words is painful. Bill remains stoic, listening.

VIRGINIE (CONT'D)

(reading)

Please do not abandon me in this horrible place. I have wasted five years of my life here with four more to go and I do not belong here. Respectfully, Allison Baker.

There is an awkward silence.

VIRGINIE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry...

BILL

Appreciate your help.

Bill stands up, takes back the letter.

BILL (CONT'D)

Please don't tell anyone about this.

VIRGINIE

Bien sùr.

Bill leaves. Virginie exhales. Wow.

MAYA (V.O.)

Maman? C'était qui?

VIRGINIE
C'était un voisin. Tu devrais être
en train de dormir. Viens là!

She hustles Maya back to bed.

48A INT. BILL'S ROOM - LATER 48A

Bill kneels by the bed praying.

A49 EXT. MARSEILLE STREET - LATER A49

Bill walks down the street with purpose.

49 INT. LEPARQ'S OFFICE - DAY 49

Bill is waiting again, he's on edge. The Receptionist is on the phone. Finally, Stéphane, the young associate appears from the back office.

STÉPHANE
Mr. Baker? Follow me please.

Bill follows him down a hall and into a conference room.

50 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER 50

There are six chairs around the table.

STÉPHANE
Please have a seat. Do you want
coffee?

Bill sits.

BILL
No, thank you.

STÉPHANE
How can I help you?

BILL
I'd like to talk to Mrs. Leparq.
About the case.

STÉPHANE
Maitre Leparq is not available
today.

Bill takes out the letter, refers to it.

BILL

But there's a new lead here. This
guy was talking at a party. About
the murder.

STÉPHANE

Mr. Baker...

BILL

Somebody should talk to this teacher, this... Patrick Okonedo. Hear what he has to say.

STÉPHANE

Mr. Baker. Maitre Leparq was very clear with you yesterday. She cannot pursue this case. If you wish to pursue a further investigation...

He takes a piece of paper from his folder. Starts to circle names with a pen.

STÉPHANE

We can recommend this. It's a list of private detectives you can engage...

BILL

I don't want a detective...

STÉPHANE

We have worked with the people on this list.

BILL

I just want to talk to Leparq...

STÉPHANE

I'm afraid this is all I can offer you at this time. I will circle the names that...

Bill snatches the pen from his hand and throws it. It's quick and violent. Stéphane jumps.

BILL

My daughter's in fucking jail and she doesn't belong there!

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

Oh!

A FEMALE LAWYER is in the door.

FEMALE LAWYER

Ca va?

STÉPHANE

Oui.

Bill walks out.

BILL

Fuck this.

50A INT. LAUNDROMAT - NIGHT 50A

A washing machine spins. And so does Bill as he sits, waiting on Allison's laundry. Her LAUNDRY BAG sits on the floor.

A CITY BUS passes by.

50B EXT. PENITENTIRAY, DAY 50B

Bill walks toward the visitors building with the other VISITORS. He is carrying Allison's clean laundry.

50C INT. PENITENTIRAY, SECURITY DESK 50C

Bill passes through the METAL DETECTOR. It buzzes and Bill is frisked by a waiting GUARD.

51 INT. PENITENTIARY, VISITING ROOM - DAY 51

Bill is waiting, pensive, anxious. The door clicks open and inmates arrive. Allison approaches. Bill stands to hug her.

BILL

Let you out a bit late today. They shouldn't. Bet they'll call you back in on time.

ALLISON

It's OK. It happens.

BILL

I did your laundry.

ALLISON

Thanks. So did you give Leparq my letter?

BILL

Yeah. Of course.

ALLISON

And? What did she say?

Bill sees signs of hope on his daughter's face.

BILL

Well she told me what you wrote. I mean about Akim and the girl at the party.

ALLISON

And what'd she say?

BILL

She said that, you know, she works on a lot of these cases...

ALLISON

Dad, is she gonna investigate it or not? Just tell me!

Bill hesitates, he can see the desperation in his daughter's eyes. He hesitates, then...

BILL

Yeah. She's gonna look into it.

Allison can barely contain her joy.

ALLISON

Really? She said that?

BILL

That's right. I told her how strongly you felt about it...

ALLISON

That's amazing. Does she want me to do anything?

BILL

No. She just needs some time and, you know, she did say that she can't make any promises. She didn't want to give you any false hope or nothing like that.

Allison hangs onto his every word.

ALLISON

Of course not. But it's still great. Akim exists. He killed Lina! That's his fucking DNA they found in the apartment. I'm not crazy.

BILL

I know. I know you're not.

ALLISON

I knew Leparq wouldn't let me down! You don't know how many times I wrote and rewrote that letter.

BILL

Well, it worked. Maybe God answered our prayers.

Allison smiles, she allows Bill this point.

ALLISON
Maybe he did.

She hugs him. He hugs her back. Bill hasn't been hugged that way by his daughter in a long time.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
Thank you, Dad.

A52 INT. LEPARQ'S OFFICE, FOYER - DAY A52

Bill pushes through a big door into a stone lobby. He ascends the stairs.

B52 INT. LEPARQ'S OFFICE - LATER B52

Bill is buzzed into the office. He approaches the RECEPTIONIST.

BILL
Excuse me, ma'am. I'm Bill Baker. I called about picking up a list.

52 EXT. STREETS OF MARSEILLE - DAY 52

Bill walks down a narrow street, lined with old buildings.

53 EXT. BUILDING - LATER 53

Bill arrives at the door, presses the buzzer.

BILL (V.O.)
I don't know how much you remember about the case but Allison came here for college.

54 INT. PRIVATE DETECTIVE OFFICE - DAY 54

A narrow office cluttered with files. A SPRUCED UP DETECTIVE (45) examines Allison's letter closely.

BILL (CONT'D)
And that's when she met this girl.
Lina.

A YOUNG SECRETARY approaches.

YOUNG SECRETARY
Would you take coffee or water?

BILL
No. Thank you, ma'am.

Bill continues.

BILL (CONT'D)
Allison and Lina, they were...
together. And one night they had a
big fight and Allison went to a bar
where she met this Akim guy. She
described him as tall, light skin.
They had some drinks, and he stole
her purse. When Allison got home
she found Lina dead and called the
police. But they could never find
Akim. He's the one who killed Lina.

The Detective looks at Bill, nods, turns back to the letter.

BILL (CONT'D)
What'd you think?

The Detective nods. Bill senses that something's not right.

BILL (CONT'D)
You speak English, right?

SPRUCED UP DETECTIVE
(with a heavy accent)
Yes. I am.

"I am?" Bill sits back in his chair.

BILL
Fuck. Give back the letter.

A55 EXT. STREETS OF MARSEILLE - DAY A55

Bill walks down a massive set of stairs, the Vieux Port in
the distance. He checks a folded map.

55 EXT. STREETS OF MARSEILLE - DAY 55

Bill walks down a quiet street just off the port. He arrives
at a door, checks his list, searches for the name on the
intercom.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Mr. Baker?

Bill turns to DIROSA (60), a leathery face, open shirt and a golden button blazer on, standing just across the narrow street at the entrance of an old bar.

56

INT. BAR - DAY

56

The letter takes centre stage on the table. Bill and Dirosa sit in the backroom of the café, alone.

DIROSA

I was in service at the time of this case. In the police. I didn't work on it but of course I remember it.

Dirosa looks at the letter.

DIROSA

Have you talked to this Okonedo? The professor?

BILL

No, sir.

DIROSA (CONT'D)

I see why your lawyer doesn't want to help. Some kid at a party hears gossip about a murder. Maybe she remembers this famous case. It was on the TV.

BILL

But... why now? Five years later. That's how long my kid's been in jail. Five years.

DIROSA

Does she know you are here? Your kid?

BILL

No, sir.

Dirosa considers this, fair point. He puts down the letter.

DIROSA

Are you rich Mister Baker?

BILL

No, sir.

DIROSA

This is a DNA case. It means two steps: first, I look for the young man. That will not be easy. People will talk. He will try to disappear.

Bill listens, nods.

DIROSA (CONT'D)

Then, if I find this Akim, I have to get a sample of his DNA and use my connections in the police to test it against the DNA from the crime scene. This doesn't come for free.

BILL

How much?

Dirosa tears a page from a small notebook and scribbles some sort of addition... A cost estimate. He slips the paper towards Bill who picks it up and reads it.

BILL (CONT'D)

Twenty thousand dollars?

DIROSA

Euros.

BILL

Thanks for your time.

Bill stands, takes the letter and leaves.

DIROSA (CONT'D)

Mr. Baker? You believe your daughter is innocent?

BILL

I know she is.

DIROSA

Then maybe it's not so much to see her go free.

It's clear Bill doesn't like being sold. He leaves.

57 INT. HOTEL, CORRIDOR - DAY

57

Bill walks down the hallway, sees a MAID'S CART outside of Virginie's door. He squeezes past, the now empty room.

58 INT. BILL'S ROOM - SAME

58

Bill opens his door, turns on the light. He finds A COLORED PAPER on the floor. It's a hand drawn picture of an eagle and a skull. Maya's rendition of Bill's tattoo. Written on the back of card is...

Dear Bill. It was nice to meet you. Good luck in Marseille.
Virginie and Maya.

Bill drops the drawing on the table.

59 INT. HOTEL, BUSINESS OFFICE - NIGHT 59

Working on an old computer, Bill, his readers on, does his best to navigate the internet. He turns to the RECEPTIONIST.

BILL

Excuse me, ma'am. Can I ask you a question, please?

As she approaches, he holds up the pad.

BILL

I'm just too much of a dumbass to figure this out on my own. And I don't... parle any French.

She smiles, crosses to the computer.

60 EXT. AIX-MARSEILLE UNIVERSITY - DAY 60

Bill walks across the campus.

61 EXT. AIX-MARSEILLE UNIVERSITY - LATER 61

Bill stands examining an INFORMATION BOARD. A FEMALE student walks past.

BILL

Excuse me, ma'am. Do you speak English.

FEMALE STUDENT

Yes. Of course. What can I do for you?

62 INT. AIX-MARSEILLE UNIVERSITY, AMPHITHEATRE - SAME 62

A half full amphitheater classroom. PATRICK OKONEDO (37) of African descent, with a knitted tie, lectures.

PATRICK
 C'est en 1998 que Paul Crutzen,
 prix Nobel de chimie atmosphérique,
 enflamme les milieux scientifiques
 avec ce nouveau concept selon
 lequel le monde est entré dans une
 nouvelle ère géologique,
 l'Anthropocène...

Bill enters, freezes.

PATRICK
 (Clocking Bill)
 Oui?

He could not seem more out of place.

BILL
 (Reading off the paper)
 Yeah... huh... sorry to interrupt. Do
 you speak English?

Some laughter in the class room.

PATRICK
 I do.

BILL
 I'm looking for Patrick Okonedo.

PATRICK
 Vous l'avez trouvé.
 (Bill doesn't respond)
 Have a seat, please.

BILL
 I can wait outside if-

PATRICK
 Please. Join the party.

A few laughs from the students. Bill reluctantly sits.

PATRICK
 Et cette nouvelle ère s'accompagne
 d'un appauvrissement des
 ressources, d'une forte instabilité
 climatique...

A small office with fluorescent lights and peeling paint.
 Patrick turns off the electric kettle, prepares a cup of tea.

PATRICK
I know it's impressive.
(Turns to Bill)
It's the kind of office a PHD will
get you.

Bill nods, not really getting the joke.

BILL
I'd like to talk to the girl you
told Allison about.

PATRICK
Yes, I assumed as much.

Patrick sits at his desk, considers Bill. He takes his time,
as if weighing his words:

PATRICK (CONT'D)
To be honest, I've always felt
guilty about what happened. I
should have warned Allison.

BILL
Warned her? About what?

PATRICK
Well, I knew Allison and Lina were
sleeping together but I had no idea
Lina had moved in with her. I try
not to be cynical about those types
of relationships -- 'the poor girl
from the ghetto and the rich
American student' - but then I end
up being guilty of naivety.

BILL
Allison grew up poor. She's not
rich.

PATRICK
Educated. There is a lot of
resentment toward the cultural
elite. I'm sure you are aware of
that.

Bill is growing tired of the talk.

BILL

What about the girl from the party?

PATRICK

My student. Her name is Souad. She is from the same outreach program that Allison and Lina were involved with.

BILL

And she heard some guy talking about Lina's murder?

PATRICK

This is what she told me.

BILL

Could I talk to her?

PATRICK

She will talk to you, yes. I will give you her phone number.

He jots down the number.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Souad does not speak English very well. You will need someone to translate.

BILL

Could you do it?

PATRICK

No. I'd rather not.

He hands Bill a piece of paper.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I'm still running the outreach program, I can't be associated with you or your daughter after what happened. Whatever my personal opinion may be.

Bill sits with this, deeply insulted.

BILL

My daughter's innocent.

PATRICK

I wish you good luck.

64 INT. LOCAL BAZAR - DUSK 64

A small store packed with a random assortment of cheap electronic and household goods. Bill stands in front of shelf of cheap toys. He reaches for a TOY ROBOT, inspects it.

65 INT. HOTEL RECEPTION - NIGHT 65

Bill approaches the desk. It's the same Receptionist that helped him earlier. He smiles, turns on the charm again.

BILL

Bonjour. I'm afraid I need some more help. I am supposed to attend a very special birthday party tomorrow...

(Holding up the toy robot)

And I lost the address. I don't want the party started without me.

66 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 66

Bill walks down a quiet street, slip of paper in one hand, robot in the other. He pauses at an archway and enters.

He reads the intercom, presses the button. Static erupts...

VIRGINIE (O.S.)

Bonjour.

BILL

Hi. It's Bill Baker.

VIRGINIE (O.S.)

Qui est là?

BILL

Bill. From the hotel.

VIRGINIE (O.S.)

Oh... Bill...?

BILL

That's right. Had a favor to ask if you don't...

BUZZZ! He pushes his way in.

67 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING, SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - LATER 67

Bill takes the final few stairs and is accosted by Maya.

MAYA

Hi Beel!

BILL

Hey Maya. This is for you. It's a robot.

He hands her the toy.

MAYA

Un robot! Maman, Bill m'a apporté un robot! Je peux l'ouvrir?

Maya takes the robot and Bill's hand. She leads him to the door where Virginie waits, a bit confused by Bill's arrival.

BILL

Hi. Sorry to intrude.

VIRGINIE

It's OK. I'm having some friends over...

(realizing)

How did you find us?

BILL

Oh... the lady at reception gave me your address. There's this girl I need to call and she don't speak English... It's kinda personal.

VIRGINIE

You want me to make a call for you, is that it?

BILL

Yes ma'am. But I can come back...

VIRGINIE

No. No. It's OK. Let me grab my phone. Come.

Virginie leads Bill through the apartment which is large with high ceilings. There are unpacked boxes piled in the corner. There are stacks of books and art leaning up against the wall. It has an undeniable charm.

There are SIX PEOPLE sitting in a circle in the living room in folding chairs.

VIRGINIE (CONT'D)

Everyone... this is Bill. Bill this is the creme de la creme of the Marseille theater scene.

The group responds with laughter and hello's. Bill awkwardly nods.

VIRGINIE (CONT'D)
J'en ai pour cinq minutes,
j'arrive.

Virginie grabs her phone off her chair, leads Bill into...

68

INT. VIRGINIE'S APARTMENT, OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

68

The office is small and jammed with stacks of books and a number of unpacked boxes. Virginie clears space off the small desk.

VIRGINIE
We're doing a reading of a new
play.

Virginie moves some items off a chair in the corner.

VIRGINIE
Excuse the mess. This is going to
be my office but we are still
moving in. Who am I calling?

BILL
It's the girl. From the letter...

He hands her a slip of paper the Okonedo gave him.

VIRGINIE
Ah! It's about the case.

BILL
Yes ma'am. I wanna meet with her.

VIRGINIE
Is the lawyer not helping you?

BILL
I'm doing it myself for now.

VIRGINIE
Oh. Wow. OK. Can I have the number?
(To Maya)
Maya, allume la lumière.

Maya throws the light switch but the light doesn't turn on.

MAYA
C'est encore cassé!

VIRGINIE

Encore?

MAYA

Oui. Regarde!

Maya flips the switch a few more times, nothing. Virginie gets up to open the shutters in order to let in light.

VIRGINIE

We got a great deal on this place through this friend of mine. I fell in love with this view but it has a few defects.

Bill clocks the great view of the city and ocean below. He hands Virginie the paper with Souad's number. She takes it, starts to dial.

BILL

Probably just the circuit breaker. I could take a look if want.

VIRGINIE

Really? You know how to do that?

BILL

Yes, ma'am

VIRGINIE

That would be great!
(Into the phone)
Oui, allo ? Je vous appelle de la part de Bill Baker. Oui.

Virginie starts having a conversation on the phone. Bill doesn't understand any of it.

MAYA

Non! Le pied de mon robot est tombé! Regarde, Bill, le pied est tombé!

Bill is trying to decipher Virginie's conversation.

BILL

Hold up, Maya.

MAYA

Maman, mon robot est déjà cassé, regarde!

VIRGINIE
Je suis au téléphone là!

MAYA
C'est nul un robot sans pied! Il
tient même pas debout!

BILL
Here, Maya. Let me see it.

Bill takes it, starts to fiddle with it. He can barely make out the tiny parts. He pushes a button and music starts to play... "Sexy Lady". Virginie looks over, what is that?

Bill turns it off. Virginie ends the call, hangs up.

VIRGINIE
OK. She agrees to see you tomorrow
at six.

MAYA
Maman, il a perdu un pied!

VIRGINIE
Quoi?

MAYA
Mon robot, il est déjà cassé. Il
est pourri.

VIRGINIE
D'accord. D'accord. Deux secondes.

She holds up his hand. Virginie is a bit embarrassed, she smiles and turns to Bill.

VIRGINE
She was nice. A bit shy. How are
you going to talk with her if you
don't speak French?

Bill considers this.

BILL
That's a fair question. I'll figure
it out.

VIRGINIE
(She smiles)
I could come with you and translate
if you need.

BILL
You sure?

VIRGINIE

Yes. It's OK. Maya has art class.
You come here at 5:30, we'll take
my car.

BILL

Appreciate that. If you know where
your fuse box is I can try and fix
that breaker for you.

VIRGINIE

No. No. You don't have to do this.

MAYA

L'autre pied est tombé aussi!

BILL

Here. Give me that damn thing.
Maybe I'll get you another one.

69 EXT. VIRGINIE'S APARTMENT - LATER 69

Bill exits the building, starts down the street.

MAYA

Beeel!

Bill turns, Maya is in the window.

MAYA (CONT'D)

Bye Bill!

Bill waves, smiles.

A70 INT. SPAR - NIGHT A70

Bill shops for a few grocery items.

70 EXT. QUIET STREET - NIGHT 70

Bill walks down a quiet street, SPAR SHOPPING BAG in hand.
Something catches his eye and he slows to a stop.

A small FISHING BOAT sitting on a trailer sits burning. The
flames grow.

A71 EXT. VIRGINIE'S CAR - DAY A71

Virginie's car drives along the highway.

VIRGINIE (V.O.)
I have to confess. I went online
and read about Allison's case.

71 INT. VIRGINIE'S CAR - DAY

71

Virginie is driving, Bill is in the passenger seat.

VIRGINIE (V.O.)

It was a big story at the time, no?
The press was ferocious. You say
ferocious?

BILL

Yes, ma'am. You can say that.

Virginie checks her phone for directions. A MOTORBIKE flies
by, almost cuts her off.

BILL

Dumbass.

VIRGINIE

People don't know how to drive in
this fucking town. It's a crazy
place, Marseille. But I still
prefer it to Paris. People talk to
each other here. Plus it's cheaper.

Bill just listens.

VIRGINIE (CONT'D)

Why did Allison come here for
school? I'm curious.

BILL

Don't know.

VIRGINIE

(Surprised)

No?

BILL

She was going to Oklahoma State and
then she called me one day and
said, I'm going to France. To here.

VIRGINIE

She is independent.

BILL

Yes, ma'am. Always has been.

VIRGINIE

Are you close?

BILL

You read her letter.

VIRGINIE
Where is her mother?

BILL
She died. Killed herself.

Bill's bluntness catches Virginie off guard.

VIRGINIE
Oh.

BILL
Allison was raised by her
grandmother mostly. I wasn't around
much.

VIRGINIE
Where were you?

BILL
Working on oil rigs. Being a fuck
up when I wasn't.

Virginie registers Bill's admission.

VIRGINIE
It's not easy being a single
parent. I often work at night. Maya
gets very upset.

BILL
What do you do?

VIRGINIE
I'm an actress.

BILL
On TV.

VIRGINIE
No. Theater. Do you go the theater?

BILL
No ma'am.

VIRGINIE
Never?

BILL
No ma'am.

VIRGINIE
Oh. Ok.

72 EXT. QUICK - DAY

72

Bill and Virginie get out of their car. Head toward the entrance.

BILL (V.O.)
Thank y'all for talking to me.

73 INT. QUICK - LATER

73

The restaurant is mostly empty except for a guy mopping the floor. Bill and Virginie are sitting with two SIXTEEN YEAR-OLD ARAB WOMEN wearing puffy jackets and drinking cokes.

BILL
The guy you met at the party. Akim?
Can you tell us anything about him?

SOUAD
Rien. Il était normal. Sympa.

VIRGINIE
She said he was quiet. And nice.

BILL
Nice? Does she know where he lives?

SOUAD
C'est après quand il est parti, ma copine m'a dit qu'il avait tué une fille avec un couteau et que la police l'avait jamais attrapé.

Souad's FRIEND is lazily surfing on Instagram, her phone lying on the table. Virginie takes glances at the screen. The girl notices and picks it up.

SOUAD'S FRIEND
C'est qui elle ? C'est sa femme ?

VIRGINIE
Non, je suis juste une am-

SOUAD'S FRIEND
Je t'ai pas parlé à toi.

Virginie blinks, surprised by her directness.

BILL
Where does he live?

Virginie translates. Souad answers.

VIRGINIE

Kallisté?

Souad nods, yes.

VIRGINIE

She said he lives in a different project. It's called Kallisté.

The door opens and THREE YOUNG MEN walk in. Souad's friend clocks them. She nudges Souad.

SOUAD'S FRIEND

Je vais avoir des problèmes à cause de toi.

SOUAD

Mais non.

SOUAD'S FRIEND

Je vis ici moi ! On les connaît pas eux ! Alors tu ferme ta bouche !

And Souad does. Her friend shakes her head, pissed.

SOUAD'S FRIEND (CONT'D)

Comment tu sais qu'elle est pas flic elle déjà ?

VIRGINIE

Je suis pas flic. Je vous assure. J'essaye juste d'aider mon ami !

SOUAD'S FRIEND

Je t'ai dit je te parle pas à toi !

BILL

What's she saying?

VIRGINIE

Nothing helpful.

Bill turns to Souad, looks at her.

BILL

I am... le père. Allison is my little girl... my fille.

Souad looks embarrassed, doesn't know what to do. Her friend takes over, starts talking fast. Virginie translates:

VIRGINIE

She says that people in parties
they talk a lot, they say all sort
of things, doesn't mean any of it
is true. It's just Marseille...

(Aside to Bill)

She doesn't want to help.

Bill insists, looks right at Souad:

BILL

Can they tell us anything else?
What does the guy look like?

Virginie translates. Souad is really starting to squirm. She
looks to her friend who's had enough. She gets up.

SOUAD'S FRIEND

Tu nous a pris pour des poucaves ou
quoi ?!

She grabs Souad's hand, pulls her toward the door.

BILL

Hold on!

Bill stands grabs Souad by the arm. She pulls her arm away.

SOUAD

Me touche pas !

VIRGINIE

Bill!

SOUAD'S FRIEND

La touche pas elle a dit ! Lâchez
nous là! On n'est pas des poucaves!

Virginie grabs him by the arm.

VIRGINIE

Let them go! She's afraid.

The girls scamper out.

BILL

Afraid of what? We're just talking.

VIRGINIE

That's not how it works here...

BILL

So tell me how it works! Cuz' no
one here's doing shit for me!

VIRGINIE
I do shit for you.

BILL
I know but...

VIRGINIE
Come. Let's go.

74 EXT. MARSEILLE ROAD - DUSK 74

Virginie's car pulls to the side of the road.

VIRGINIE (O.S.)
That is it. Kallisté. That's where
she said Akim lives.

75 INT. VIRGINIE'S CAR - DUSK 75

Virginie puts the car into park, points to the sprawling
concrete projects in the distance.

BILL
Can we go look around?

VIRGINIE
No. Not at this time. It's not safe
for us.

BILL
Because we're white?

Virginie is almost caught off guard by Bill's question.

VIRGINIE
Because we are not from there...
And there can be a lot of dealing
at night.
(Off Bills look)
Drugs.

BILL
I gotta do something.

VIRGINIE
No one there will talk to you.

Bill considers this, looks out.

VIRGINIE
Bill, what if there is no Akim?

BILL

There is.

VIRGINIE

OK but they never found this person during the investigation...

BILL

My daughter's not a liar.

VIRGINIE

I didn't say she was but everything I read about this case...

BILL

So you're some kind of expert now?

His tone stops Virginie cold. Then...

VIRGINE

No. I'm not.

Bill looks at her, he overreacted.

BILL (CONT'D)

The press was against us. All they cared about was that Allison was sleeping with an Arab girl... bunch of fake news scumbags.

VIRGINIE

This is why you punched that English reporter?

Bill looks at her, busted.

BILL

I was drinking then.

Virginie watches Bill. He's sincere.

She starts the car, puts it into reverse.

VIRGINE

I could use a drink now.

76

INT. LES BAUMETTES, SECURITY ROOM - DAY

76

Bill stores his possessions in a locker.

ALLISON (V.O.)

Did you hear anything from Leparq?

76A INT. LES BAUMETTES, VISITING ROOM HALLWAY - LATER 76A

A number of VISITORS, including Bill, amble down the hallway and into their assigned rooms.

77 INT. PRISON, VISITING ROOM - LATER 77

Bill is sitting with Allison.

BILL

Not yet.

ALLISON

Did you tell Gram about this?

BILL

No. Don't want to get her hopes up 'til we know more. She's getting on, your grandmother.

Allison seems content with this answer.

ALLISON

I miss her so much. It sucks that she can't come anymore.

BILL

She misses you too.

ALLISON

Oh...I had a meeting with the judge yesterday.

Bill is instantly on alert.

BILL

Oh yeah. About what?

ALLISON

I have my parole review coming up in about three months. It's the thing where I get out of here one day a month.

BILL

Right. Right. So what'd he say?

ALLISON

She. She said, that as long as my behavior remained good, it shouldn't be a problem.

(MORE)

ALLISON (CONT'D)

But I felt like saying fuck parole, my lawyer is working on getting me out of here for good.

BILL

We don't know that yet, Ally... We need to keep-

ALLISON

I know. I didn't say anything. I wanted to but... Oh! There was someone from Leparq's office there.

Bill tries not to react

ALLISON (CONT'D)

I never met him. But I asked him how the investigation was going...

BILL

Oh yeah? What'd he tell you?

ALLISON

He didn't know anything about it.

Bill shrugs, covering.

BILL

Leparq's probably just taking care of it herself. It's pretty high level.

ALLISON

I told him I wanted to talk to Leparq. She should be keeping us informed.

Allison's wheels are spinning.

BILL

I'll talk to her.

A BELL rings. Time's up. Bill is relieved to escape any further questions.

BILL (CONT'D)

OK. Well, I'll see you in a few days. You need anything?

ALLISON

No. I'm OK. Hey Dad, is there any way you could stay in Marseille a little longer? In case something comes up?

Bill is rocked by this. Allison never relies on him this way.

BILL

Uh... yeah. I think I could do that. Gotta check in with work.

The GUARD unlocks the door. Allison cuts through it.

ALLISON

I can ask Gram to wire you some money if you need...

BILL

Don't do that. I'll figure it out. I promise.

ALLISON

Thanks, Dad.

Allison smiles, leaves.

A78 EXT. VIRGINIE'S APARTMENT, STOOP - DAY A78

Bill and Maya sit on the stoop, waiting. Maya taps Bill and points to... MAX who is approaching.

78 INT. VIRGINIE'S BUILDING, FOYER - DAY 78

Bill and Maya follow Max downstairs.

79 INT. VIRGINIE'S BUILDING, BASEMENT - DAY 79

MAX lumbers down the stairs, followed by Bill and Maya. They walk along a dark hallway lined with old wooden doors. Marseille's version of storage units.

Finally they arrive in a cluttered tool room, a dusty WORKBENCH in a corner. Tools, paint cans, and cleaning supplies are scattered around.

MAX

Tu peux utiliser les outils. Mais quand t'as fini, tu les rapportes.

Bill doesn't understand but understands. He opens an OLD TOOLBOX on the workbench, peeks inside.

Max picks up a FLASHLIGHT and unlatches a SECOND DOOR on the opposite wall. Bill and Maya follow him into the darkness.

80 INT. VIRGINIE'S BUILDING, BASEMENT, UNFINISHED ROOM - DAY 80

They follow Max's light, winding through another endless maze of storage units. But these units have all been abandoned. The floor covered with left behind furniture and clothing.

Max finally stops and shines a light on the FUSEBOX.

MAX
Le boîtier électrique.
(Beat)
D'accord?

He looks to Bill who looks to Maya who looks to Max.

MAYA
D'accord.

81 INT. VIRGINIE'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - LATER

81

Maya sits on the old TOOL BOX listening to Bill who is installing a new float in the toilet.

BILL
And then the land man talks to the land owner and takes out a lease. Once you got the lease, you hire a drilling company. That's who I work for. Then you rig up and put all the shit together. And once the rig is up you start making hole. That's what a roughneck does. He makes hole. Go ahead test it. Flush.

Maya looks confused. He gestures her to test the flush.

BILL (CONT'D)
Flush! Go on.

MAYA
Ah. Flush. D'accord.

BILL
That's right. Clutch it. Get it!

82 INT. VIRGINIE'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - DAY

82

Bill and Maya enter to find, Virginie, sitting at the table in front of the computer with NEDJMA (25), the Young Woman Bill saw the first night on the balcony.

NEDJMA
Demande lui alors!

VIRGINIE
Non mais je suis sûre que non...

NEDJMA

Pourquoi tu lui demandes pas alors!

VIRGINIE

J'ai pas envie! Et puis ça nous regarde pas. On peut se concentrer sur les photos?

MAYA

C'est réparé, maman.

VIRGINIE

Yes? The toilet works?

BILL

It does. And your office light is working too.

VIRGINIE

Wow. Great. Thank you.

MAYA

(Looking out the window)

Maman. Je peux aller jouer dans la cour avec les enfants?

Virginie gets up, looks out the window. Sees a few kids playing.

VIRGINIE

D'accord, mais tu sors pas de la cour, ok?

MAYA

OK! Salut Nedjma. Au revoir Bill!

Maya leaves.

VIRGINIE

Bill. Come. Come!

Bill joins them, looks over her shoulder at the screen.

VIRGINIE (CONT'D)

Nedjma is a technical genius.

NEDJMA

I'm not a genius. I'm just younger.

VIRGINIE

T'as trois ans de moins que moi!

NEDJMA

Ben ça compte.

BILL

These are online or some shit?

PHOTOGRAPHS of teenagers at a party cover the screen.

VIRGINIE (CONT'D)

They are all from Instagram accounts of Souad and her bitchy friend. These photos are from the party.

Virginie scrolls through the photographs.

BILL

How'd ya'll get 'em?

Bill looks over the photos.

NEDJMA

I set up a false instagram account, followed Souad and her lovely friend whose name is Samira and then geo-tagged the party Souad was at when she saw this guy.

Virginie points to a picture of Souad.

VIRGINIE

There is Souad. So there's a chance Akim is in one of these photos.

Bill's eyes wander on the screen.

NEDJMA

Il veut dire quoi quand il dit "light skin"? Hein? Light skin... Je suis quoi moi?

VIRGINIE (CONT'D)

Toi t'es chiante. We are going to print them up. And then we can show them to Allison!

BILL

No. I don't want to do that.

VIRGINIE

Why? If Akim is here she will know.

BILL

I don't care. I'm not doing that.

VIRGINIE

I don't understand, why are you being so stubborn about Allison?

BILL

We should just go back to Souad. Now that we have the photos.

VIRGINIE

We stole these photos from her Instagram!

Bill paces, crosses to the window, staring outside. Sees Maya playing with her new friends. Virginie shakes her head in frustration. Nedjma finally steps in.

NEDJMA

Can I say something or do you two want to just keep fighting?
(Off Virginie's look)
Did anyone else in Marseille see this Akim guy? Or just Allison?

Virginie looks to Bill.

BILL

The bar owner. Where they met. He was at the trial.

VIRGINE

We should go there.

NEDJMA

We?

Nedjma clocks Bill's tone. She doesn't like it.

VIRGINIE

What's it called? The bar?

BILL

I don't remember. It was near her apartment.

VIRGINIE

I can find it.

She sits at her computer. Nedjma starts to pack up.

NEDJMA

(To Virginie)

Alors c'est ta nouvelle cause, lui?
T'as fait le zéro déchets, les réfugiés, et maintenant c'est lui.

VIRGINIE
Arrête un peu.

NEDJMA
Mais t'adores ça... L'humanitaire.
C'est ton hobby.

VIRGINIE
Ça suffit.

NEDJMA
Demande-lui alors!

VIRGINIE
Arrête! C'est personnel je t'ai
dis!

NEDJMA
T'as peur de la vérité ou quoi?

VIRGINIE
Bon. Bill, did you vote for Trump?

BILL
No.

VIRGINIE
(To Nedjma)
Tu vois!

BILL
I didn't vote.

VIRGINIE
What? Why didn't you vote?

BILL
I have a record.
(Off her look)
I was arrested. You can't vote when
that happens.

NEDJMA
Génial. C'est un taulard en plus.
Moi j'y vais.

She stands.

NEDJMA (CONT'D)
(To Bill)
Good bye. I wish you luck.
(To Virginie)
T'en auras besoin.

BILL
Thank you for your help.

NEDJMA
I am doing this for her.

83 EXT. STREET - LATER

83

Virginie and Bill are walking. Virginie checks the map on her phone.

BILL
Your friend... eh...Nedjma. She mad at you for helping me?

VIRGINIE
Don't worry about Nedjma. She's generally hostile. She's very protective for me but she's a good friend. And she helps me with Maya.

BILL
Where's Maya's father?

VIRGINIE
Corsica. Running a night club on a beach.
(Off Bill's look)
He was a... fling. You say fling?

BILL
Fling, yeah. Does he visit?

VIRGINIE
He used to but it's better when he doesn't. C'est comme ça.

Bill stops.

VIRGINIE (CONT'D)
What?

BILL
(Pointing)
That's where she lived... Number 38.

It's a random, run-down building with a red door.

VIRGINIE
That's where it happened?

BILL
Yeah.

The two of them just stare at the anonymous building for a moment, life goes on. And with that so do they.

84 INT. CAFE DE LA PLACE - LATER 84

Bill and Virginie enter. A few CUSTOMERS are following the horse races on a flat screen.

They approach the bar. A YOUNG CHINESE MAN (28) is behind the counter. Virginie and the man talk in French.

VIRGINIE

(To Bill)

He's the new owner. He wasn't here when the crime happened.

BILL

Does he know where we can find the old owner?

OWNER

Yes, I know.

The Owner apparently speaks English. He points at an OLD MAN (60's) sitting at a corner table.

OWNER

He is right there. Drinking my profits.

85 INT. BAR - LATER 85

Bill and Virginie sit with the former owner of the bar. He is looking at the photos.

OLD MAN

C'est quand même terrible ce qui est arrivé à ta gamine. Je comprends pas qu'ils aient pu envoyer une gentille petite comme ça en prison.

The owner comes with three glasses of Pastis and a jug of water. The old man pushes the glasses to Virginie and Bill.

OLD MAN

Please.

Virginie picks up hers.

VIRGINIE

Merci.

The Old Man looks at Bill.

VIRGINIE
Il ne boit pas.

The Old Man shrugs and sips his Pastis.

OLD MAN
Santé!

He looks at the photos again.

OLD MAN
Regardez moi cette smala...

Virginie blanches. She tries to play through it.

VIRGINIE
Est-ce que l'un d'entre eux vous rappelle quelque chose ?

OLD MAN
Pas facile à dire... Faut dire qu'ils se ressemblent tous...

BILL
Does he see anyone?

OLD MAN
Ils débarquent ici, ils font toujours des problèmes. Ils se croient chez eux maintenant.

VIRGINIE
(Getting pissed off)
On peut rester concentrer sur les photos s'il vous plaît?

The guy turns to Bill, talks to him as to an old friend.

OLD MAN
On est pareil toi et moi, non?
Vous, vous avez les mêmes soucis avec vos Mexicains, non ? C'est l'invasion.

Virginie doesn't translate.

BILL
What'd he say?

OLD MAN
 Et puis là ça fait cinq ans
 aussi... Le mieux c'est que tu me
 montres celui que tu veux et moi je
 le reconnaitrai. Comme ça c'est
 réglé. Je ferai pareil au tribunal
 s'il faut.

VIRGINIE
 Attendez, c'est sérieux là...

OLD MAN
 (Shrugs)
 Regardez-les, ils sont tous
 coupables de quelque chose là-
 dedans...

She stands, starts to collect the pages of photos.

VIRGINIE
 Let's go!

Bill puts his hand on the pages, preventing her.

BILL
 What'd he say?

VIRGINIE
 Nothing! He's useless.

The Old Man watches their exchange.

VIRGINIE
 (To the Old Man)
 Merci ducon!

OLD MAN
 Au revoir, Madame.

She storms out. Bill hesitates, follows.

86

EXT. STREET - LATER

86

Bill catches up to Virginie on the sidewalk.

BILL
 Hey! What happened?

Virginie turns to him, trying to calm down.

VIRGINIE
Sorry... I can't talk to that guy
anymore. He was saying horrible
things.

BILL
Like what?

VIRGINIE
He just wants to put an Arab kid in
jail. He said he doesn't care which
one.

BILL
That's it?

VIRGINIE
"That's it?" What do you mean
'that's it'? He's a racist.

Bill thinks, looks back toward the café. Beat.

BILL
OK. He's a racist. We still gotta
talk to him.

Virginie looks at him:

VIRGINIE
I'm not talking to him! No!

BILL
He might know something.

VIRGINIE
He doesn't know something. We can't
send an innocent kid to jail!

BILL
(cuts her off)
My daughter's innocent!

Virginie stares at Bill, caught completely off guard by his
logic.

VIRGINIE
I can't believe this conversation...

BILL
Then you live in some fancy ass
world, lady. I ain't saying it's
right but I work with hands like
that all the time.

VIRGINIE

So what?

BILL

This ain't no game for me. I'm gonna get my little girl out of that jail, that's all I give a fuck about!

Virginie is at a loss...

VIRGINIE

You sound very American right now.

BILL

I am!

Virginie looks at him, almost with pity.

VIRGINIE

You're also a stranger here. You don't actually understand shit...

She shoves the photos at him.

VIRGINIE

Prends ces trucs, fais ce que tu veux - mais sans moi!

She spins, walks away. Bill just burned a bridge.

86A EXT. MARSEILLE, STREET - DAY

86A

Bill is standing in front of the ticket vending machine by the tramway tracks, trying to buy a ticket.

ERREUR. Tries again. ERREUR.

He looks around but doesn't ask for help. Tries again.

ERREUR. ERREUR. ERREUR.

Bill punches the machine. Eyes turn to him. He walks away.

87 INT. HOTEL RECEPTION - DUSK

87

Bill walks through the lobby.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Baker? You have a message.

She holds a piece of paper.

88 INT. HOTEL, BILL'S ROOM - NIGHT

88

Bill is in his room, the phone to his ear.

BILL

Sharon? What's up? Everything, OK?

SHARON (ON PHONE)

You tell me. What's going on, Bill?

BILL

What do you mean?

SHARON (ON PHONE)
I talked to Allison. She said you need more money because Leparq reopened the case?

BILL
I'm dealing with it Sharon.

SHARON (ON PHONE)
Dealing with what?

BILL
Nothing. I mean, Allison asked me to give her a letter. I did. And now Leparq is looking into it.

SHARON (ON PHONE)
Is she looking for Akim again?

BILL
Sharon, I said I'm dealing with it.

SHARON (ON PHONE)
Who is going to pay for this?

BILL
No one is asking for money, OK?!

SHARON (ON PHONE)
Bill. Have you been drinking?

BILL
No! Listen, Sharon, I'm her father!

SHARON
Oh my God... Bill, for Allison's sake. Don't mess with this. It's not fair to her.

BILL
You have to trust me, Sharon.

SHARON (ON PHONE)
That's it. I'm gonna call Leparq.

BILL
Don't do that Sharon! Sharon?!

Sharon hangs up. Bill is left holding the receiver.

BILL (CONT'D)
FUCK!

89 INT. PENITENTIARY, PRISONERS SIDE 89

Allison steps along in the line of prisoners, anxious.

ALLISON (O.S.)
Dad, what's going on?

90 INT. PRISON, VISITING ROOM - LATER 90

Bill is waiting for Allison at the door, anxious. She steps into the room as it's shut and locked behind her.

ALLISON
I talked to gram, she said that you were acting weird...

BILL
Ally, you gotta trust me. I just need you to look at these photos...

He takes out the printed pictures from Instagram.

ALLISON
Dad, are you drinking?

Bill stops cold.

BILL
What? No. Never.

ALLISON
Are you using?

BILL
Hell no! Ally. I'm done with all that shit, you know that! Just look at these... please.

ALLISON
What are they?

BILL
Just look, Ally! I know it's not easy but it's important.

ALLISON
Dad... what are you... where's Leparq?

BILL
Tell me if you see Akim.

Allison is rattled but she starts flipping through the photos. One page, then the next, then the next. Bill just watches, waits.

ALLISON
Dad... where is this...

BILL
Just a few more. Come on...

ALLISON
Holy shit.

BILL
You see him? Which one?

Another page, Allison pauses, she looks up at Bill. Her face contorts. She starts to tremble. Bill leans in, looks down at the sheet of paper.

Allison's finger slowly points to a MAN, 28. He's laughing, talking to a buddy.

BILL (CONT'D)
Is that him? Is that Akim?

Allison can barely nod yes. But she does. Bill grabs the sheet of paper, studies it.

ALLISON
That's him, Daddy. That's Akim.

BILL
Are you sure? It's the same guy you saw that night?

She can barely speak. She's trembling. She nods; YES!

91 INT. TAXI - DUSK

91

Bill sits in the back of the cab.

DRIVER
(Pointing)
Kallisté?

BILL
Yes! Oui! In there!

DRIVER
C'est grand! Où à Kallisté? Where?

92 EXT. KALLISTÉ - DUSK

92

Bill gets out of a taxi, walks into a few shops located in the heart of the projects. He approaches several shop owners, holding up Akim's photo.

BILL

Excuse me? I'm looking for this guy. Akim. Do you know him? Akim?

He is summarily dismissed again and again. Somebody calls out, Bill spins. He sees a few YOUNG GUYS, staring at him as they walk away. Bill's been spotted. He lowers his head, keeps moving down an outdoor corridor.

92A EXT. DUSTY FIELD - CONTINUOUS

92A

Bill emerges into the light, exposed between the massive apartment buildings. He looks up, spots a few RESIDENTS watching him from a window. He makes his way past a bunch of YOUNG KIDS playing soccer. And beyond that a number of OLD MEN, mostly pétanque. Bill approaches.

BILL

Excuse me. Do you know this guy? Have you seen him?

OLD MAN

Non. On sait rien, nous.

92B EXT. GARAGE AREA - LATER

92B

Bill walks along a row of garages, passes two YOUNG KIDS learning how to ride a bike with their MOTHERS watching.

He spots a group of YOUNG GUYS chilling, listening to music from a parked car and smoking a HOOKAH. He approaches.

BILL

Hey guys. Do you know this guy?

The YOUNG GUYS want nothing to do with it. They start laughing and having fun with Bill. He moves on.

A SCOOTER whizzes past Bill with two kids on it. They yell at Bill. Playing around or a threat.

93 EXT. KALLISTÉ - NIGHT

93

The sun is going down. Scooters circle around. More CLIENTS flow in the drug spots. Bill starts down a cement ramp off the parking lot.

VOICE (O.S.)

Monsieur?

He turns to see a MASSIVE AFRICAN MAN working under the hood of his car and smoking a cigarette. He stands.

MASSIVE MAN

Je peux vous aider Monsieur? Help you?

Bill holds up his printed photos.

BILL

I'm looking for this guy. Akim? Do you know him.

The guy interrupts him with a warm smile.

MASSIVE MAN

Ohlala. Je parle pas anglais moi. Mais faut pas rester ici Monsieur. Danger for you. Go Mister you go home for you.

Bill pockets his photo, continues down the ramp, turns the corner.

MASSIVE MAN

Vas-y. Fais ce que tu veux.

93A EXT. KALLISTÉ - NIGHT

93A

Bill proceeds down a set of stairs to a large open space. He starts to cross it when he hears the whine of scooters which seem to be closing in. He keeps moving.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hey!

Bill turns, spots SIX YOUNG MEN approaching on scooters. They circle Bill a bit, playing with him: "T'es perdu? Tu veux faire un tour? T'es un touriste?"

Four of the men dismount. A few others keep circling.

BEARDED GUY

Tu vas où ?

BILL
Hey. I'm looking for someone. Akim?

HAT GUY
English?

SKINNY GUY
Suck my dick. English.

The guys all laugh. Bill holds up the photo.

BILL
I'm looking for him. Akim.

The Bearded Guy grabs the photo from Bill's hand.

BEARDED GUY
Ah c'est ton petit copain?

BILL
You know him? Akim?

Bill reaches for the photo but the Bearded Guy pulls it away.

BEARDED GUY
Oh! Calme-toi!

The Bearded Guy hands it to one of the passing GUYS ON A SCOOTER. A Skinny Guy puts his arm around Bill.

SKINNY GUY
I English! Me. You. We friend.

Bill shrugs the guy off.

SKINNY GUY
Tranquille! Tranquille!

He puts his arm around Bill again. This time Bill pushes him away with more force. The Skinny Kid goes flying.

SKINNY GUY
Hey!

FAT GUY
Fils de pute!

Bill turns just at the Fat Guy slugs him. Bill falls, off balance, but manages to steady himself before another slugs him. And then another. Bill goes down. They all start kicking the shit out of him.

Suddenly, there are more lights and more yelling. The beating stops. He's barely conscious now.

Bill can't understand a word of what's being said. But then the crowd suddenly parts and Bill spots a figure on the back of a scooter.

It's Akim.

Bill and Akim lock eyes. Akim recognizes him.

Bill instinctively lunges but he's easily held down. Akim looks unfazed. The kids all laugh.

BEARDED GUY

Ce gars là ... Il a une photo de toi,
Akim!

He hands the photo to Akim who looks at it then checks out Bill without going down from the scooter.

AKIM

Je sais pas qui c'est.

Akim looks at Bill for a moment more and then taps his DRIVING FRIEND who whisks him away on the scooter, disappearing into the night.

Bill can only watch.

94	EXT. GAS STATION HIGHWAY - NIGHT	94
	A police cruiser pulls up. Two cops get out and approach Bill who's been dumped on the side of the road.	
95	OMITTED	95
96	INT. HOSPITAL, ROOM - LATER	96
	Bill is sitting on a bed as a NURSE takes his vitals. His face badly beaten and bruised. The door opens. Bill looks up. Virginie is standing there.	

BILL

They asked if I knew anyone...

VIRGINIE

Are you OK?

BILL

I saw him. I saw Akim. In Kallisté.

VIRGINIE
Did you tell the police?

BILL
I did.

VIRGINIE
What did they say?

Bill drifts off into his own despair.

BILL
That was my chance.

VIRGINE
You did everything you could.

But Bill's not listening anymore.

BILL
That was my chance.

97 INT. VIRGINIE'S CAR - NIGHT 97

Virginie drives. Bill stares out the window. Lost.

97A INT. VIRGINIE'S APARTMENT, FOYER - LATER 97A

Nedjma slings her backpack over her shoulder, kisses a thankful Virginie goodnight. Virginie shuts the door, walks to Bill's room, peeks inside...

Bill sits on The CLIC-CLAC, which has been converted into a bed for the night, staring into the abyss.

98 OMITTED 98

99 OMITTED 99

100 INT. PENITENTIARY, VISITING ROOM - DAY 100

Bill sits waiting. The seconds tick by. His face still bears the marks of his fight. The door is unlocked, Allison steps inside, she doesn't wait for the door to shut behind her.

ALLISON
What the fuck did you do?

BILL
I was trying to help...

ALLISON
Tell me exactly what you did. Dad!

BILL
She wouldn't do it, Ally. Leparq
wouldn't look into the case. So I
went to see...

The shoe drops for Allison. Leparq was never involved.

ALLISON
Oh my God. You fucking lied! About
all of it. Of course you did. How
did I ever believe you?!

BILL
I found him, Ally. I found Akim.

ALLISON
Why didn't you call the police?

BILL
I didn't have the time, I had to do
something, Ally...

ALLISON
You did do something! You let him
get away! He's fucking gone now!
He's fucking gone...

Tears well up in her eyes. She attempts to gain control.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
I feel so stupid-- You've always
lied to me, dad. Always. I hate
myself so much for trusting you.

She gets up and bangs on the door.

ALLISON
Garde! Garde! Je veux sortir!

BILL
Ally, listen to me... please...

ALLISON

No! No! You are done fucking up my
life! Do you understand that?! Do
you?!

He looks at her, as her face morphs into cold anger.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Stay the hell away from me! Go
home!

She spins and walks away, disappearing into the prison.

FADE TO BLACK

TITLE: FOUR MONTHS LATER

101 EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY 101

JACK HAMMERS BLAST. The noise is deafening. A shovel lifts
some heavy rubble, throws it in a dumpster.

Bill is back among the ruins. Wearing a hardhat and shitty
pair of OVERALLS, he is covered with sweat and dust as he
shovels rubble into a wheelbarrow under an overwhelming sun.
Around him, SOME WORKERS, mostly black, clear the cement
blocks.

A SKINNY WORKER, waves at Bill, shouts something but it's
lost to jack hammers. Skinny Worker points to his watch.
Suddenly noise ceases.

SKINNY WORKER

Il est cinq heures!

102 EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - LATER 102

Bill passes through the entrance of the yard surrounded by
other workers. MAX, the building manager, is standing by a
shabby Mercedes, holding a bundle of ENVELOPES, handing out
the weekly pay to workers. He hands one envelope to Bill.

103 OMITTED 103

104 EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF MARSEILLE - LATER 104

The van winds along a shitty industrial wasteland.

- 105 EXT. ILLEGAL DUMP - DAY 105
Cars speed along the highway. Bill unloads the bags of rubble into the dump from his van which is parked below.
- 106 INT. BILL'S VAN - LATER 106
Bill drives along the highway, sees Parc Kallisté in the distance.
- 106A EXT. KALLISTE - DAY 106A
Bill drives through the project. He hasn't completely let go.
- 107 EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY 107
Bill, still in work clothes, stands on the sidewalk apart from a cluster of PARENTS. He's holding a SMALL BAG.
Children's screams. Bill watches as parents greet their children. Maya comes out, spots Bill.
- 108 EXT. STREET - LATER 108
Bill and Maya walk down the street, Maya eating her croissant. She hands a piece to Bill. They turn onto a long narrow set of street stairs.
- 109 EXT. COURTYARD VIRGINIE'S BUILDING - LATER. 109
Bill takes his GEAR BAG, hardhat dangling off, out of the back of the truck. Maya slams the door.
- 110 INT. VIRGINIE'S BUILDING, FOYER - LATER 110
Bill and Maya walk into the building. Maya opens the door leading to the basement. She's talking in French about her day. They walk downstairs.
- 111 INT. BASEMENT - DAY 111
Bill drops his bag and starts to wash his hands in an old WASHBASIN. Maya picks a HAMMER up off the tool bench.

MAYA

Bill.

Bill looks.

BILL
Uh... marteau.

MAYA
Oui. Marteau. Hammer.

She holds up a CHISEL.

BILL
Un...Ciseau... shit. What?

MAYA
Ciseau à bois.

BILL
Ciseau à bois. That's a lotta words
for a chisel.

MAYA
Chisel.

She hangs the tool.

112 INT. VIRGINIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

112

The TV is on. Maya does her homework slumped in front of the TV. A French dubbed episode of the STORAGE WARS.

The apartment has been repainted. A few unpacked boxes still lie about but it is far more homey and lived in now.

Bill is cooking hamburgers on the stove. He empties a can of beans on top of them.

BILL
Maya? Supper.
(No response)
Maya?

MAYA
Une minute! Ils vont l'ouvrir là!

Bill watches.

BILL
That bald guy's gonna lose his shit
on this one.

A COMMERCIAL plays. Maya groans.

BILL
Yep. They always go to commercial
before the big reveal. Let's eat.

Maya joins him. The TV stays on.

BILL
You do your homework?

MAYA
No.

BILL
Appreciate the honesty. I hated homework too. I hated school for that matter. Dropped outta high school and worked a rig like my daddy. You wanna do that? Make hole?

MAYA
Oui. I make hole.

Bill laughs.

BILL
Is that right? OK, well you gotta start out a worm you know. That's the low of the low.

MAYA
No! Pas un worm. Je veux travailler sur le derrick! Like you!

BILL
You wanna be a derrick hand, you better have the want to. You got that? The want to.

MAYA
Oui.

She picks up her fork.

BILL
Eh...

Bill stretches out his hands to Maya. She puts her hands on his open palms, closes her eyes.

BILL (CONT'D)
Lord, make us truly thankful for these and all other blessings. Keep a close eye on Ally. We ask this in Jesus' name. Amen.

He points to her.

MAYA
Dig in.

Virginie enters, sees them praying at the table. Maya opens her eyes, shrugs. Bill keeps on praying, eyes closed.

Virginie turns off the TV.

MAYA
Bonsoir, maman.

BILL
Hey.

VIRGINIE
Bonsoir.

Virginie grabs a tomato in the fridge. She spots some cash on the counter.

VIRGINIE
For me?

BILL
Yes, ma'am. Rent.

VIRGINIE
Oh. Thanks.
(She sits)
T'as fait tes devoirs?

MAYA
Non.

She sits with Bill and Maya at the table, watches them eat.

VIRGINIE
Juste après le diner alors.
(To Bill)
She has to do her homework.

BILL
I agree. One hundred percent.
Maya, do your homework.

Bill winks at Maya who smiles, amused by Bill's act.

VIRGINIE (CONT'D)
When I see what you guys eat, I
understand why you pray beforehand..

BILL
How was your play practice?

VIRGINIE

Rehearsal. It was shit... we're doing a lot of stage writing and it's really messy. The director is very young and... provincial.

BILL

What's stage writing?

VIRGINIE

We don't know what we're doing so we make it up instead.

Bill nods, looks to Maya who nods also.

BILL

Cool.

MAYA

Cool Raoul.

113 INT. VIRGINIE'S APARTMENT, BILL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 113

Bill is lying in his bed. A few of MAYA'S DRAWINGS are taped to the wall. He's flipping through Maya's iPad, watching Sunday Football's best plays on ESPN.

The door cracks, Bill looks up, Maya peers through the door.

BILL

Back to bed.

MAYA

I look with you.

BILL

No way. Bed.

MAYA

My tablet!

BILL

I'm using. Bed. Now!

Maya frowns, goes. Bill smiles, he loves this kid.

114 INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY 114

Bill is loading the van with bags of rubble. His phone rings. He takes off his gloves, retrieves, answers it.

BILL
Hello? Yeah, this is him.

Bill straightens up.

BILL (CONT'D)
Yes, ma'am, of course. Absolutely.

115 INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

115

Bill, dressed nicely with his readers on, sits opposite Leparq, signing a document.

LEPARQ
(Pointing)
And there also.

Bill signs one more time. Leparq takes the documents.

LEPARQ
It's a one day leave. She goes out in the morning, comes back to the prison at night. Then, if it goes well, she'll get another day the following month. The idea is for inmates to acclimate to the outside world again. Understand?

BILL
I do. Yes, ma'am.

LEPARQ (CONT'D)
The judge requires a chaperone outside, someone who's going to vouch for her.

BILL
Did she ask for me?

LEPARQ
No but you are the only option.

BILL
OK. But Allison hasn't talked to me in over four months.

LEPARQ
I am aware. Do not take any initiative this time. Understand?

BILL
Yes ma'am. I do.

116 EXT. BAZAAR - DAY

116

Maya and Bill hover over a table of NAIL POLISH, checking colors.

LATER -

Maya skims through a rack of dresses, pulls a blue one. She shows it to Bill, who nods as if to say "meh". She puts the dress back on the rack.

MAYA
C'est quoi sa couleur préférée?

BILL
What?

MAYA
Color she love.

BILL
Oh. Her favorite color.

MAYA
Oui. Favorite.

It dawns on Bill he should know.

BILL
Not sure.

MAYA
Non?

BILL
No. I don't know. Probably should.

MAYA
(Maya spots something)
Oh! Regarde, je sais!

Maya hurries over to a rack of colorful JERSEYS of Marseille's coveted soccer team, OM.

MAYA (CONT'D)
Elle habite à Marseille, elle aime le foot!

BILL
Soccer? No way. She likes real football. OSU. Oklahoma State, baby.

MAYA
This is football! Favorite
football.

BILL
All they do is cry and pretend to
be hurt. Like babies! You know
babies!

Maya is indignant, stomps her foot.

MAYA
Non, c'est pas des bébés! L'OM
c'est la meilleure équipe du monde!
Ils ont des super joueurs. Y a
Payet! Rami! Thauvin!

BILL
OK. Ok. Damn. Y'all wound up like
an eight day clock.

117 INT. APARTMENT - DAY

117

Bill arrives home with Maya who is proudly sporting an OM
jersey of her own now.

MAYA
Maman! Regarde! Bill ma offert
maillot.

VIRGINE
Waou, super! Tu lui as dit merci?

MAYA
Non.

VIRGINE
Maya.

MAYA
Merci, Bill.

She runs inside and shows it to Virginie who is in the
kitchen with RENAUD (30), carefully unkempt, pretty face.

VIRGINIE
Maya, tu te souviens de Renaud ?

Yes, she does.

RENAUD
Bonjour Maya. Hi. You must be Bill.

BILL
Yes, sir. Hi.

RENAUD
Good to meet you, man. Virginie
told me you're from Oklahoma.
That's very cool.

BILL
OK.

Virginie can't help but smile at the awkward exchange.

VIRGINIE
Renaud is our rising star director.

RENAUD
That's me.

BILL
Right. You're the guy who does the
stage writing.

Virginie clocks this. Uh oh.

RENAUD
You know about stage writing? Yeah
man, I really love working like
this. It's real, you know? It's
truth.

BILL
Yeah, yeah. Virginie was telling me
about it.

VIRGINIE
Dinner is almost ready. Can you
help set the table, please.

She hands Bill a stack of plates, eyeballs him. Stop!

118 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

118

The end of a wonderful and wine-full dinner for Virginie and
Renaud. Bill is having a Coke. Maya is asleep on the couch.

RENAUD
Seriously! For me it makes total
sense that people should be able to
carry guns.

VIRGINIE
N'importe quoi!

Renaud has had a few glasses too many.

RENAUD

It's freedom! Basic freedom. I would love to have a gun! I bet you have a gun, don't you Bill?

BILL

Yes, I do.

VIRGINIE

You do not?!

BILL

Why wouldn't I? Two. Shot gun and a glock.

Renaud and Virginie look at each other and then bust out laughing.

RENAUD

Two guns! It's perfect.

VIRGINIE

It's OK. It's OK.

RENAUD

Of course... it's his...

VIRGINIE

Culture.

They bust out laughing again.

RENAUD

Culture is a broad concept right. Putain de concept!

BILL

I'm gonna call it a night, y'all.

Bill stands up.

RENAUD

Bill. Come on, man! It's early. I'm trying to understand. Let's talk about abortion!

BILL

I'm gonna put Maya to bed.

VIRGINIE

It's OK. I can do it.

BILL

I got it.

Bill scoops up Maya, heads to the bedroom. He hears them laughing more.

119 INT. APARTMENT, MAYA'S ROOM - NIGHT

119

Bill puts Maya in her bed. Behind them, echoes of the conversation and laughter of Renaud and Virginie in the living room. She grabs him around the neck, pulls him close.

MAYA

You my favorite.

BILL

Favorite what?

MAYA

Favorite American.

Touché. Bill pulls the covers up the chin of the little girl.

BILL

Sweet dreams, little girl.

He closes the bedroom door, sees Virginie kissing Renaud in the kitchen. He turns away, heads to his bedroom.

120 INT. APARTMENT, BATHROOM - DAY

120

Bill raises an 80-pound looking sink to fix it to the wall. A delicate but noisy operation.

Virginie appears in the door: in her nightgown, half awake.

VIRGINIE

You know it's Sunday morning right?

BILL

There's some coffee if you want.

She raises an eyebrow, heads to the kitchen. One last effort... Bill pushes the sink and manages to insert it correctly.

121 INT. APARTMENT, KITCHEN - DAY

121

Bill joins Virginie in the kitchen. He washes his hands.

BILL

Where's your friend?

VIRGINIE
He left early this morning. We had
a bit too much to drink.

BILL
Ain't no shit.

VIRGINIE
What's that mean?

BILL
It means you did.

Virginie smiles while drinking her coffee.

VIRGINIE
That was a bad idea.

Bill shrugs, pours some more coffee.

BILL
I was thinking, I'd like to bring
Allison by the house.

VIRGINIE
Won't it be too much for her?

BILL
I'd like her to see where I live if
you're OK with it.

VIRGINIE
Why wouldn't I be?

BILL
Not everybody is.

VIRGINIE
She is your daughter. I would like
to meet her. So would Maya.

Bill nods, almost disarmed by her frankness.

122	EXT. CARWASH - DAY	122
	Bill spray washes his truck.	
122A	INT. BARBER SHOP - DAY	122A
	Bill gets his hair cut.	

123 EXT. PENITENTIARY'S PARKING LOT - DAY

123

A grey sky. The door of the prison opens and Allison walks out. She's wearing an oversized t-shirt and shapeless jeans.

BILL
Hey.

ALLISON
Hey...

Bill doesn't know if he's supposed to take her in his arms.
She doesn't make a move - so neither does he.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
This your van?

BILL
It's from work.

ALLISON
What work?

BILL
Construction. I told you about it
in my letters. You didn't get them?

ALLISON
I did. I didn't read them.

BILL
What do you want to do?

A124 EXT. ROADSIDE, FLORAL SHOP - LATER A124

A SALESWOMAN hands Allison a FLOWERED PLANT. Bill pays.

124 EXT. CEMETERY MARSEILLE - LATER 124

Bill and Allison walk in parallel paths through the MUSLIM SECTION of the graveyard, searching for Lina's grave. Bill is half looking, half watching Allison. She is holding the POTTED FLOWERS.

She stops, staring at the simple gravesite, adorned with only a small commemorative plaque. She sets down the flowers.

Bill watches and then, sensing the intimacy of the moment, turns and walks off.

125 EXT. CEMETERY, PARKING - DAY 125

Bill sits in the van waiting. Allison climbs inside.

ALLISON
Life is brutal.

Bill waits. That's it. Then...

ALLISON
Can I drive?

BILL
You know how to drive a stick?

ALLISON
Yeah, Dad. You taught me.

They get out and switch sides.

126 INT. VAN - DAY

126

Allison is driving the van. Some country music plays from the OLD IPOD plugged into the stereo. Red Dirt music plays.

ALLISON
Haven't heard this song in a long time.

BILL
(He picks up the iPod)
Special playlist for today.

ALLISON
How old is this thing?

BILL
Still works.

ALLISON
So you never went home?

BILL
Nope.

ALLISON
How come?

Bill doesn't answer. Allison pulls to the side of the road.

BILL (CONT'D)
Sure we can park here?

ALLISON
What are they gonna do? Arrest me?

127 EXT. LES CALANQUES - DAY 127

They walk on the rocks, silhouetted by the turquoise sea. The sun has finally burned through the grey sky. Allison stops, savors the view. It's stunning.

128 EXT. LES CALANQUES - LATER 128

Bill sits, perched on a rock. He pulls a bottle of water from his backpack, drinks. In the distance, Allison strips down to her underwear, wades into the water. She swims, disappearing under the water before reappearing again. The sunlight dances on her face, a new lease on life.

129 EXT. LES CALANQUES - LATER 129

Bill and Allison sit silently on the rocks. Allison smokes and watches a group of YOUNG PEOPLE, a little further off. Friends spending the day at the beach. She turns her attention to the water.

Bill takes out a little gift pack he hands over to his daughter. Intrigued, she opens it: an OM jersey.

ALLISON

OM. You really are a local now.

BILL

Maya sold me on it. It's her favorite team.

ALLISON

Does this kid have a father?

BILL

He's not around. He lives on a beach or some shit.

ALLISON

Groovy. So is this woman your girlfriend?

BILL

It's not like that. I just live with them. Like roommates.

ALLISON

What does she do?

BILL

She's sort of an actress.

ALLISON
 'Sort of an actress'? Is she a
 stripper?

BILL
 No! She's just not doing TV acting
 or anything. She does theater.

Allison almost laughs.

ALLISON
 Theater? Have you seen her act?

BILL
 What am I gonna do in a fucking
 theater?

Allison laughs. She can't help herself. Bill watches her.
 It's been a long time.

BILL
 You wanna meet them?

ALLISON
 Today?

Bill shrugs, *why not?* Allison finishes her cigarette, puts it
 out.

ALLISON
 I never had the chance to mourn
 Lina.
 (Beat)
 She was so mean to me.
 (Beat)
 It was so intense when we met. She
 was funny and cool and beautiful.
 Then she moved in and everything
 got fucked up. She started sleeping
 with other people... like it didn't
 matter. Like she was using me or
 something. I felt so humiliated.
 But the really fucked up thing is,
 I just want to see her. To be with
 her. So much...
 (beat)
 She was my first love... and
 everybody thinks I killed her.

Allison gets out of the van, looks up at the apartment
 building. *Not bad.* She follows Bill up the stairs.

131 INT. VIRGINIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

131

Bill and Allison walk into the apartment, Virginie greets them.

VIRGINE
Come in, please.

ALLISON
Merci. Bonjour.

VIRGINIE
Viens dire bonjour, Maya!

Allison walks into the main room, looking around. The place has been cleaned and straightened for her visit. Bill spots Maya hiding behind the sofa.

BILL
Hey. Get out here.

ALLISON
Attendez! Attendez!

Allison walks in the middle of the room, sniffing.

ALLISON
Je sens quelque chose...

She spins, searching the room.

ALLISON
Il y a un petit animal qui se cache quelque part par ici, non? Un petit chat?

Maya's head pops up.

MAYA
Tu parles français?

ALLISON
Bien sûr que je parle français.
Alors c'est toi la fameuse Maya?

MAYA
C'est quoi ta couleur préférée?

ALLISON
Ma couleur préférée... Bleu ciel et blanc!

MAYA
Les couleurs de l'OM!

ALLISON

En force!

MAYA

En force!

132

EXT. VIRGINIE'S APARTMENT, BACKYARD - DAY

132

Bill kicks a soccer ball with Maya in the courtyard. Virginia sits with Allison who's now wearing her OM jersey. They smoke together, speaking French.

ALLISON

Il a l'air heureux...

VIRGINIE

C'est pas facile tout le temps, mais ils se sont trouvés ces deux là...

ALLISON

Vraiment?

VIRGINIE

Oui. Il va la chercher tous les jours à l'école. Il lui parle en anglais, et elle, elle fait semblant de comprendre... C'est mignon.

Allison considers this. Then...

ALLISON

Tu sais, quand ma mère est morte, il a mis toutes ses affaires dans un storage. Plus tard, quand j'ai grandi, je voulais avoir un souvenir d'elle. Il m'a donné la clé. Mais quand j'y suis allée, il n'y avait plus rien. C'était vide. Il avait arrêté de payer alors ils avaient jeté toutes les affaires de ma mère. Il ne restait plus rien d'elle.

VIRGINIE

Mais il est là maintenant. Il est resté pour être près de toi.

ALLISON

(Skeptical)

Tu crois ?

VIRGINIE

Oui bien sûr. Il a laissé toute sa vie derrière lui pour ça.

ALLISON

Je sais pas ce qu'il t'a raconté mais il n'y avait pas grand chose à laisser derrière.

Now it's Virginie's turn not to respond.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Te fais pas trop d'idées avec mon père. He's a fuck-up. Always has been. C'est en lui.

They watch Bill and Maya playing.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Je le sais parce que je suis pareille.

Allison didn't say that to be mean. Just a fact.

133 INT. VIRGINIE'S APARTMENT, BILL'S BEDROOM - DAY 133

Allison sits on Bill's bed, talking on his phone.

ALLISON

Yeah. It feels really good. I went swimming. It was so nice. How's your foot Gram? Your foot. Yeah. Good. Take care of it.

She looks at a set of Virginie's books in Bill's room. Some of Maya's drawings hung on the wall by his bed.

134 INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER 134

Allison sits on the floor applying NAIL POLISH to Maya's nails.

MAYA

Quand t'as fini, je veux faire tes ongles!

ALLISON

Les miens?

MAYA

Oui! Comme ça, ce sera jolie quand tu rentreras à la prison.

She smiles, looks over to Virginie and Bill who are busy preparing dinner. She takes it all in. A new life...

BILL
Le dîner is served.

LATER -

Allison and Maya are seated. Bill sets down the food, sits. Virginie sits also.

ALLISON
Ça a l'air délicieux.

BILL
Let's pray.

Bill, bows his head. Virginie and Allison share a look.

BILL
Lord, we are truly thankful for
this meal and all other blessings.
And for this special day with Ally.
In Jesus's name we pray. Amen.

Bill finishes, opens his eyes and smiles.

BILL
Maya?

MAYA
Dig in!

Maya does just that, reaching for the chicken. Bill pours Virginie some wine. Allison clocks this.

ALLISON
So you two really aren't fucking?

BILL
Allison Baker!

Virginie has a good laugh. Maya too for that matter.

ALLISON
What? You're so French now, I
thought we could talk about sex at
the dinner table.

Embarrassed, Bill shakes his head.

VIRGINIE
It's OK? The food?

ALLISON
It's honestly the best meal I've
had in a long time.

VIRGINIE
Good.
(Then..)
And no. We don't have sex.

BILL
Jesus...

MAYA
Je peux avoir des tomates?

Allison laughs. Bill continues to shake his head.

ALLISON
(to Maya)
Tu aimes les tomates?

MAYA
Oui! Et toi?

ALLISON
J'adore.

VIRGINIE
Where did you go for lunch?

BILL
Pizza.

ALLISON
My favorite place. Chez Sauveur.

VIRGINIE
Chez Sauveur? Where is it?

ALLISON
Noailles. Rue D'Aubagne.

VIRGINIE
I don't know it.

ALLISON
It's so good.

VIRGINIE
I'm curious. Why did you come to
Marseille to study?

ALLISON

It was far away. And completely different. And the pizza.

MAYA

J'adore la pizza.

BILL

I like it too.

135 INT. BILL'S VAN - SUNSET 135

Bill drives in silence. Allison watches the city pass by in the sunset. Country music plays in the car radio.

136 EXT. LES BAUMETTES, PARKING - DUSK 136

They get out of the van. Allison looks at the sky.

ALLISON

It's more beautiful on this side of the wall.

She looks at Bill.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

I like them. Virginie and Maya. It's good, what you have.

BILL

I'm just trying to do it right.

A slight smile on her face. She hugs him. Very hard.

ALLISON
I'm happy for you, Dad.

She smiles one last time, leaves. Bill watches her ring the door of the jail. And disappear inside.

137 INT. VIRGINIE'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - NIGHT 137

Bill and Maya brush their teeth. Maya, standing on her little stool, leans on the sink.

MAYA
Regarde, j'ai une dent qui bouge..

--Crack! The sink dislocates and tilts.

MAYA
Je suis désolée!

Bill props the sink up, drops to his knees to support it.

BILL
C'est OK. C'est OK. I can fix it.

138 INT. VIRGINIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 138

Virginie carefully closes Maya's bedroom door, she enters the living room to find Bill sitting in an arm chair.

VIRGINIE
How are you doing?

Bill doesn't exactly know how to deal with the question.

BILL
Pretty good.

VIRGINIE
The day was nice?

BILL
Flew by.
(Beat)
Merci.

VIRGINIE
Pour quoi?

BILL
Everything, I guess.

Virginie gently smiles.

VIRGINIE

Bonne nuit.

She disappears into her room. Bill sits, thinking.

A139 EXT. VIRGINIE'S APARTMENT, NIGHT A139

Virginie's apartment is dark. The neighborhood, quiet. A PHONE rings.

139 INT. VIRGINIE'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - NIGHT 139

Bill hurries from his bedroom wearing only his boxers, searching for the phone. He finds it, answers.

BILL

Hello? Sorry, sorry... Uh...Do you...
parlez Anglais?

140 INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT 140

Bill exits the elevator into the corridor of intensive care unit. He catches sight of a FEMALE PRISON OFFICER and two POLICEMEN.

BILL

Hey! Excuse-moi.

The cops turn around.

BILL (CONT'D)

My daughter, my uh... my fille is
here. Allison Baker. From
Baumettes.

The Female Officer nods to the ATTENDING NURSE at the station. Bill moves to the desk.

BILL

Hi ma'am. I'm Bill Baker. Allison
Baker... Can I see her? Please.

The Attending Nurse looks at her computer, talks with the OTHER NURSE. Bill waits, frantic.

ATTENDING NURSE

Ok. Vous pouvez aller la voir.
Venez.

LATER -

Bill follows the Attending Nurse along the corridor. They are followed by two COPS. They arrive in front of the window of an intensive-care room.

Bill stops dead.

Allison is lying in a hospital bed, hooked up to a ventilator. Unconscious.

BILL

What happened? Qoui? Quoi?

ATTENDING NURSE

Elle s'est pendue.

BILL

What?!

The Nurse looks to the cops. Do you know how to say it? The Older Cop gently touches his neck. Allison hung herself.

OLDER COP

Elle s'est pendue.

Bill presses his hands against the window, his eyes on his daughter. Allison's neck is bandaged.

ATTENDING NURSE (CONT'D)

Ok. Il faut y aller maintenant.

Bill ignores her. She looks to the Cops. The Older Cop puts a hand on Bill's shoulder, Bill pushes him away. The Young Cop reacts and they grab him firmly. Bill struggles.

141 INT. HOSPITAL, WAITING AREA - NIGHT

141

The two policemen escort Bill firmly, drop him in the mostly empty waiting area.

Bill paces, lost. He looks like he's about to punch someone or something. Instead, he takes a knee next to a bank of chairs, closes his eyes and prays.

142 INT. VIRGINIE'S APARTMENT, FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

142

Bill enters, shuts the door. Locks it. Virginie arrives. She hugs him.

143 INT. VIRGINIE'S APARTMENT - DAY 143

It's early morning. Maya leaves her room in pajamas. She walks barefoot through the living room to Bill's room, cracks the door. She sees Bill and Virginie sleeping in the arms of one another, still dressed.

144 INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY 144

Boom! A section of a wall vibrates. Boom! It vibrates again and starts cracking... Boom! Another blow tears apart the wall and through the hole, Bill's face appears, in a cloud of dust. He strikes again with all his strength. And again. And again. BOOM!

144A INT. BILL'S VAN - LATER 144A

Bill is driving. He notices Parc Kallisté looming in the distance.

145 EXT. MAYA'S SCHOOL - LATER 145

Kids emerge from the school. Maya emerges talking to a FRIEND. They approach Bill and share an animated story with him.

BILL (O.S.)
You look good baby girl.

146 INT. PENITENTIARY, VISITING ROOM - DAY 146

Bill is standing at the window waiting for Allison to arrive. Finally he sees her. She manages a smile.

BILL (O.S.)
What'cha got going on?

LATER -

They are both sitting. Allison's face is pale, her eyes glassy. She moves slowly knocked out by drugs.

BILL
I talked to Sharon. She was worried she couldn't reach you. I told her you were alright.

Allison blinks as if to nod - but doesn't say a word.

BILL (CONT'D)

And I didn't tell you, but Virginie tried out for some TV show. I even helped her get ready for her interview. You should've seen me doing acting... it was something.

Allison smiles mechanically. So does he. Silence. Again.

A147 INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY A147

Bill eats with the other workers.

B147 EXT. MARSEILLE STREET - DAY B147

Bill and Maya ascend the stairs and walk down the street.

147 EXT. LES CALANQUES - LATER 147

Bill swims.

148 INT. THEATER - EVENING 148

A dress/tech rehearsal of a new play is in process. Bill sits in the house with a few other invited guests. The entire stage is dark except for a shaft of light on Virginie's face. She is dressed in a dark blue pant suit with a white blouse.

VIRGINIE

Vous cherchez des explications ?
 Vous voulez des réponses ? Mathilde n'est plus là pour vous les donner.
 Il n'y a pas de vérité. Il y a des histoires à raconter.

Stage right; another light reveals a YOUNG WOMAN near a window.

VIRGINIE (CONT'D)

Mathilde seule dans cette maison.
 Et vous, le lendemain de l'accident assis dans la cuisine. Vous qui n'osiez plus...

Stage left, another light reveals a KITCHEN with TWO MEN seated and a THIRD MAN, heavy, standing behind rummaging through a closet.

RENAUD (ON MICROPHONE)

On va marquer une pause.

Bill looks to Renaud and the STAGE MANAGER sitting in the house at a table lit by red LED lights.

RENAUD

Virgine, c'est bien. Garde bien en tête le tempo des lumières.

She nods, OK.

HEAVY MAN

Renaud! Je sais pas ce que je fais avec le placard.

RENAUD

Tu préfères t'asseoir avec les autres?

HEAVY MAN

Non, je préfère avoir un truc à faire mais là ça rime à rien. Je ne sais même pas ce que je suis censé chercher!

Renaud rubs his eyes, tries to remain calm. Bill watches.

VIRGINIE (O.S.)

So.. What did you think?

149

EXT. RESTAURANT TERRACE - NIGHT

149

A former industrial wasteland is now littered with outdoor cafés. Bill and Virginie are sitting at a table.

BILL

What'd I think?

VIRGINIE

Yes. Of the play? What did you think?

BILL

It was good. Yeah.

VIRGINIE

What was good?

BILL

Well...

(Bill thinks really hard)

I don't fucking know. I don't know shit about plays. Plus it's in French.

VIRGINIE

Come on, Bill. One thing!

BILL

No one stands like real people.

VIRGINIE

What?!

BILL

It just looks weird. I'm sure it's great. Don't ask me, I'm an idiot.

She takes off his baseball cap and messes up his hair.

VIRGINIE

No, you're not. And it's not great!

BILL

I'll say one thing, the fat guy took up a lot of oxygen.

VIRGINIE

Paul! Yes! He's so annoying. It's like the whole play is about him!

BILL

I hope it's not.

Virginie laughs, enjoying Bill's insights. The WAITER arrives, places a glass of rosé in front of Virginie and a coke for Bill.

VIRGINIE

Merci.

WAITER

Je vous en prie.

BILL

I will say... you were very good. The best thing in it. Cheers.

They toast. Virgine smiles, accepting the compliment.

VIRGINIE

So I have some exciting news!
(Off Bill's look)
I got the part.

BILL

On the TV show?

VIRGINIE

Oui. And I said I would do it.

BILL

Holy shit. That's great.

VIRGINIE

I hope so. Who knows. It's more money but it's also more hours.

(MORE)

VIRGINIE (CONT'D)

I'll have to pay for a babysitter
and I'll be away from Maya more.

BILL

I can help watch Maya too.

VIRGINIE

You help enough. And you have a
job. You are busy.

BILL

I don't care. I want to.

Virginie sits back, considers him.

VIRGINIE

Why?

BILL

Why?

(Off her look)

I like spending time with her.

VIRGINIE

And with me too?

Virginie is enjoying the game. Bill goes with it.

BILL

Yeah. And you too.

VIRGINIE

How much do you enjoy it?

This is getting real now.

BILL

A lot. I would say a lot.

Virginie plays impressed. She doesn't take her eyes off Bill.

VIRGINIE

OK. This would be a serious change
for us.

Bill has never had a conversation like this in his life.

BILL

Guess it would.

VIRGINIE

You guess?

BILL
I mean... I know.

VIRGINIE
You know what?

150 INT. VIRGINIE'S BUILDING, STAIRCASE - NIGHT 150

Bill and Virginie kiss on the stairs. Passionately. They climb a few steps and kiss again.

They arrive on the landing. She gestures him not to make any noise. He kisses her again. She puts her key in the lock.

151 INT. VIRGINIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 151

They enter, trying to regain their composure. A 16-YEAR-OLD BABYSITTER is slumped on the couch, absorbed in her phone.

BILL
I'll take care of her.

Bill pulls some cash out of his pocket as the babysitter gets up, already gathering her things.

152 INT. VIRGINIE'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - LATER 152

Virginie sets his iPod up. Music plays. Bill returns to the living room having dispatched the babysitter.

VIRGINIE
This is good, no? It's your music.

BILL
It's very good. Loretta Lynn. You can dance to it, you know.

Bill comes closer and stretches his arms to Virginie to invite her for a dance. They dance together in the middle of the living room. 1,2,3 small steps... 1,2,3 small steps...

The door of Maya's room cracks opens. Bill clocks it.

BILL (CONT'D)
We got eyes on us.

Virginie looks confused, Bill nods to Maya. Virginie reaches out her hand, Maya hurries to join them. Bill picks her up.

Virginie, Bill and Maya dance to Loretta Lynne.

153 INT. VIRGINIE'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT 153

Bill and Virginie make love in Virginie's bed. Bill struggles unbuttoning her dress. She takes Bill's face in her hands.

VIRGINIE

Hey. I have to ask you a question.

(Off Bill's look)

Do you really own a gun? Because that's fucked up.

Bill dumps her on the bed. She laughs.

154 INT. VIRGINIE'S APARTMENT - MORNING 154

Bill, Virginie and Maya sit at the table quietly eating breakfast. Maya, sensing something, looks at Bill and then Virgine before returning to her food. Bill looks at Virginie and smiles, kids don't miss a trick.

154A INT. VIRGINIE'S APARTMENT, BASEMENT - DAY 154A

Bill is washing his hands. He turns to Maya who is sitting on the step ladder.

BILL

Hey Maya. Hand me my casque.

MAYA

Qoui?

BILL

My casque. My hardhat.

Maya lifts the hardhat off the tool bench revealing two TICKETS.

MAYA

Des billets por aller voir le match de L'OM? Au velodrome?

BILL

Yes ma'am.

Maya explodes with joy.

A155 EXT. MARSEILLE - DAY A155

The Velodrome looms over the red tiled rooftops of the city.

155 EXT. "VELODROME" SOCCER STADIUM, STAIRS - EVENING 155
A GROUP of OM fans are celebrating.

156 EXT. "VELODROME" SOCCER STADIUM, STANDS - EVENING 156
Chants of exhilarated OM fans supporting their team. Maya and Bill are sitting in the stands, watching the game.

MAYA

Lui, le numéro 10! C'est Dimitri Payet. Il est trop fort! Il a pas fait la Coupe du Monde parce qu'il était blessé.

Bill follows about half of what she's saying. OM is on the attack. The OM supporters rise in anticipation.

A well framed center... a stunning volley... but the shot bounces on the crossbar. GROANS from the Marseille fans.

Maya reacts. Bill is half watching the game, half watching Maya. She is adorable in her commitment to the game.

LATER -

A ball falls at the feet of a striker who rockets a shot from the 18-meter line and... GOAL!

PURE jubilation. The fans jump for joy. Maya jumps into Bill's arms! They are both laughing and cheering.

Drums and flares erupt from the South Curve, the section for the true fans separated from Bill's section by a fence. Bill watches the chaos from a safe distance when he spots a familiar silhouette. A man in his 20's with short hair.

It's Akim.

Bill freezes. Holy shit.

He may be a section away but there's no doubt it's Akim. Bill keeps staring, stunned.

157 EXT. MARSEILLE "VELODROME" SOCCER STADIUM, STANDS - LATER 157

On the field, final whistle from the referee. End of the game. OM wins! Maya is thrilled, standing on her seat cheering with the euphoric crowd.

MAYA

On a gagné! On a gagné!

But Bill is solely focused on Akim now whom he spots climbing the stairs with his friend.

Bill starts walking parallel to him, pulling Maya along. He elbows his way through the crowd, keeping an eye on Akim. He watches as Akim ducks into the tunnel toward the exit. Bill enters his corresponding tunnel.

158 EXT. "VELODROME" SOCCER STADIUM, STAIRS - LATER 158

Bill jostles some spectators...having temporarily lost sight of Akim but then spots him again. He continues to track/follow him as they are herded down a labyrinth of stairs. Maya speaks to him but he doesn't answer, absorbed by his task.

Bill finds himself descending a staircase that intersects with Akim's staircase. He could almost reach across and touch him.

159 EXT. MARSEILLE « VÉLODROME » SOCCER STADIUM - NIGHT 159

Bill walks briskly through the exit, dragging Maya by the hand, still on Akim's tail.

159A EXT. MARSEILLE STREET - NIGHT 159A

Bill pulls Maya along, crossing the street, the Velodrome lurks in the background.

MAYA

On va où ?

BILL

I uh... saw a friend from work. I wanna see if it's him.

MAYA

Un ami?

BILL

Yeah. Oui. Un ami.

159B EXT. KEBAB JOINT - LATER 159B

Akim and his friend walk into a KEBAB JOINT. Bill watches from across the street, his mind racing.

BILL

OK, let's go get the van.

MAYA

Is it your friend?

Bill's phone rings. He checks it.

BILL

No. It wasn't him.

BILL

(Into the phone)

Hey.

VIRGINIE (ON PHONE)

Hey! How's it going?

BILL
 Good. Game just ended. Coming home soon.

MAYA
 C'est maman ?

Bill nods, yes.

VIRGINIE (ON PHONE)
 Take your time, it's your night!

BILL
 Yeah, OK....I uh... I think I...

VIRGINIE (ON PHONE)
 Yes? What?

BILL
 Nothing. See you in a bit.

VIRGINIE (ON PHONE)
 Absolutely! Kiss Maya for me!

160 INT. BILL'S VAN - LATER

160

Bill sits in the van. The Kebab joint is across the street. Maya is already passed out, the day's excitement having caught up with her.

Akim and his friend are now sitting outside, meal finished. Bill watches intently as Akim and his friend stand and say goodbye. Suddenly, Akim turns his head in Bill's direction. He seems to be staring right at Bill who flattens against his seat, doing his best to disappear.

Akim turns back to his friend, bids him goodbye before walking away alone. Bill glances at Maya, still asleep.

161 OMITTED

161

162 OMITTED

162

163 EXT. MARSEILLE STREET - LATER

163

Akim turns onto a quiet, narrow street. Bill's van turns onto the street and passes him. It stops up the street.

164 INT. VAN - SAME 164

Bill turns the van off. Gives Maya one last look, gets out.

165 EXT. STREET - SAME 165

Bill crosses the street, starts walking down the narrow sidewalk toward an unsuspecting Akim. Closer. Closer...

Finally he passes Akim but leans into him, bumping him with his shoulder. Akim reacts and turns to protest but when he does, Bill drops him with one punch.

166 INT. BILL'S VAN - NIGHT 166

Maya opens her eyes. No Bill. She sits up a bit alarmed and looks out her side window just as the driver's side door opens, startling her.

BILL

Go back to sleep. We'll soon be home. À la maison.

He gets in, starts the van. Maya's sleepy eyes close again.

167 INT. VIRGINIE'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - MORNING 167

Virginie wakes up, stretches her arms (to Bill's side)... Only to realize she is alone in the bed. The apartment is silent.

168 INT. VIRGINIE'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY 168

Virginie walks into to the living room. Breakfast is ready on the kitchen table. Orange juice and toast laid out. Bill is frying eggs on the stove.

BILL

Hey.

Still half asleep, Virginie points out the table.

VIRGINIE

What's this?

BILL

First day at work!

VIRGINIE

Oh. Wow.

(She sits, watches him)

I could get used to it, you know.

Maya appears, sleepy. Virginie takes her in her arms.

VIRGINIE (CONT'D)

La voilà! Alors, c'était comment le match?

Maya rubs her eyes. Bill, on edge, listens for her answer. But Maya, too tired, doesn't say anything. She just buries her head into her mother's neck.

VIRGINIE (CONT'D)

Ooooh... Ma petite chérie qui s'est couchée trop tard. Tu t'es amusée avec Bill?

Bill waits, Maya doesn't reply. He jumps in.

BILL

Ready for some eggs? Mom's starting her new job today, Maya. We have to be very nice to her. Très gentil.

He starts serving the scrambled eggs.

169

INT. CAFE - DAY

169

Dirosa enters his local cafe, wearing a tracksuit. He greets the bartender and another LOCAL as Bill watches. Finally Dirosa sits.

DIROSA

Mr. Baker. Nice to see you again.

BILL

You're late.

Dirosa can tell this is a different Bill.

DIROSA

I'm very sorry. What can I do for you Mister Baker?

BILL

I need you to run that DNA test we talked about.

Dirosa stares at him, suspicious.

DIROSA

First, I will need the DNA sample.

Bill sets a small plastic bag on the table.

It contains a CLUMP OF HAIR.

Dirosa stares at him, dumbfounded. It's enough hair to raise immediate suspicion. He covers it with a newspaper.

DIROSA

Can I ask how you got...

BILL

Can you do it or not?

DIROSA

Yes, I can. But I am an ex-cop. So let me tell you it would be a serious mistake to commit a crime to prove your daughter innocent. It will not get her out of jail and it will send you in. Do you understand?

BILL

How fast can you get the result?

DIROSA

It's hard to say... a week at least. But it will cost you--

BILL

I'll give you three thousand now. Three thousand when you get the result.

Dirosa studies Bill, he pivots.

DIROSA

I still have to find him.

Bill picks his words carefully.

BILL

No you don't.

DIROSA

So you know where he is.
(Bill remains stone faced)
He could still disappear before the results come back?

BILL

He won't.

But before Dirosa can pursue it any further, Bill slaps an envelope of cash on the table.

BILL

Call me as soon as you know.

Bill gets up and leaves. Dirosa watches him go.

170 EXT. ILLEGAL DUMP - LATER 170

Bill is dumping bags of dirt.

171 INT. VIRGINIE'S BUILDING, LOBBY - LATER 171

Maya and Bill enter the lobby, Bill starts up the stairs.

MAYA

On descend pas à la cave ?

BILL

Non, pas aujourd'hui. I'm going to clean up in the apartment. Come!

She follows Bill up the stairs.

172 INT. VIRGINIE'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - DAY 172

Bill steps out of the shower, grabs a towel. It's quiet.

BILL

Maya?

173 INT. VIRGINIE'S APARTMENT - DAY 173

The apartment seems empty. Bill calls her in her room:

BILL

Maya?

Bill is starting to get concerned. He moves toward the front door... and it suddenly opens:

Virginie stands there, arms full with groceries.

VIRGINIE

Wow. This is quite a greeting.

BILL
You seen Maya? I was in the shower..

VIRGINIE
She's playing soccer in the
courtyard.

Bill crosses to the window as Virginie puts her bags down.

VIRGINIE
Don't you want to ask me about my
first day of work?

BILL
Oh yeah, sorry. How was it?

Bill looks out the window: Maya's in the playground playing
ball. Bill's paranoia getting the best of him.

VIRGINIE
Good. It was a lot of sitting
around. The director is nice. But
it's very different...

BILL
(distracted)
Oh yeah?

Virginie wraps her arms around him. She pulls him by the arm.

VIRGINIE (CONT'D)
Come. We only have a few minutes.

She drags him to the room, and pulls him down on the bed.

174 INT. VIRGINIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

174

Bill is sitting on the couch, watching NFL highlights on the
iPad. Maya is cuddled up next to him.

MAYA
Bill?
(Off Bill's look)
Who is the man in the cave?

Bill goes white.

BILL
The cave?

MAYA
With the tools.

He turns to check that Virginie is on the phone and looking at her computer. He turns back to Maya, speaks very softly.

BILL
I'm gonna need your help, ok? It's
a secret. You can't tell anyone.
Even your mom. OK?

He puts his hand on her mouth... Shh! Maya stares at him.

BILL (CONT'D)
He's a bad man. I'm trying to help
Allison get out of prison. He'll be
gone soon. It's our secret, ok?

Maya nods.

BILL (CONT'D)
That's my girl.

He takes her under his arm again. They watch more of the highlights but Bill's head is spinning.

175 INT. VIRGINIE'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT 175

Virginie sleeps soundly in her bed. Bill sits up, leaves.

176 INT. VIRGINIE'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - NIGHT 176

Bill opens the refrigerator door. He takes out some leftovers and places them in a Tupperware container.

177 INT. VIRGINIE'S BUILDING, BASEMENT - NIGHT 177

Bill descends the basement stairs, opens the door and walks into the tool room. He crosses to the SECOND DOOR and opens that door. He grabs the flashlight and walks inside, passing rows of abandoned storage units, doors ajar.

He finally arrives at one that is closed. He unfastens the old metal latch, opens the door and enters.

177A INT. STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS 177A

Bill shuts the door behind him and turns to see... Akim gagged and tied to a chair with duct tape. The chair is tied to pipe on the wall.

He tries to speak. Mmmm... Mmm...

Bill ignores him, crosses to the slat window which looks out onto the courtyard. It has been covered with cardboard but there is clearly a sliver of light poking through which explains how Maya glimpsed Akim.

He readjusts the CARDBOARD blocking out the window.

The damaged face of Akim bears the marks of Bill's attack, including a swollen left eye which has been bandaged.

Bill removes the lid of the Tupperware, takes off the gag.

AKIM

J'ai rien fait! *Please.*

Bill ignores him.

AKIM

It's not me! *Please. Me go.*

BILL

Can't do that. Can't risk you disappearing again.

AKIM

Please... I do nothing...

BILL

We'll know that soon enough. Ain't nobody gonna hurt you. Come on, eat.

Bill takes a spoonful of food, holds it up. Akim eats.

178

INT. 24-HOUR CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

178

A group of seven or eight REGULARS drink and talk at a round dining table in the garish room. Dirosa is among them.

Their manners, their authority... Everything about them shouts "cops". And that's exactly what they are: retired and active.

"Les journeaux ils l'ont pas ratée. La pauvre petite, il l'ont vraiment faite passer pour un monstre.

"La veuve noire américaine..."

"Attends, Bartoli, c'était le premier sur les lieux. Bartoli, tu sais le petit là. C'était un bain de sang. Et c'était pas les journalistes..."

"Elle se l'ait faite. Elle se sont battues. La petite arabe elle lui avait mis les cornes. Un moment, quand ça ressemble à de la merde et que ça sent la merde..."

"On a jamais trouvé l'arme. Le couteau..."

"Son téléphone il a borné dans tous les sens. Qu'est ce que tu veux d'autre ?"

"Et l'ADN qu'on n'a pas identifié. Elle a dit que c'était un gamin, un arabe...?"

"Y'en a toujours de l'ADN non identifié. On te livre une pizza et ça y'est, t'as de l'ADN non identifié chez toi."

"Je sais pas ce qu'il fait avec son livreur de pizza lui..."

Laughter.

"Moi, je suis pas contre coffrer des arabes mais là franchement... Le gamin, il lui fauche les clé, d'accord, ensuite il trouve l'appartement - comment il fait? - et là il plante la copine et il disparaît sans rien voler? C'est pas du travail ça, même pour un arabe."

"La gamine, elle est coupable. Elle peut dire que c'est la faute aux immigrés, elle peut dire que c'est la faute à Gaudin, elle peut dire ce qu'elle veut mais c'est elle qu'a fait le coup. Elle a planté sa copine. C'est comme ça, c'est tout, c'est l'amour. Demande à ma femme."

The table agrees on this. Allison is guilty.

Dirosa finishes his Scotch, sits back, lost in his thoughts.

ALLISON (V.O.)

I have a new roommate.

179

INT. PENITENTIARY, VISITING ROOMS - DAY

179

Allison's face. Calm and somber.

ALLISON

She arrived a few days ago. She's young and scared. She reminds me of myself when I arrived. Except her French is better...

She smiles. Bill doesn't. He looks tired, distracted.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Are you OK?

BILL

Don't worry about me. Just take care of yourself.

Allison considers that comment and Bill. Then...

ALLISON

I've learnt something new actually. It's helped me a lot.

(Off Bill's look)

It's something called "Mektub". A nurse told me about it. It's about acceptance.

BILL

Acceptance. Of what?

ALLISON

Your fate. It's helping me to stop struggling, to stop questioning everything. You just embrace your fate and learn to live in peace with it. It's a Muslim idea.

Even in her current state this is hard for Bill to accept.

BILL

So you're becoming a Muslim now?

Bill is unexpectedly sharp. Allison remains calm.

ALLISON

Dad, it's not about religion, it's about figuring out a way for me to survive.

Her directness disarms Bill and allows him to hear her.

ALLISON

It's about letting go of the shame and guilt that push you down and keep you down and make you feel so powerless. That's how I've felt for a long time-- powerless and forgotten. And that makes living hard. You know what I mean?

Bill does. Very much so.

ALLISON

It helps me to look at it this way.

BILL

OK. But... you're innocent, we gotta continue to fight so that...

ALLISON

It doesn't matter that I'm innocent. It's not about justice, dad. It's about finding peace.

BILL

Maybe so... But I'm not ready to give up. I can't.

Allison almost smiles. She can't tell Bill is rattled.

ALLISON

Dad. You don't have to prove yourself. Not to me.

Bill hears this. Too late. He's deep in it.

ALLISON

(Calmly)

You wanna pray?

He's caught by surprise. She holds his hand and closes her eyes. His stay open.

180

INT. VIRGINIE'S BUILDING, BASEMENT - DAY

180

Bill is letting Akim pee in the wash basin. Akim finishes and he escorts him back to his chair. Akim tries to speak so Bill removes his gag and starts to refasten him to the chair. Akim speaks with a calm but very intentional tone.

AKIM

Ecoute moi. Juste écoute. S'il-te-plaît. Je suis pas un méchant moi. Laisse moi partir. Je veux pas de problèmes, c'était pas ma faute!

Bill finishes tying him and moves to the sink.

BILL

I don't know what you're saying but you're wasting your breath. I told you, we wait for the DNA test. Then we know.

AKIM

She ask me! She pay me!

BILL
You want more water?

AKIM
Allison. She say go! You put Lina
out! Money for you.

BILL
That's enough now.

AKIM
She tell me take it. She give me a
collier. You take it. Money after.

BILL
Come on! Drink!

Akim does. Quickly.

AKIM (CONT'D)
Un collier! You take it for you.

Akim tries to gesture to his neck. Lowering his chin to his
gold-chain.

AKIM (CONT'D)
Collier! Gold... Like this...! Like
this!

He finally has Bill's attention.

BILL
... A necklace ? I don't want that.

AKIM
No. She give me! She say go, you
put Lina out! Money after!

BILL
OK. It's time to shut the fuck up
now. You're not making any...

He takes the duct tape to put it back on Akim's mouth-

AKIM
Stillwater!

Bill stops, stunned.

BILL
What'd you say?

AKIM (CONT'D)
The collier, he say: Stillwater.
Gold.

Bill's face registers the shock. Akim can see that he's struck a chord. Maybe pierced is more appropriate.

AKIM (CONT'D)
Elle m'a dit: do it! Make her go!

Bill tapes his mouth shut!

181 INT. CELLAR - LATER 181

Bill shuts the basement door and then stops for a second. Trying to process what he just heard.

182 INT. VIRGINIE'S APARTMENT - LATER 182

Bill enters the apartment. He's intercepted by Virginie.

VIRGINIE
T'etais ou?

BILL
What?

Virginie has her coat on.

VIRGINIE (CONT'D)
We have to go and see Isabelle.
We'll be late if we don't leave
now.

BILL
I walked back from the Baumettes.

VIRGINIE
It's OK mais... Allez, on y va!

BILL
Do uh... do I have to go...?

VIRGINIE
Yes. Of course. I told her you were
coming. Just hurry up please!

183 EXT./INT. CAR - DAY 183

Virginie's car climbs up the stunning streets of Roucas-Blanc, Marseille's version of Beverly Hills.

Impressive villas line the road, each with gorgeous views of the sea. Music on the radio. Bill is lost in his thoughts.

VIRGINE

So Isabelle, is sort of like a Godmother to us. We don't see her that often and I don't always agree with her but Maya loves her. She is the closest thing she has to a Grandmother. Hello? Bill?

Bill looks, covers.

BILL

Sorry. Enjoying the ride.

VIRGINIE

You'll see, this really is the other side of Marseille.

Bill looks to the back seat. Maya just stares at him.

184 EXT. ISABELLE'S VILLA - DAY

184

The car pulls up to a lovely stone and stucco house with yet another staggering view of the sea. A group of people are chatting, having a drink in the garden.

ISABELLE (60's), understated elegance, approaches the car.

Virginie gets out of the car, puts on a smile. Maya runs toward her grandmother.

MAYA
Marraine!

ISABELLE
Bienvenue.

185 EXT. ISABELLE'S VILLA, GARDEN - LATE AFTERNOON

185

A large farm table decorated with flowers, candles, and a traditional embroidered tablecloth. Ten people - wealthy retired baby boomers - are sitting around it. Bill sits, lost in his thoughts.

SILVER HAIR

New York has changed so much!

BALD MAN

I don't care. I still love that city. It's like Marseille.

SMILING WIFE

Dirty?

BALD MAN
No! People go and they are new.
There is no memory.

RALPH LAUREN
My son tells me Brooklyn is where
everything's happening now.

SMILING WIFE
Soon it'll be the Bronx.

BALD MAN
Or New Jersey.

The group laughs.

RALPH LAUREN
You've been to Brooklyn, Mr. Baker?

BILL
No, sir.

RALPH LAUREN
You should go, next time you are in
New York. It's very surprising!

BALD MAN
And young!

ISABELLE
That's what's great about America,
it's constantly reinventing itself.

A man with a RALPH LAUREN shirt takes over. Bill is no longer listening.

BALD MAN
We need to do the same here!

RALPH LAUREN
(Raising a glass)
Make France great again!

The group laughs, the conversation goes on. Bill gets up.

BILL
(To Virginie)
I'll check on Maya.

Virginie nods. Isabelle leans in.

ISABELLE
To copain, il n'est pas très
bavard...

(MORE)

ISABELLE (CONT'D)
 (Virginie doesn't bite)
 Il est sympathique. Il vient de
 quel genre de milieu ?

VIRGINIE
 Du genre pauvre.

They watch as Bill walks toward the house.

ISABELLE
 Et vous parlez de quoi tous les
 deux ?

VIRGINIE
 De rien. Mais on se comprend. Il a
 besoin de moi. Je crois qu'il a
 plus besoin de moi que moi de lui.
 C'est pas désagréable.

186 EXT. GARDEN, ISABELLE'S VILLA - DUSK

186

Bill paces, oblivious to the amazing view of the sea.

SHARON (ON PHONE)
 I don't know what you're talking
 about.

BILL
 The gold necklace that I gave her...
 the day she left. It said
 Stillwater on it.

SHARON (ON PHONE)
 Yeah... I remember it. What about it?

BILL
 You remember her wearing it at the
 trial? She still have it?

SHARON (ON PHONE)
 What are you getting into Bill?

BILL
 Or how 'bout when we collected her
 things. Did you see it?

SHARON
 I don't know. I don't remember.
 Why?!

BILL
 I'll call you later, Sharon. Bye.

He hangs up, stares out at the sea.

VIRGINIE (O.S.)
Ça va?

Bill turns. Virginie is standing here.

BILL
Yeah. Ça va. It was Sharon.

VIRGINIE
She is OK?

BILL
Yeah. Yeah. She's fine.

VIRGINIE
(Direct)
Are you?

BILL
What do you mean?

VIRGINE
You just seem...*distrain*.

He looks at her. She's right.

BILL
I am. I'm sorry.

She approaches Bill, puts her arms around him.

VIRGINIE
I'm happy that you're here.

BILL
Me too.

Virginie pulls back, smiles, sensing his distraction.

VIRGINIE
You too? You are happy you're here?

Bill smiles, he knows she's toying with him.

BILL
Yeah. I am. Really.

She smiles.

VIRGINIE
Me too. I like you Bill Baker.

She leans in and gently kisses him.

187 INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - LATER 187

Bill is framing out a new wall.

DIROSA (RECORDED MESSAGE)
C'est le répondeur de Dirosa,
laissez un message.

CUT TO:

Bill is walking around the framed out room which is missing a back wall.

BILL (INTO PHONE)
Mr. Dirosa, Bill Baker. Just
wondering if there's anything we
can do to get that result quicker.
It's kinda urgent. Call me back.
Thanks.

He snaps the phone shut. Fuck.

A188 INT. VIRGINIE'S APARTMENT - DAY A188

Virginie hangs her LAUNDRY on the line out the window. She notices a MAN walking along the side of the building as if he's looking for something. Virginie keeps hanging. She hears a loud BANG from the other room. Bang. Bang. Bang.

B188 INT. VIRGINIE'S APARTMENT, BILL'S ROOM - DAY B188

Virginie hurries into Bill's room to close the window, the source of the banging. She rearranges some items on the window sill so she can close it. Something falls on the floor. She reaches down and picks up a set of PADLOCK KEYS. She drops them in a dish on the sill.

188 INT. VIRGINIE'S APARTMENT - LATE MORNING 188

Virginie descends the stairs, carrying the day's garbage.

189 INT./EXT. VIRGINIE'S BUILDING, COURTYARD ENTRANCE - DAY 189

Virginie exits the building and crosses to the LARGE BRWON TRASH CANS. She lifts the lid, deposits her trash. She turns to head back inside.

MAN (O.S.)
Excusez-moi.

She turns, Dirosa is standing there.

VIRGINIE
Oui?

She throws away the garbage, shuts the lid.

DIROSA

Bonjour. Je travaille pour la voierie. On nous a appelé à propos d'une fissure sur la facade. Je me demandais si ça ne viendrait pas du sous-sol. Vous n'avez rien remarqué d'inhabituel récemment ?

VIRGINIE

D'inhabituel?

DIROSA

Je ne sais pas. Du bruit. Une odeur...

VIRGINIE

Oh non... Encore ? Je devrais m'inquiéter ?

DIROSA

Non, non. C'est juste un contrôle de routine. Vous utilisez les caves?

VIRGINIE

Moi ? Non.

DIROSA

Quelqu'un d'autre dans l'immeuble les utilise ?

Virginie hesitates, something's up.

VIRGINIE

Si vous voulez, je peux me renseigner et vous appeler?

Dirosa smiles.

DIROSA

Ce sera pas nécessaire. Vous avez été bien aimable. Bonne journée madame.

Virginie watches him walk away. Odd.

190

INT. VIRGINIE'S BUILDING, LOBBY - LATER

190

Virginie walks inside the building, pauses at the stairs. She crosses to the basement door, tries the handle, it's locked.

She looks down and notices something, flecks of BROWN on the door jam? Paint? She considers this, leaves.

191 EXT. MAYA'S SCHOOL - DAY 191

Children screech exiting the school. He sees Maya coming out sheepishly, holding the hand of TEACHER (50's) with a stern look. Maya points to Bill. Every parent knows that look. Something went wrong.

192 EXT. STREET - DAY 192

Bill and Maya walk together.

BILL

I used to fight a lot at school
when I was a kid too.

He starts mimicking a fight so that she understands.

BILL (CONT'D)

You know? Fight? But it's not good.
C'est pas bien.

Maya listens, processing. Then...

MAYA

The man in the cave, you will kill?

BILL

What? No! Of course not.

Bill is shaken, he tries to compose himself. He stops. Gets down to her level.

BILL (CONT'D)

Maya. Ecoute-moi. I would never do
anything to hurt you or your
mother. Never. Jamais. Because I
love you both. So much. I do. You
have to trust me, OK?

MAYA

(Simply)
OK.

Bill stands, takes her hand, they walk.

193 EXT. VIRGINIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING, STREET - LATER 193

Bill and Maya walk into the pass-through leading from the street to the courtyard.

As they emerge into the courtyard, Bill sees TWO DETECTIVES standing next to an UNDERCOVER CAR parked next to his van.

Bill stops. Shit.

CAPTAIN
Mr. Baker. A word please.

He flashes his BADGE. He was with Dirosa at the Chinese restaurant.

CAPTAIN
Police.

Suddenly two more DETECTIVES have come up behind him. One MALE and one FEMALE.

CAPTAIN
Can I see your identification please?

Bill shows it.

CAPTAIN
Merci. My colleague will stay with your daughter.

The FEMALE DETECTIVE takes Maya by the hand, quickly escorts her to the building. Maya turns, she looks confused.

MAYA
Bill?

CAPTAIN
T'inquietes pas. On en a pour quelques minutes.

BILL
It's OK. It's OK.

194 INT. VIRGINIE'S BUILDING, LOBBY - LATER

194

Bill is escorted by the two detectives and the Captain into the lobby.

CAPTAIN
The basement, please.

They get to a door. The Detective checks it. Locked.

CAPTAIN
Key?

BILL
(Pointing to key chain)
He has it. The little one.

The Detective opens the door, walks in. And then:

COP
C'est bon!

They follow.

195 INT. VIRGINIE'S BUILDING, BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS 195

They descend the stairs and walk down the hall passing a number of empty rooms.

CAPTAIN
Vous me vérifiez tout!

The detectives start searching as the Captain leads Bill to the tool room.

CAPTAIN
Sit.

Bill sits on an old stool as the detectives continue their search.

DETECTIVE #1

Rien ici!

Detective #2 looks around, opens the second door.

DETECTIVE #2

Regarde par là.

Bill looks like he might explode. He's fucked.

The detectives quickly start checking each room. Most of the doors are open. Bill can see their progress as they move down the hall and toward Akim's cell.

The Captain watches Bill who remains stoic. Is that sweat on his brow? A twitch?

Three more doors. Bill can only watch, wait. Two more doors. The final door. Bill looks away. He can't... Then...

DETECTIVE #1

Celui-ci a un cadenas.

CAPTAIN

Do you have a key?

Bill doesn't answer.

Detective #1 checks the key chain. Tries a key. It opens the door - he steps inside.

Silence. Bill waits, dying inside. Then...

DETECTIVE #1

Rien!

Bill almost gasps. Almost.

The Detective returns, looks at the Captain, who gives Bill a hard look. They talk in French. *Any other rooms? No.*

CAPTAIN

On va aller en haut. Tu me l'emmènes.

He leaves a dumbfounded Bill behind.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Allez!

Detectives #2 pulls Bill back upstairs.

A196 INT. LANDING - DAY

A196

Bill is standing, eyes glued to the floor, confused. He looks off and sees Maya, staring at him, sitting on the little bench by the door. One of the Detectives is standing behind them. The door opens on:

DETECTIVE #2

Ok, rentrez.

Maya hurries in. Bill follows.

196 INT. VIRGINIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

196

Virginie is sitting on the couch, with Maya in her arms.

Bill walks in, surrounded by the detectives. Virginie is sitting on the couch, with Maya in her arms. They connect. In that moment Bill knows, she set Akim free.

CAPTAIN

Alors?

FEMALE DETECTIVE

Rien ici.

CAPTAIN

Et la femme?

FEMALE DETECTIVE

Elle dit qu'elle sait rien.

The Captain glances around the apartment, zeroes in on Virginia and Maya.

CAPTAIN

Ça vous ennuie si je pose quelques questions à votre fille?

VIRGINE

Oui, ça m'ennuie. Elle a 9 ans.

CAPTAIN

Vous préférez qu'on aille tous au commissariat?

Virginia, doesn't answer. The Captain, squats down.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Bill, il vit ici avec toi et ta maman.

MAYA

Oui.

CAPTAIN

Il est gentil avec vous?

MAYA

Oui.

CAPTAIN

Vous descendez à la cave parfois?

MAYA

Oui.

CAPTAIN

Et vous faites quoi là-bas?

MAYA

On range les outils. Et j'apprends des mots en français à Bill.

CAPTAIN
C'est quand la dernière fois que
vous y êtes allés à la cave?

MAYA
Hier.

CAPTAIN
Hier? Et tout était normal?

She nods.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
Tu la connais Allison, la fille de
Bill?

MAYA
Oui. Elle est en prison.

CAPTAIN
Et Bill, t'as pas envie qu'il aille
en prison, si?

MAYA
Non.

CAPTAIN
Parce que tu l'aimes bien?

MAYA
Oui.

CAPTAIN
Alors écoute moi bien. Si tu me
mens, je vais le savoir et je
devrai mettre Bill en prison. Tu
comprends?

She nods.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
Dis moi la vérité maintenant. C'est
quand la dernière fois que vous
êtes allés à la cave?

Maya looks him in the face.

MAYA
Hier.

He looks to Virginie who remains stone-faced. The tension is palpable. Finally, he stands up straight, sighing. He gives Bill a hard look. Bill doesn't flinch.

CAPTAIN
D'accord. Allez, on y va.

The police move to the door and leave. The door shuts.

The room is silent save the sounds of the detectives going down the stairs. Virginie, Bill and Maya are alone.

MAYA
J'ai bien répondu, maman?

VIRGINIE
Va dans ta chambre!

Maya hesitates, confused.

VIRGINIE (CONT'D)
File!

Maya obeys, leaves.

BILL
Virginie, I didn't want to...

VIRGINIE
How did you find him?

BILL
Pure chance. At the soccer game.

VIRGINIE
With Maya?

Bill nods, yes.

VIRGINIE (CONT'D)
Did you ask her to lie?

Bill hesitates, he looks to Maya's room.

BILL
I never meant to involve you and Maya. I know...

VIRGINIE
(Cold anger)
You have to leave.

Bill looks at her, doesn't move. She crosses to Bill and hands him the PADLOCK KEYS.

VIRGINIE
Pack your things. And leave.

Bill gets up, leaves.

197 INT. VIRGINIE'S APARTMENT, MAYA'S ROOM - DAY

197

Maya watches a video on the tablet. Cartoons music playing loudly. Bill knocks.

BILL
Can I come in?

Maya keeps her eyes on the screen. Bill enters.

BILL (CONT'D)
I have to go, Maya.

Bill gently puts his hand on Maya's arm. She pulls away.

BILL (CONT'D)
You don't want to talk to me?

Maya turns her back on Bill.

BILL (CONT'D)
Alright. I'm sorry. I love you.

No reaction from Maya. Bill takes his bag and walks past Virginie. She lowers her eyes in order not to catch his eye.

198 EXT. VIRGINIE'S BUILDING, COURTYARD - DAY

198

Bill throws his bag in the van. He opens his door.

VIRGINIE (O.S.)
Bill!

She's holding Maya by the hand.

VIRGINIE (CONT'D)
(to Maya)
Dis au revoir à Bill maintenant!

Maya doesn't budge. Virginie becomes firmer:

VIRGINIE (CONT'D)
Maya!

Maya hesitates... But lets go of her mother's hand. She reluctantly takes a few steps towards Bill. He squats to be at her height... And takes her in his arms.

She lets herself go. Without moving... And finally, Maya's little arms hold him. Tight. As strong as they can.

Maya buries her head into Bill's neck.

She's crying. So is Bill.

A199 EXT. CEMENTARY - DAY A199

Bill stands in front of Lina's grave.

199 EXT. HOTEL - DAY 199

The pool is quiet. The day is windy and a bit overcast. Fall.
A stack of Maya's art on the desk.

200 INT. HOTEL ROOM, BILL'S ROOM - DAY 200

Bill stands at the window staring at the pool. A football
match plays on the TV. Another anonymous room.

The phone rings. Bill doesn't react.

MAÎTRE LEPARQ (V.O.)

I went to the address you gave me.

201 INT. HOTEL, DINING ROOM - LATER 201

Bill sits opposite Leparq. She has a glass of wine in front
of her. Bill has coffee.

MAÎTRE LEPARQ (CONT'D)

The woman there told me you moved
out last month.

BILL

Yes, ma'am.

MAÎTRE LEPARQ (CONT'D)

I've come with some extraordinary
news, Mr. Baker. The judge in your
daughter's case called me this
morning. New evidence has surfaced.
Apparently, a retired cop came up
with a DNA match on the unknown
sample from the original crime
scene.

Bill listens, stone-faced.

MAÎTRE LEPARQ

It also matched a sample the police
collected on a burglary case four
years ago. After the trial.

BILL
Did they catch him?

MAÎTRE LEPARQ

No. Not yet. But for Allison this does not matter. All we need to prove is sufficient doubt. So even if they can't find the suspect there is a real chance they will release Allison. In fact, the judge has already agreed to reopen the investigation which is almost unheard of. I think this could only happen in Marseille.

Bill nods, considers this.

BILL

Thank you for coming to tell me, Ma'am.

Bill stands. Leparq looks at him, stunned.

MAÎTRE LEPARQ

Mr. Baker. This is the best possible outcome for your family. Do you understand?

BILL

I do.

He leaves.

202 EXT. MAYA'S SHOOOL - AFTERNOON

202

It's Fall. Mothers are waiting outside the school.

Amongst them, Virginie is talking to a YOUNG MOTHER. Her hair is longer now.

TITLE: NINE MONTHS LATER

The children squeak as they come out in clusters. Maya looks around and spots her mother. Virginie takes her hand and says goodbye to her friend as they move away.

Across the street, Bill watches, motionless, his face half hidden by a bus shelter as their two silhouettes disappear at the corner of the street.

203 INT. LES BAUMETTES, PRISON CELL - DAY

203

Allison's face. Feeling the pain.

She is sitting on a bed in her cell. Another INMATE dips a needle in a little ink cartridge and slowly inks a tattoo on the inside of Allison's wrist.

The SOUND of a MARCHING BAND.

204 INT. WILL ROGERS AIRPORT - DAY

204

Bill and Allison are ushered through the airport. Flashbulbs and crowds. Allison is greeted by Sharon. They hug long and hard. A SENATOR with a million dollar smile greets them with a handshake. The band stops playing.

The senator is at the microphone.

SENATOR

I told you we were gonna bring our girl home! And that is exactly what we did. We promised justice and when we make a promise in Oklahoma we keep it, don't we?!

Claps of the crowd. Sharon looks to Bill, rolls her eyes...fucking politicians. Bill smiles, continues listening.

SENATOR

And I promise you this, Allison. You are coming home to a stronger Oklahoma with plenty of jobs and opportunities for young people like yourself. Welcome home, Allison! Welcome back to Oklahoma! Welcome back to America!

Allison steps to the mic, silence falls on the crowd.

ALLISON

I'm so happy to be back. I have to thank God for his love and kindness. I would not be here today if it wasn't for my Grandmother, Sharon and my dad, Bill. I love you both.

The crowd cheers. Sharon takes Bill's hand but Bill barely reacts. He just watches.

ALLISON

They never gave up on me and they never stopped believing in me. I love this country more than ever.

205 INT. PRIVATE SUV - LATER

205

A STILLWATER SIGN on the overpass.

Bill and Allison sit in the back. Sharon is in the front seat, asleep. Allison stares out the window. Bill watches her. He notices a fresh homemade TATTOO on the inside of her wrist.

LINA.

205A EXT. SHARON'S HOUSE - DAY 205A

Two or three PRESS TRUCKS are camped out in front of Sharon's house. A few reporters mingle, held back by local police.

206 EXT./INT. SHARON'S HOUSE - DAY 206

A smattering of friends and neighbors mingle and talk in the backyard. Inside, some folks pick at makeshift buffet on the kitchen table. A few kids run through the living room. Sharon sits in her chair holding court. Allison is talking to some friends and parents. She's very animated, clearly happy to be home.

207 INT. SHARON'S HOUSE, ALLISON'S BEDROOM - DUSK 207

Bill stands by the window, watching the press, alone with his thoughts.

ALLISON (V.O.)
You're being anti-social?

Bill turns, Allison is in the doorway. He smiles.

ALLISON
You alright?

Bill considers this. Is he? Then...

BILL
The day you left for Marseille,
Sharon and I drove you to the
airport. When we got there, I was
embarrassed I didn't have a present
or nothing so I went to the gift
shop. I thought I'd buy you a book
or a key chain...But then I saw
this necklace.

He finally looks at her. Allison returns her father's gaze. She knows where this is leading.

BILL

I thought it was a little piece of home to take with you. It was gold, said Stillwater on it.

She continues to stare at him. No words. But then her expression changes, a well of emotion starts to bubble up. She speaks very deliberately, trying to hold it together.

ALLISON

I didn't want it to happen...

A tear rolls down her cheek. Bill doesn't move.

ALLISON

He told me he would help me get her out of the apartment... that's all... I didn't want her to die... I swear. I loved her..

BILL

I know you did.

ALLISON

You think I'm a monster?

BILL

You're my daughter. I could never think that.

ALLISON

What is wrong with us?

Her simple question cuts Bill to core.

BILL

I don't know, baby girl. I don't know what's wrong with us.

The dam breaks-- years of shame and guilt released through her sobs.

ALLISON

I'm sorry. I'm just so sorry.

Bill crosses to her, hugs her.

BILL

Me too.

They hold each other for a long moment. And in that moment Bill is the father he has never been before.

SHARON (O.S.)
Allison! Allison?!

ALLISON
Yeah, Gram.

SHARON (O.S.)
Come out here and show your face.
Everyone's waiting.

She pulls away, looks at Bill. He smiles reassuringly, gently wipes away her tears. She breathes. He nods and she goes.

208 INT. BILL HOUSE, KITCHEN - MORNING 208

Bill starts the coffee machine. He picks up his old iPod, scrolls through the songs. Selects one, presses play, sets it in an old speaker. Loretta Lynn.

He picks up the ENVELOPE OF PHOTOS that he left behind.

He looks at the pictures inside: Allison as a child, at Maya's age, and Bill and Allison's mother.

He sets down the photos, and leans against the counter. His attention drifts out the front window where something catches his eye.

Through faded sheer drapes, he can see Allison, sitting on the front porch.

209 EXT. BILL'S HOUSE, FRONT PORCH - DAWN 209

Bill opens the front door, steps out onto the porch. Allison is sitting on one of the two lawn chairs.

BILL
Morning.

ALLISON
Hey.

He sits.

ALLISON
I couldn't sleep. I went for a walk, ended up here.

BILL
I'm glad you did.

Allison takes a moment then...

ALLISON
You miss them?

BILL
I do.

ALLISON
Can you go back?

BILL
No. I can't. But it was good. That
don't change.

ALLISON
I'm sorry.

BILL
Life is brutal.

She clocks this. He was listening. He looks to her.

They sit together, listening to the sound of a distant train.

ALLISON
Everything looks the same here.
Nothing's changed.

Bill listens. Allison looks at him.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
Don't you think?

BILL
No, Ally, I don't. It all looks
different to me. I barely recognize
it anymore.

Bill looks at her. He smiles. Maybe she does too.

And there they sit, father and daughter, in the quiet of a
new day.