

CRIME WRITER

7/14/2025

Written by

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OVER BLACK:

ROLAND (V.O.)
*Fountaine set the target date on
his time machine to the day before
the murder of the 13-year old girl.*

INT. PICKLE WORKS BOOKSTORE -NIGHT

A converted half of a pickle works, pickling smells cover everything throughout the cramped space.

On a barrel is a make-shift display of a self-published, pulp sci-fi crime novel, "Fountaine's Foible."

ROLAND (O.C.)(CONT'D)
*He finds himself in a café, next in
line. "Hey, scrunge, whatcha
want?" said the face pierced
barista. Her tongue ring clicks
her teeth...*

One of the few listeners kicks a chair as they walk off.

His book open to somewhere in his story, at 29, ROLAND BEENE is a middling self-published author with a Mandelbrot set personality. Pages scritch between his shaky fingers.

ROLAND (CONT'D)
*..."What date is it?" Fountaine
found himself asking instead of
ordering. "It's make-up-your-mind
day," the snarky business woman
sniped from the middle of the three
person line. "Ignore her, we all
do. It's Tuesday, April 17th,
1986" clicked the tongue ring.
"You look like you need an espresso
peppermint latte."*

He closes the book, hopes this novel will be his big break.

ROLAND (CONT'D)
*Thanks for coming. You can buy
"Fountaine's Foible" and my other
two novels at the counter.*

FLORENCE MCGREAGOR, north of 25 years old, an ambitious, associate literary agent, cocaine energetic, steps up to him.

FLORENCE

Roland, you need to sign your book.
I have signed first editions from
all my clients.

An ACOUSTIC GUITARIST rushes over and replaces the display
with his baby gorilla amp, nudges Roland out of the way and
sets his microphone.

Roland turns to Florence, intentionally bumps the microphone
stand into the guitarist's chin.

A man with a mechanic dirty ballcap, peaks at Roland from
behind a magazine. Roland looks his way, he ducks back.

Her cell phone rings, hands him a book from the display.

ROLAND

Who should I make it out to?

FLORENCE

You could be my next client.
(takes the call)
Flo McGreagor, say something
interesting.(listens looks at
Roland) Tomorrow morning, 11:30.

Roland hears her name and signs it. She ends the call, takes
it back from him.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

Let's talk, time is precious.

Guitarist hastily sets the levels on his amp. Taps his
microphone. Florence gives him a big eyes look.

She takes a book display off the barrel and she lays her
phone and Roland's phone next to each other, contacts shared.

Roland stares as the man reracks the magazine and leaves.

Florence snaps her fingers in front of Roland, gets his
attention back on her.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

My contact info.

ROLAND

Contact info?

They have to talk over the Acoustic Guitarist's folk song.

Roland's phone: *Florence McGreagor, McGregg Publishing.*

FLORENCE

Roland, focus. Time is precious.
What's your new book about?

ROLAND

I am still on the first draft, I'm
calling it "Fountaine's Family."

She looks around and drags 2 chairs over for her and Roland.

FLORENCE

There's a chair, have a use of it.

He sits. Florence leans heavy on the barrel.

FLORENCE (CONT'D)

First drafts are coal, continue.

ROLAND

It involves a serial killer bent on
destroying Fountaine...

FLORENCE

All great. Continue, precious is
time.

ROLAND

Fountaine struggles with his
Adderall addiction, aging parents,
his demanding chief, and a life
changing decision.

FLORENCE

What's the decision? Where's the
time travel angle?

ROLAND

I'm still working through the
logistics, but the killer stalks
women that look like his sister.

FLORENCE

Fountaine doesn't have a sister.

ROLAND

You know my character? We only
discover that now.

FLORENCE

So you kept that hidden. How does
it relate to the murders?

ROLAND

The women look like his sister.

FLORENCE
 Yes, see, I'm helping already.
 Tomorrow, 10:30 at Sugarloaf's.

Florence leaves. Roland looks at the virtually full display of his "Fountaine" novels.

A woman thumbs through one, then returns it to the display.

INT. DETECTIVE PRECINCT -DAY

Picture 1950's, Raymond Chandler-esque, retro-metropolitan, with lots of stories to tell. Philip Marlowe would live here if he was a real person.

Desk cluttered with chaos, but for the book-ended red folder and a photo of he and who we'll find out is Rosemary Yeager.

It belongs to PETER GREEMS, 39 years old, skin thick, but with a heart like a butterfly, a homicide detective for 15 years, and has the mental scars to prove it.

Peter closes the *philip erdu* folder, scrawls on it *CLOSED* (48) and jams it into an over stuffed drawer.

He opens a folder labeled *george coombs*. Photos of:

- a man shot in front of his open refrigerator
- close-up of blood bloomed shirt with three bullet holes
- pool of melted butter, milk, blood, in an LSD trip spiral
- broken beer bottles, caps still on
- sprayed blood on wall with a bullet hole

He flips through a few ear witness reports.

PETER
 Why did you do it? Your brother's
 wife. Three lives ruined that day.

DETECTIVE RICHARD MCADAMS, sustainably goofy like a cartoon, stops at Peter's desk, empty coffee mug dangles.

RICHARD
 Congratulations on number 48. How
 come you get all the interesting
 cases?

PETER
 I pick up the phone.

The phone rings and Ricard darts back to his desk, plasters the phone to his ear.

Peter plucks the red folder labeled *jacqueline lorry* from between 2 bookends, labeled *not forgotten*.

He holds an eyewitness report from a teenager, Skip Jabbernowski who really only saw a car driving from the direction of the trailer, spreads photos on his desk.

RICHARD (O.S.)
Trista's in the building?!

He grabs his coat, the chair nearly falls over, cranes his neck as he passes Peter's desk, his feet keep moving.

Peter flips to photos of:

-close-up photograph of a smiling 13ish-year old girl

-a heinous close up of *Genesis 4:7* cut into her back

-a close-up of her bloodied face

-wide shot of a trailer dining area and kitchen

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Jacqueline again?

Richard darts out like a cartoon.

DETECTIVE ARTHUR DIETRICH, 43, square like a Lego figure, muscles a MALE CRIMINAL, 19, past Peter.

DIETRICH
We do this like every other week.

The Male Criminal stops and Dietrich plows into him.

DIETRICH (CONT'D)
What is there a stop sign?!

MALE CRIMINAL
Now that's disturbing.

Peter looks right at Dietrich.

PETER
Fifteen years.

MALE CRIMINAL
No. Petty larceny. Maybe a couple months probation or community service.

He looks up at Dietrich who smacks him across the head.

DIETRICH

That comment doesn't belong to you,
zip it.

(looks at Peter)

Every detective has at least one
case that haunts them.

Dietrich yanks the Male Criminal upright. Peter delicately
enfolds everything and places it between the book ends.

DIETRICH (CONT'D)

You forget you seen that.

MALE CRIMINAL

The mind remembers what the heart
wants to forget.

DIETRICH

I didn't take you as a
philosophical person.

MALE CRIMINAL

Neither I you. You never can
really know what a person is
capable of.

The Male Criminal nods his head at the folder.

MALE CRIMINAL (CONT'D)

If you do well, will you not be
accepted? And if you do not do
well, sin is crouching at the door.
Its desire is contrary to you, but
you must rule over it...

DIETRICH

Why are you not following that
advice?

Peter indicates the chair next to his desk.

MALE CRIMINAL

No thanks, I'll stand.

PETER

(nods head approvingly)

Genesis 4:7, What does it mean to
you?

Richard comes in with an intoxicated and melancholy 23 year-
old female, TRISTA JENNINGS, signs of old bruises still
healing. She holds an ice pack to the side of her face.

TRISTA

Love is a tricky bitch, once it
gets you, you are at its mercy.
(shakes her head)
You check KJ's? He's got a
microbrew in one hand and a tall
tale to tell in the other.

She slouches in the chair by Richard's desk.

MALE CRIMINAL

Captures the nature of our
rebellion against God. Sin desires
to own us, and our refusal to let
God set the standard for right and
wrong in our lives is the fast
track to sin.

DIETRICH

Good advice, follow it.

Dietrich taps the folder.

DIETRICH (CONT'D)

You should really let this one go,
it'll drive your soul into the
ground. Congratulations, by the
way. What is that, 49?

PETER

48.

DIETRICH

You'll be in the 50 club soon.

Dietrich wrests the Male Criminal away and over to his
painfully neat desk.

Peter goes through *george coombs* folder, dials the phone.

PETER

(thinks aloud)
He knew his assailant? Nothing of
note taken. Motive...Revenge?
Retribution?
(the phone clicks)
Sydney...

There is a loud sound of a bone cracking through the phone.

PETER (CONT'D)

Sydney, when you get this, give me
a call with what you have.

The phone rings just as he hangs up.

PETER (CONT'D)
Sydney?

SYDNEY (V.O.)
I wish you had patience like a
snail.

PETER
What do you have for me?

SYDNEY
I can't show you over the phone.

INT. FORENSICS LAB -DAY

Stainless steel everything. Electronic calming sounds of
Andre Aguado's instrumental music.

Words appear on an iPad, held by a skeleton, wearing a boater
hat labeled *Harold*, standing next to forensic pathologist,
SYDNEY EVANS, south side of 30's, with a super-star athlete's
confidence, she is dissecting George Coombs.

SYDNEY
...two arterial by-passes, would
explain the elevated levels of the
statin in the toxicology report.

Peter enters, with 2 coffees and a foil wrapped egg sandwich.
Shields his eyes from Sydney. The dictation picks up his
voice, appears on the iPad.

PETER (V.O.)
You knew I was coming.

SYDNEY (V.O.)
Siri, pause recording, stop music.

The music stops. She flaps closed the skin and pulls the
sheet up to his head.

Peter shields his eyes.

PETER
You know how I feel about this.

SYDNEY
Can I have my coffee now.

Peter uncovers his eyes, Sydney grabs her coffee and the
sandwich. Peter slams his eyelids closed.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)
For a detective who has seen some
grizzly crime scenes, I find it
ironic that this bothers you.

PETER
It's different here.

She covers up the head, disposes of the gloves.

SYDNEY
No more games.

Peter unseals his eyes, chin relaxes sees George covered up.

PETER
Was that Coombs?

SYDNEY
When did he stop being a him? He
had multiple bypass surgeries, he
had his own arsenal that would have
taken him down if it weren't three
obvious bullet holes in his chest.

PETER
When will you have the death
certificate ready?

SYDNEY
I did this as a favor. You are
third in line for the certificate.

Peter leans against her work table. Sydney sits on her
stool, bites into her egg sandwich.

PETER
Can I see her file?

SYDNEY
Every year to the day we do this,
nothing has changed.
(faces him)
Why do you do this to yourself?

Sydney opens the *Jacqueline Lorry* folder dated 5-18-2010 and
twists off of the stool, holds Peter's face to hers.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)
You are human, insanely nice for a
homicide detective. You did all
you could then.

She watches him as he leaves, crosses past the hallway windows and out of view.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)
Siri? Resume recording. Start the music.

The music starts again. Sydney flaps open George's skin.

INT. ROLAND'S APARTMENT -DAY

There is a reluctant neatness about the living space.

Charlie Parker's "Now's the Time" jazzes in the background.

On a section of the table are clippings and photos of Jacqueline Lorry, the 13-year old girl brutally murdered.

With that is a small stack of typed pages, the top page reads: *a life cut too soon by Roland Beene.*

Roland sits in front of his Underwood typewriter. A pile of discarded pages on one side, the other, a upside-down stack of pages to his "Fountaine's Family" novel.

Words slowly form on the page as he reads aloud:

ROLAND (V.O.)
Fountaine eases into the room,
looks like a decorators nightmare.
He focuses in on the blood sprayed
broken mirror. "So would that be
bad luck for the person who smashed
it or the one who pushed her into
it?" he mused.

He grabs discarded pages over to the shredder. He doesn't realize he also has a letter. It slips behind, while the pages are munched.

Roland opens the refrigerator and pulls out a slice of pizza, picks off the olives and eats them separate from the slice.

He looks at his self-published novels "*Fountaine's Folly*," "*Fountaine's Fortune*," and "*Fountaine's Foible*."

ROLAND
Fountaines's Family will have
McGregg Publishing on the spine.

He skims through the Jacqueline Lorry field of papers and photos, includes:

-abandoned trailer in disrepair
 -Jacqueline doing a silly 13-year old pose
 -few heinous crime scene photos
 Fingers flip through the typed pages.

ROLAND (CONT'D)
 I feel I know you like no one else.

He lets the pizza hang from his mouth as he feeds in a fresh piece of paper and gets to typing again.

ROLAND (CONT'D)
 (mumbles as he types)
 He imagines the struggle. A shard of the broken vase, slices across his arm...he grabs her, throws her over the bed...shoes go flying, heels catch his face. Mental note, bag all the shoes and vase shards.

A fish glurps, enjoying his 9 seconds of memory.

ANGELICA, a mid-20's want-to-be high profile fashion designer, comes in with a small suitcase, leans over and gives him a kiss on the cheek.

He twists around to give her a kiss, sees the suitcase.

ROLAND (CONT'D)
 Tomorrow I have...So is that a yes?

She rolls the suitcase into the

BEDROOM

She has the suitcase on the bed when Roland comes in.

ANGELICA
 Ask me again.

He pulls a ring box from the end table drawer and kneels in front of her.

ROLAND
 Angelica Monroe, will you share a bed with me for the rest of our lives?

She kneels and lets him slip the ring on her finger.

ANGELICA
Covers and all.

They embrace and Roland helps her unpack her things into awaiting drawers and onto empty hangers.

He pulls her close.

ROLAND
You have my heart and soul forever
and always.

Angelica picks up a selfie of them screaming on a rollercoaster ride.

ROLAND (CONT'D)
We'll have more days like that.

ANGELICA
I am looking forward to them.

She admires the engagement ring, sweeps the suitcase off the bed and hugs him close.

She pushes him backward onto the bed, on all fours over him.

She takes off her top, Roland shimmies out of his shirt and they fall into each other's arms in budding passion.

INT. SUGARLOAF'S PÂTISSERIE -DAY

Picture a classic French pastry café with decor influenced by hipster village neighborhood, chalkboards serve as menus.

Roland and Florence deep into their pastries & fancy coffees.

FLORENCE
Talk to me.

ROLAND
Like I said, Fountaine is on a case
where the victims resembles his
sister in some way.

FLORENCE
Move on, time is a precious
commodity. Outline it for me.

Roland shifts, matches Florence's posture.

ROLAND
He is estranged from his sister.
His Adderall addiction comes back.
(MORE)

ROLAND (CONT'D)
Goes down a rabbit hole of dark
black market organ sales...

FLORENCE
I'm hearing lots of clichés in that
piece of coal.

ROLAND
It's only a cliché if it is done
the same way.

FLORENCE
I do not hear any time travel.

Florence downs her coffee and stuffs the last of her pastry
as she stands to leave.

ROLAND
It's in there. Each time he comes
back the present is altered, has no
easy way to catch the killer.

FLORENCE
Need to see what you have so far.

Florence stuffs the last of her pastry, gets up to leave.

ROLAND
I also am working on a non-fiction
crime book.

FLORENCE
True crime is dead.

ROLAND
You remember the 13-year old girl
brutally murdered 15 years ago,
Jacqueline Lorry? I am working on
a book covering that.

FLORENCE
Your coal on my desk tomorrow
morning. We'll see about your
clichés.

Florence drops bills on the table.

INT. ROSEMARY'S HOUSE -NIGHT

ROSEMARY YEAGER, is a 48 year-old eccentric physicist,
coordinated and specific in her manner of dress and science.
We see her actions through the voice over.

ROSEMARY (V.O.)

Roland. I hope you remember me. I have a big favor of you. When you get this, please come to my house, front door key under the potted plant by the back door. The hallway mirror is really a door to my secret lab. See you soon. Love your aunt Rosemary.

Rosemary finishes the letter, puts it in an envelope addressed to Roland Beene.

She closes a puzzle box on the desk, slides it next to the same photo Peter has on his desk, only larger.

Steps outside and places the letter in the mailbox.

Opens a floor length mirror in the hallway, reveals stairs.

An eerie calm floats after she steps through and pulls the mirror closed.

INT. SECRET LAB -NIGHT

Arcs of electricity, flashes of light, a Tesla coil, a revolving door. Looks like a modern version of a 1950's horror film laboratory.

She moves about with the eloquence of a blind gazelle, pours gelignite into a tube.

ROSEMARY

Don't fail me nephew.

She flips switches, electric contacts, presses buttons. An elaborate brass calendar with the present date: March 15, 2025, and a past date: May 18, 2010.

She takes a bite of her sandwich, sits in front of her laptop, hits record.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Bring the extra pill, it is very important! See you again soon.
Rosemary.

She pulls out a thumb drive and places it on a folded paper labeled "Rollie" along with 2 pink pills from an ashtray full of them, next to "Fountaine's Foible" novel.

She closes a switch, steps into the revolving door and it closes around her.

It spins getting ever faster. Colored lights flash, smoke fills inside.

The present date rolls backward, stops on May 18, 2010. Brilliant colored lights, various parts of the machine smoke.

The revolving door comes to a sudden stop, opens the smoke escapes and no Rosemary. The date resets to March 15, 2025.

The laptop dies, the food rots.

The Tesla coil snaps electricity, breaking the tomb-like silence.

INT. DETECTIVE PRECINCT -DAY

Picture 1950's, Raymond Chandler-esque, retro-metropolitan, with lots of stories to tell. Philip Marlowe would live here if he was a real person.

Precinct gets all static, jittery, distorted, like video interference. Then clears up, but the precinct has changed.

A desk topped with the chaos as we saw it before, no photo.

Peter closes the *george coombs* folder, scrawls on it *CLOSED (48)* and jams it into an over stuffed drawer.

Peter flips through photos from the *philip erdu* folder.

-a man hunched over, bullet hole in back of his head

-shell casings on the floor behind the couch

-ice cream and blood mix and drips onto the floor in a psychedelic acid trip

He lays them on his desk, breezes through the few ear witness reports and crime scene photos.

PETER

Why cheat with your brother's wife?
Why cheat at all? Three lives you
ruined that day.

Richard ambles past Peter's desk, nearly spills his coffee when he stops but his feet still move forward.

RICHARD

Congratulations on 48. How do you
get all the interesting cases?

PETER

The phone rings, I pick it up.

The phone rings and Ricard trails coffee back to his desk, plasters the phone to his ear.

Peter pulls out two red folders labeled *jacqueline lorry* and *carrie wells* from between two book ends on his desk labeled *not forgotten*.

He opens the folders to:

-close-up photographs of two smiling 13ish-year old girls

-Photos of *Genesis 4:7* carved into their backs

RICHARD

Trista's in the building?!

He grabs his coat, foot caught under the chair, barely keeps his balance as he puts on his coat and down the stairs.

DIETRICH (O.S.)

...I'm getting tired of this.,
aren't you?

Dietrich muscled a Male Criminal past Peter. He stops and Dietrich plows into him.

DIETRICH (CONT'D)

What is there a stop sign?!

MALE CRIMINAL

Blasphemy.

Richard comes in with Trista, intoxicated and melancholy, looks all pasty and strung out, ice pack to her face.

TRISTA

Love is a tricky bitch, once it
gets you, you are at its mercy.

(shakes her head)

You check the Tap Room? His mangy
self got a microbrew in one hand
and a joint in the other.

She flops into the seat, leans on the desk with her elbows.

Peter looks right at Dietrich.

PETER

I can't help but feel responsible
for the Wells's girl murder.

MALE CRIMINAL

Those pour girls. It's a crime
against God what they got done to
them.

Dietrich yanks the Male Criminal upright. Peter delicately
enfolders everything and places them between the book ends.

DIETRICH

You forget you seen that.

MALE CRIMINAL

God does not want for us to forget,
but to heal those in spiritual
crisis.

The Male Criminal makes eye contact with Peter, nods his head
at the folders.

MALE CRIMINAL (CONT'D)

If you do well, will you not be
accepted? And if you do not do
well, sin is crouching at the door.
Its desire is contrary to you, but
you must rule over it...

PETER

Genesis 4:7, What does it mean to
you?

MALE CRIMINAL

Scripture is voice. Leave
temptation alone, for it will
become a crucifix on your back.
Look away and ye shall be
illuminated.

DIETRICH

You should follow your own advice.

Dietrich taps the folders.

DIETRICH (CONT'D)

You should really let these go,
they'll drive your soul into the
ground. Congratulations, coombs
number 48. You'll join us in the
over 50 club soon.

Dietrich wrests the Male Criminal away and over to his
painfully neat desk.

Peter opens up the *philip erdu* folder and dials the phone.

PETER
(the phone clicks)
Sydney. You have anything for me?

SYDNEY (V.O.)
I wish you had patience like a
slug.

PETER
You found something.

SYDNEY
I can't show you over the phone.

Peter hangs up and grabs his coat, sees Trista slumped and asleep in the chair.

INT. FORENSICS LAB -DAY

Andre Aguado's electronically calming instrumental music.

Words appear on an iPad, held by a skeleton, wearing a derby labeled *Stan*, stands next to Sydney working on *Philip Erdu*.

SYDNEY (V.O.)
...Cranial bullet entry and exit.

Peter comes in, with two coffees, slams his eyelids closed. The dictation picks up his voice, appears on the iPad.

PETER (V.O.)
You knew I was coming.

SYDNEY
Siri, pause recording, stop music.

The music stops. Sydney covers Philip, up to his head.

She grabs her coffee.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)
You have coffee, must want
something.

Peter uncovers his eyes, slams his eyelids closed.

PETER
You know how I feel about this.

SYDNEY

We do this every time. You are too sensitive, for a homicide detective. I find it ironic that this bothers you.

She covers up the head, disposes of the gloves.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

No more games.

Peter slowly unseals his eyes, cools that Philip is covered.

PETER

Was that Erdu?

SYDNEY

Still is. When did he stop being a him? All he needed was the one bullet to the head, the other 2 chest shots were unnecessary.

PETER

What about my...?

Sydney opens the *Jacqueline Lorry* folder dated 5-18-2010 and *Carrie Wells* folder dated 5-18-2014 on her computer.

SYDNEY

At least once a year. No, Peter, no new news.

PETER

Carrie's death is my fault.

SYDNEY

Siri? Resume recording. Start the music.

The music starts again. Sydney dons new gloves, pulls back the sheet covering *Philip Erdu*. Peter strides out, past the windows, down the hall.

INT. ROLAND'S APARTMENT -DAY

There is a neglected neatness about the living space.

Pink Floyd's "Time" emanates from his cell phone, segues.

Fingers punch flat staccato snaps at the typewriter keys with deliberate accuracy, out of time to the song.

Words slowly form on the page: *On the head. She lingered, just a breath too long. He caught up to her. And she...*

Roland, squarely behind his Underwood typewriter, tears the paper out. He adds it to a messy pile of discarded pages.

There are upside down papers in a box labeled "Fountaine's Family" on the other side of the typewriter.

A narrow railroad style kitchen has seen healthier days. He digs into a carton of cold Chinese food.

Roland stands in front of his DIY bookshelf, taped on the spine of his novels, "Fountaine's Folly," "Fountaine's Fountain" and "Fountaine's Foible" is "McGreagor Publishing."

ROLAND

One day, those will be for real.

A fish glurps, enjoying his 9 seconds of memory.

He skims through the Jacqueline Lorry and Carrie Wells field of papers and photos, includes:

-abandoned trailer in disrepair

-bloodied torn up dining room bench

-smiling Jacqueline

-coy Carrie

-photos of Jacqueline in the kitchen, and Carrie in a bedroom, with *Genesis 4:7* carved into their backs.

Fingers flip through the typed pages.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Justice will be brought to you both.

Roland drops onto the sofa, so many stories in its cushions, clicks on the TV, scrolls through for something to watch.

He works at his Chinese food and Kambucha.

The door opens and a demure Angelica enters with a suitcase.

Roland twists off the couch, eyes widen seeing the suitcase.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

You thought it over!?

He clicks off the TV. Angelica heads right for the...

BEDROOM

It is a mirror of the rest of the apartment, not sloppy, but a far cry from being neat.

Suitcase on the bed, Angelica packing Roland stops her.

ROLAND (CONT'D)
Angelica, what are you doing?!

She freezes in disbelief at his tone.

ANGELICA
I don't have time for this anymore,
Roland.

She pulls her hands back, he takes one, folds the key in it.

Angelica wrests her hand away, drops the key on the bed, continues packing.

ROLAND
Angelica, let's talk about this!

ANGELICA
We are not moving our relationship
forward. We are like roller skates
on a frozen pond.

ROLAND
Let's change that.

He holds up a selfie photo of them on a rollercoaster ride, excitedly terrified.

ROLAND (CONT'D)
We'll have more days like that.

ANGELICA
I am sure we will, just not with
each other.

In the living room, his cell phone rings.

She takes off her engagement ring, lays it on the nightstand.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)
You should keep it.

ROLAND
What am I going to do with it!

Cell phone rings again. Angelica rolls the suitcase out.

LIVING SPACE

Roland grabs the key and ring, follows Angelica.

He slips the ring on his pinkie and answers his cell phone, takes his frustration out on Florence.

ROLAND (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 What, I'm in the middle of something.!
 (to Angelica)
 Angelica wait!

Angelica stops, eyes locked on the typewriter.

FLORENCE (V.O.)
 Angelica? Time is too precious to get into that. You need to put...

Roland steps in front of Angelica.

ROLAND
 (to Angelica)
 Wait, please.

FLORENCE (V.O.)
 Can't, time is too precious.

ROLAND
 (into phone)
 What?! No just...
 (to Angelica)
 Give me more time. You owe us that.

ANGELICA	FLORENCE (V.O.)
I have no more time to give.	We haven't even started yet
I need more stability.	and you think I owe you?

ROLAND
 (into phone)
 Not you. Can't this wait?!

FLORENCE (V.O.)
 (through phone)
 You need to infuse more of yourself in your characters.

Roland squeezes between Angelica and the door.

ROLAND
 (into phone)
 Myself?! Flo, just hold on.!
 (MORE)

ROLAND (CONT'D)
(to Angelica)
Wait. Can we talk about this?
(into phone)
Not, you. I...yes. Not now!

Angelica leans up and gives him a kiss on the cheek and whispers in his ear.

FLORENCE (V.O.)
Time is too precious to wait.
Manuscripts are like coal.

ANGELICA
When you have your big break, I'll
be first in line at your book
signing.

Roland grabs the suitcase, she lets go, walks down the hall.

FLORENCE (V.O.)
Who said that? Sugarloaf's, 10:30,
I don't wait, time is precious.

She ends the call. He tosses his phone into his typewriter.

He runs down the hallway. The elevator doors are closing.
He whips the suitcase into the elevator.

Angelica barely steps out of the way, it crashes into the back of the elevator. The doors close.

He slams the apartment door.

His fist tight around the ring and key.

He slams them on the table, the ring bounces behind the shredder. He discovers and reads Rosemary's letter.

INT. ROSEMARY'S HOUSE -DAY

Long shadows of early morning sunlight.

A curved staircase right at the front door.

Minimalist decor.

The front door deadbolt nicks back, Roland enters, and goes into each room:

DINING ROOM

A china cabinet. Mismatched dining table and chairs.

LIVING ROOM

A smashed Grandmother clock frozen in time at 7:25, withered and dead plants.

A menagerie of photos of Rosemary, Roland and a single photo of who we will find out is Harriett Beene.

He holds one of Rosemary in her lab coat and he hugs her leg.

ROLAND

I barely remember you.

KITCHEN

Two place settings on the table.

HALLWAY

The floor to ceiling full length mirror. He pushes on it, nothing happens. He slides his fingers along the side, feels an indentation.

He pulls open the mirror. The stairway light still on.

INT. SECRET LAB -CONTINUOUS

The tesla coil the only sign of life. Roland freezes on the stairs as he sees the fullness of the lab.

ROLAND

What were you into aunt Rosemary?

He grabs the flash drive, unfolds the paper:

ROSEMARY (V.O.)

Hi Roland. Follow the instructions on the flash drive. I ask that you just trust me.

INT. CYBER CAFÉ -DAY

A big sign *NO THUMB DRIVES*

Roland plays the flash drive in his hand. Looks at the TECH GEEK manning the counter.

He inserts the flash drive into the computer. A folder pops on the screen.

Roland double-clicks, it opens, reveals a video icon: *Watch Me* and a document icon: *instructions*. Plugs in headphones.

Rosemary's face.

ROSEMARY

You got my letter. Time travel is no longer SciFi. Follow my instructions. I ask that you trust me. Bring the extra pill, it is very important! See you again soon. Rosemary.

He prints the document headed: *time travel instructions*.

Roland pockets the flash drive and steps to the counter.

TECH GEEK

You print this? Time travel, is it a thing?

ROLAND

If it really existed, don't you think it would be news? How much?

TECH GEEK

\$4.50.

Roland wants to say something, just pays and leaves the café.

INT. SECRET LAB -NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSITION: instructions float by, overlap, as Roland does what is written on the pages.

-unlock and relock the Tesla coil. That tower thing that looks like a nuclear blast cloud. It schizzes into life.

-resets the date dials to March 15, 2025, and May 18, 2010

-flips switches

-moves pinions

-pours gelignite into a container

The date dials set, double checks he has the pill in his pocket, swallows his, steps into the revolving door.

Brilliant lights flash, the door closes around him, he starts spinning, smoke fills. He bangs on the glass, he wants out.

The door stops and opens, smoke escapes and Roland is gone.

INT. ROSEMARY'S HOUSE -MOMENTS LATER

Many moon sets, sun rises, then in the reverse.

A film of spoiled milk on the coffee, then reverts back to it hot and fresh.

The menagerie of photos change, to similar to what they were, but there is one with Rosemary and Harriett together.

INT. SECRET LAB -MOMENTS LATER

The door spins, smoke, lights, suddenly stops, Rosemary steps from the door. She stares at the rotted food, the dead laptop.

The door closes, spins, smoke, lights, suddenly stops and Roland appears. He staggers and falls to the floor. Rosemary helps to his feet and up the stairs.

INT. ROSEMARY'S HOUSE -NIGHT

FAMILY ROOM

Rosemary fixes gin and green tea drinks.

Roland still woozy. She hands him a drink.

ROSEMARY

Time sickness. You get used to it.
This will help.

He takes a swallow, acts like he has a party night hangover.

ROLAND

Time sickness?

She unplugs the desk lamp, holds on a box and a photo of her standing in the revolving door from her lab.

Sits across from Roland, makes room on the table, Roland grabs a picture of her and Harriett.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

I don't remember you and my mom
being that close?

ROSEMARY

Pictures can lie to you.

She takes the picture and straightens the power cord.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
 Time is this cord. Most people
 only think time is a straight line.
 And they would be correct. But
 time is also mailable.

She serpentine the cord, winds it back and forth.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
 When you bend it, you can cross
 over in different times and dates.
 These temporal shifts are not
 without their cautions. There can
 be paradoxes.

ROLAND
 When will this wear off?

ROSEMARY
 First time jump, hours maybe a day.
 When did you get my letter?

ROLAND
 Found it yesterday.

ROSEMARY
 What is today's date?

ROLAND
 July 15th.

Roland gets up, holds on to things as he goes to the door.

ROSEMARY
 4 months?! Where are you going?

ROLAND
 I am meeting the detective working
 the cases.

ROSEMARY
 Cases? What cases?

ROLAND
 I am writing a book about the Lorry
 and Wells murders.

She opens the box. What she is looking at?

ROSEMARY
 (to herself)
 It's worse now.

She closes the box and helps him out the door.

INT. ABANDONED PARISH TRAILER MOBILE HOME-DAY

Spacious, once opulent accommodations, for a trailer, worn through time and abuse. You can see the echoing remnants of teenage parties.

Roland is in the kitchen area, his time sickness ease up throughout sequence.

Peter enters, he and Rosemary freeze staring at each other.

PETER

I didn't expect you here.

ROSEMARY

I was hoping to see you. Can we talk about it?

PETER

I think it best to leave things as they are.

ROSEMARY

But there is an X after the equal sign.

PETER

That's what I'm talking about.

ROSEMARY

I'll just wait in the car.

She leaves and Roland starts his digital recorder.

ROLAND

Do you mind?

Peter shakes his head.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Thanks for agreeing to do this detective. What's it like for you to be back here?

PETER

You don't look well. Want to do this another time?

ROLAND

I can keep going. Can you?

PETER

Ironically I should find you standing there again.

Roland comes from behind the counter into the dining area.

ROLAND
That was many years ago.

PETER
You do remember finding
Jacqueline's body?

ROLAND
It's hard to forget what you do not
want to remember.

PETER
Remember anything new?

INT. ABANDONED PARISH TRAILER MOBILE HOME-NIGHT

15 YEARS AGO

In a newer state of abandonment, fresh teenage parties.

Jacqueline Lorry, sticks out from behind the counter, dead.

Young Peter opens her torn shirt, *Genesis 4:7* carved in her
back. He feigns professionalism, where all he wants to do is
cry, hurl, hand in his badge.

INT. ABANDONED PARISH TRAILER MOBILE HOME-DAY

PRESENT DAY

KITCHEN

Peter kneels down by the counter.

ROLAND
Tell me detective, what was going
through your mind when you laid
eyes on Jacqueline?

PETER
I wasn't prepared for what I saw,
then. Rookie detective's first
case...I can still smell the blood
and fear.

ROLAND
Sounds traumatic. What are you
feeling now?

PETER
Remorse. Remorse for failing the
Lorry and Wells families.

Peter leans on the sink, stares out the window.

PETER (CONT'D)
My head was a swirl of conflicting
emotions. My sister babysat for
her. Jacqueline. She never
watched another kid after that.
That broke my heart.

ROLAND
Has that affected you?

PETER
How has it affected you?

ROLAND
I don't know that it has.

Roland's eyes track from the kitchen counter to the hallway.

ROLAND (CONT'D)
Carrie was found in the bedroom a
couple of years later.

INT. ABANDONED PARISH TRAILER MOBILE HOME-NIGHT

11-YEARS AGO

Peter in a bedroom, flood lights illuminate the
claustrophobic space. Carrie Wells dead on the bed.

YOUNG PETER
Her death is all my fault.

ROLAND (V.O.)
How so?

INT. ABANDONED PARISH TRAILER MOBILE HOME-DAY

PRESENT DAY

BEDROOM

Lovers carvings on the wall, like scars.

PETER
I felt responsible for Carrie's
murder.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)
I didn't catch the sociopath who
killed Jacqueline. I wish I could
unsee those girls.

ROLAND
Did you think it was a serial
killer?

PETER
I knew it was. My anxiety is that
he will strike again.

ROLAND
Detective, let me know if this
becomes too much for you.

PETER
Mental scars never heal.

ROLAND
But it's been like 11 years since
Carrie's death.

PETER
Which is what has me worried. We
are coming up on the date
anniversary of both Jackie's and
Carrie's murders.

ROLAND
You think that is important?

PETER
That date definitely has
significance to him.

INT. HARRIETT'S TRAILER -NIGHT

15-YEARS AGO

Picture a struggling couple's attempt at middle class, a
nightmare of thrift store furnishings and goodwill decor.

A 30-year old, HARRIETT YEAGER, tense, submissive, stands in
their living faces...

YOUNG PETER GREEMS, 25 year old green detective, stands just
inside the doorway.

YOUNG ROLAND, with the strength of the lonely, quieter than a
13-year old should be, has curled himself into the corner of
the well-worn couch, stares into the kitchen.

HARRIETT

Officer, Roland is 13-years old.
He told you everything he knew at
the station. Don't you think it
well enough to leave him alone?

PETER

It's detective, ma'am.

Young Peter steps further inside, matches Young Roland's look
at the kitchen counter. On the counter is a birthday cake.

PETER (CONT'D)

Is it your birthday?

HARRIETT

It's mine.

VICTOR BEENE, 30'S, mechanic dirty, pugnacious, shoves in.

VICTOR

Who's this?

INT. ABANDONED PARISH TRAILER MOBILE HOME-DAY

BACK TO PRESENT

UTILITY ROOM

Peter half out the rear door, that hangs by a tired hinge.

ROLAND

That where you found the piece of
his shirt?

Peter looks at him with an accusatory eye.

PETER

How do you know about that?

ROLAND

Research.

PETER

That was never made public.

ROLAND

There are other ways of doing
research then just reading.

INT. HARRIETT'S TRAILER -NIGHT

15-YEARS AGO

Victor grabs Harriett drops her on the couch, you can hear the springs cry out. Young Peter & Victor make eye contact.

YOUNG PETER
(extends his hand)
I am detective Greems. That's
spousal abuse.

VICTOR
I know my rights. No one is
talking to my son!

He is relieved Victor's greasy hand didn't reach out.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
I'm getting tired of your face
already.
(to Harriett)
We need to talk about your sister.
(to Young Roland)
Stay out of my things.

He takes heavy steps down the narrow hall into the bathroom.

INT. ABANDONED PARISH TRAILER MOBILE HOME-DAY

BACK TO PRESENT

UTILITY ROOM

Peter struggles to close the back door, cockeyed on its one working hinge.

ROLAND
A screwdriver is an odd choice for
a weapon. Do you think the weapon
had significance?

PETER
It was accessible to him and he
used it again...a trademark of
sorts...like a signature.

He manages the door closed and squeezes past Roland.

ROLAND
Do you think the killer knew the
victims?

PETER
I don't believe these girls were
chosen at random.

ROLAND
How so?

PETER
They had some meaning to him, but I
could not make any connection.

ROLAND
Any suspects?

PETER
There was one person of interest,
but his alibi was pretty air tight.
(looks directly at Roland)
It was your father.

ROLAND
What?

PETER
Suspicion. Ripped shirt, mechanic
tools. I had little else to go on.
I may have been to close and was
trying to force something that
wasn't there.

INT. HARRIETT'S TRAILER -NIGHT

15-YEARS AGO

Victor steps from the cramped bathroom, walks down the narrow
hall wipes his hands on what has to be their nicest towel.

VICTOR
Maybe I didn't make myself clear.

YOUNG PETER
Where were you last night?

VICTOR
Night shift, overtime. Check my
punch card.

EXT. ABANDONED PARISH TRAILER MOBILE HOME-DAY

BACK TO PRESENT

They exit and rumble down the 3 uneven porch steps.

ROLAND

You ever go up to Millfield? For a possible suspect.

PETER

Yes, more than once. I could not find a likely suspect. That place feels like a prison. Don't know what's worse being behind bars or trapped in your own mind.

ROLAND

Looking back now, is there anything you would do differently?

Peter steps through the gate, sees Rosemary in the car. Locks it after Roland steps through.

PETER

Can't change the past. What matters is that those cases made me a better detective.

INT. HARRIETT'S TRAILER -NIGHT

15-YEARS AGO

Young Roland, wearing his father's greasy shirt like a smock, sleeve torn, follows Harriett inside.

YOUNG ROSEMARY (O.S.)

Rollie needs to talk to somebody.

HARRIETT

You know how much we don't like when you call him that.

Seconds later Young Rosemary comes in.

YOUNG ROSEMARY

That's Victor talking. And you're deflecting.

HARRIETT

We are his parents, we decide who he talks to or not.

ROSEMARY

Harriett, he needed a psych evaluation. He's been through a traumatic experience.

Victor comes down the hallway into the kitchen.

VICTOR
You want my son talking to a
shrink?

YOUNG ROSEMARY
Look in the mirror and you'll see
why. He needs counselling and
empathy, neither will he find in
you.

He squeezes Young Rosemary's shoulders, lifts her up.

VICTOR
You want to take my son to
Millfield?

ROSEMARY
Doesn't have to be there, but a
psychologist, yes.

Victor kicks the screen door open.

EXT. HARRIETT'S TRAILER -NIGHT

Victor steps onto the covered porch and tosses Young Rosemary
over the railing, she cascades to the ground.

Young Roland jumps and grabs the railing with his forearms.

YOUNG ROLAND
Daddy, don't hurt aunt Rosemary.

Old Roland pokes around a distant trailer, sees his younger
self being pushed back into the house. Young Rosemary picks
herself up.

YOUNG ROSEMARY
(sarcastic smile at
Victor)
It's ok Rollie. Don't miss me too
much.

Old Roland steps forward and kicks a toy, it whirs and
flashes. He ducks back around the back of the trailer.

They both look in his direction...the toy stops.

TRAILER WOMAN, heavy nightgowned and slippered, looks around,
and goes back inside.

Old Roland shimmies himself out from under the trailer.

Young Rosemary gets in her car, the headlights illuminate through the trailer park.

She slow rolls past the trailer Old Roland is hiding under. He is petrified wood still.

As Rosemary drives away, darkness follows like a boat wake.

Old Roland pushes out and scrambles further into the trailer park.

EXT. ABANDONED PARISH TRAILER MOBILE HOME-DAY

BACK TO PRESENT

Peter is in his car. Roland leans on the open door.

PETER

I want to see the manuscript before it is published. For authenticity.

ROLAND

You mean accuracy?

PETER

Both actually. Just remember who you are writing this book for. There are families out there that haven't healed and need empathy.

ROLAND

Thank you, detective. If I have any other questions, can I reach out to you again?

PETER

You better. I don't want any false information out there.

Peter drives away.

Roland scans the trailer and mobile home park. His eyes lock on a well-weathered mobile home, his childhood home, the rusted and canted covered porch roof, can't do what it's designed for.

He takes steps toward it, but turns back and into his car. Rosemary drives them away, keeping distance from Peter.

INT. SECRET LAB -DAY

The puzzle box behind a chemistry apparatus. Rosemary pours gelignite into a tube. She swallows one pink pill from an ash tray of them.

ROSEMARY

I'll set things right this time.

She flips a big contact arm, steps into the revolving door.

The time machine whirrs and flashes into life. Lights and smoke, door opens and no Rosemary.

INT. DETECTIVE PRECINCT -DAY

Picture 1950's, Raymond Chandler-esque, retro-metropolitan, with lots of stories to tell. Philip Marlowe would live here if he was a real person.

Precinct gets all static, jittery, distorted, like video interference. Then clears up, but the precinct has changed.

Peter pulls out red folders of *jacqueline lorry* and *carrie wells*, from between two book ends labeled *not forgotten*.

He opens the folders to:

-close-up photographs of two smiling 13ish-year old girls

-photos of *Genesis 4:7* carved into their backs

-heinous crime scene close-ups of bloodied faces

RICHARD (O.S.)

She's in the building?!

He cranes his neck as he passes Peter's desk.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Them again?

PETER

Trista again?

Peter places back the folders and flips through the *philip erdu* folder as he dials the phone.

-a bloodied man on his sofa.

-close-up of multiple stab wounds to the chest

-a steak knife on the floor

-a crushed cell phone

PETER (CONT'D)
(the phone clicks)
Sydney. You have anything for me?

SYDNEY (V.O.)
I wish you had patience like a slug.

PETER
You found something.

SYDNEY
I can't show you over the phone.

Peter hangs up and grabs his coat, sees Trista slumped and asleep in the chair next to Richard's desk.

INT. FORENSICS LAB -DAY

Stainless steel everything. Soothing sounds of Tangerine Dream's electronically inspired instrumental music.

Words appear on an iPad, held by a skeleton, with a moustache and a bowler hat labeled *Charlie*, stands next to Sydney. Their words, appear on the iPad.

SYDNEY (V.O.)
...Serrated knife, hunter's knife.
Deep cuts. Confident stabs in and out.

PETER (V.O.)
Sydney, do you mind?

Peter holds two coffees and a foil wrapped egg sandwich, sees the corpse and shields his eyes.

She covers Philip Erdu's corpse.

SYDNEY
Siri, pause recording and stop music.

SIRI
(frustrated)
Have it your way.

PETER
That's a new personality.

SYDNEY
She's a work in progress.

Music stops. Sydney grabs her coffee and sandwich.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)
No shenanigans. That's your guy.
Philip.

Peter opens his eyes, prepared to close them.

PETER
Thank you for the rush.

Sydney grabs his arm, takes him to her "office."

SYDNEY
It is obvious he died of multiple
stab wounds. Serrated knife. No
defensive wounds.

PETER
He knew his killer. You could have
told me that on the phone.

SYDNEY
More fun this way.

PETER
Wells? Lorry?

SYDNEY
We do this every year. This is an
obsession with you.

She clicks open the folders of Jacqueline, dated May 18,
2010, and Carrie Wells May 18, 2014, dated on her computer.

PETER
Both girls killed with what appears
to be consistent with a
screwdriver.

SYDNEY
You know all this already.

She dons her headset, dons gloves. He watches her go over to
Philip Erdu.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)
Siri, resume recording and start
music.

SIRI
(frustrated)
As you wish.

The music starts up again. She look up and Peter is gone.

INT. SECRET LAB -LATER

Rosemary preps the machine, sets the date dials for *May 18, 2010*, steps into the revolving door.

The machine springs into life, Rosemary is gone.

INT. PARISH TRAILER -NIGHT

15 YEARS AGO

Rosemary enters through the broken utility room door, grabs the bloody piece of cloth.

A patchy swath of blood rounds behind the kitchen counter.

A screwdriver sticks out of the back of a young girl.

Young Rosemary, stands over who we now see is Jacqueline Lorry. She stuffs the piece of clothing in her pocket.

YOUNG ROLAND
Aunt Rosemary?

She whirls around, her side slams into the counter, steps around and sees Young Roland down the hallway.

YOUNG ROSEMARY
Roland? Roland.

She holds him at arms length, pulls him to the dining area.

YOUNG ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
You know what your father will do
to you, going through his things.

She pulls his ripped, over-sized shirt, folds it hastily.
Dried blood on his upper arm.

YOUNG ROLAND
All shadowy. I saw it. It was a
monster.

YOUNG ROSEMARY
What do you mean?

Roland is silent. She turns his face to hers.

YOUNG ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Forget you saw anything. Let's get
you home.

YOUNG ROLAND
Do you think it saw me?

YOUNG ROSEMARY
I don't think either of you saw
each other clearly.

They leave. Headlights wash through the living room window,
bathing Jacqueline momentarily, bleeding into darkness.
Another set of headlights bathe through the window.

INT. DETECTIVE PRECINCT -DAY

Picture 1950's, Raymond Chandler-esque, retro-metropolitan,
with lots of stories to tell. Philip Marlowe would live here
were he not a fictional character.

Precinct gets all static, jittery, distorted, like video
interference. Then clears up, but the precinct has changed.

Peter's desk, an organized mess of chaos and specificity.
Framed photo of he and Rosemary on some snowy mountain.

A folder -*george coombs*- lays open under his elbows, the
photo of his missing his left eye and part of his brain.

He rubs his eyes and sees Trista sitting at Richard's desk,
draws some illustration in the air with her finger.

Dietrich stops at Peter's desk, cup of coffee and a folder.

PETER
No thanks.

He hands the folder to Peter, he makes no attempt to take it.

DIETRICH
You'll be interested in this.
Angelica Monroe. I didn't want to
jump in your pool.

Peter follows his eyes, takes and opens the folder to a black
and white photo of Angelica's back with *Genesi*.

DIETRICH (CONT'D)
 (nods at the red folders)
 He couldn't finish, but he's your
 guy.

He goes over to his desk and gives the coffee to the Male Criminal. He takes a sip, spits the coffee back into the cup and drops it in the trash.

Peter lays the 3 red folders on his desk, one is new with a "?". He compares the photos of Jacqueline, Carrie and one of skeletal remains to Angelica's.

Places Angelica's photos into a new red folder and labels it and slides the lot between the bookends.

He dials the phone, flips through the *Philip erdu* folder.

PETER
 Hi Sydney, when you get this...

SYDNEY
 You and your cheetah like patience.
 It's late. I am heading out to
chandeliers. Talk to you tomorrow.

PETER
 A teaser at least?

The line disconnects. Peter lays his phone on the desk and stares from the folders on his desk to Richard and Trista, and Dietrich and Male Criminal.

INT. ROSEMARY'S HOUSE -NIGHT

ROLAND'S WRITING ROOM

The typewriter keys slap the paper like an explosion:

Erica Blitz, barely in her teens, slams her bedroom door closed. It rattles with the force. She turns the paltry lock. Squirrel panicked, she backs up against her end table. A petite bloom of blood on the side of her nightgown.

The door knob twists and rattles like a tempest.

Fingers attack the keys, the letter "E" breaks off. It no longer appears on the paper. His finger gets bloodier each time it hits the arm from the letter "E".

rica watch s th door. Th tip of a knif app ars b tw n the fram and th door.

It twists and th door jamb splint rs. rica grabs th clock radio as th door xplod s, br aking from on of th hing s.

Roland squeezes his middle finger, blood oozes. He leaves a fingerprint on the "E" key as he fails to replace it.

He tilts his head back and downs the last of Rosemary's drink. He swigs bourbon from the bottle, reads as he types:

Attack r's sinist r y s star at rica. H st ps toward h r. rica's y s focus d and calculating. Sh swings th clock...

INT. ERICA'S APARTMENT -NIGHT

SOUNDS OF THE TYPEWRITER FADE OUT

Blood courses down the shaft of a screwdriver.

Erica, resembles Angelica, swings the clock radio, knocking the screwdriver from his hand as it swings down at her.

ERICA

(screams, sounds like
Angelica)

Why are you doing this to me?

A foot presses down on her chest. She wraps her legs around her attacker's supporting leg and twists. He loses his balance, falls onto the bed, cuts his face on the radio.

She scrambles to the bathroom.

The attacker lunges forward, we never really see his face, but it looks like a Victor/Roland hybrid. The screwdriver pins the nightgown to the floor.

Erica tears herself free and scrambles into the...

BATHROOM

She locks the door, hides in the shower. She holds the hair brush like a spear.

BEDROOM

An ear and a finger fade away as Victor pulls the screwdriver from the floor.

ATTACKER

(sounds like a hoarse
Victor)

No. It's too soon.

He rams it into the door jamb, the latch pops. As he whips the door open, his thumb and nose fade away.

The screwdriver falls, stabs his shoe, it gets blood dark.

He pulls it out, holds it awkwardly with 3 fingers.

The blurry silhouette of Erica, her body tense and shaking.

ATTACKER (CONT'D)
(sounds like a hoarse
Victor)
I don't have much time, so I'll
make this quick.

BATHROOM

Her attacker, a blurry silhouette behind the shower curtain.

She has the brush jacked back, the shower head a shield.

He whips back the curtain, one eye and his other ear are missing. He resembles what an older Roland could look like.

Erica impales his wrist. Blood rivers over his hand, then stops when it fades away. The brush falls to the floor.

ERICA
(sounds like Angelica)
Just leave...What are you!

He jacks the screwdriver high. Holds the curtain open with his forearm.

She turns on the shower, douses him, the water passes through the missing parts of his body.

He blindly stabs at her in the abdomen.

Erica falls back against the wall, face grimaces in miraculous pain, the shower head breaks free, the hose whips around like a spastic snake.

ERICA (CONT'D)
(sounds like Angelica)
How are you doing this?

His thigh fades away and he falls to the floor, leaves the lower half of his disembodied leg.

She reaches for the brush, Victor awkwardly stabs her in the shoulder, she falls back against the wall.

His hair, nose and his chin fade away.

ATTACKER
 (sounds like a hoarse
 Victor)
 I don't have time for this.

He twists over the tub and stabs Erica, catches her femoral artery. Blood sprays.

She reaches up and grabs the curtain, it pulls from the rings, she falls over the edge of the tub.

His leg and one arm fade away. His eye fixed on her back.

Erica pushes herself up, hand slips on the bloody edge and she falls into the tub, face down, her glassy eye unblinking.

His mouth fades away.

He starts to carve *Genesis 4:7* on her back when his arm fades away before he finishes, the screwdriver falls into the tub.

Only his eye is left.

Erica's lifeless body in the tub.

His eye fades away, turns into her eye, turns into the drain, blood spirals down, turns into a policewoman's shield.

INT. ANGELICA'S APARTMENT -NIGHT

A POLICEWOMAN's shield.

Police mill about. Peter comes in and over to Policewoman who is next to...

RENEE POLLACK, on the couch, speckles of dried vomit on his chin and shirt.

POLICEWOMAN
 Detective, this is Renee Pollack,
 the super of the building.

PETER
 So you found the body.

RENEE
 Tenants reported a loud ruckus. I
 knocked and there was no answer, I
 came in. I can't get what I saw
 out of my mind.

Peter looks at the mustard yellow pool of vomit near the bathroom door.

RENEE (CONT'D)
Sorry, about the mess, didn't make
it. It was Thai food night.

Roland has a bouquet of flowers and is stopped at the doorway
by POLICEMAN BERNARD.

POLICEMAN BERNARD
Back away, nothing to see here.

FLASH IMAGE: The apartment door bursts in, Angelica
Adrenaline flushed on the couch.

ROLAND
Angelica Monroe, my fiancé. Is she
alright?

Roland tries to push past Bernard and he has nothing of it,
crushing the flowers to Roland's chest.

POLICEMAN BERNARD
I said back off, or would you like
to be in cuffs?

Peter looks over his shoulder at them.

PETER
Bernie, go easy on him.
(back to Renee)
Did they really say *ruckus*? No one
suspicious at all coming up to the
apartment?

Bernard steps back, but corrals Roland from going in.

RENEE
Like I said, they *heard* a ruckus.
If someone *saw* something, I would
have said that.

PETER
There was no one else in the
apartment?

RENEE
Really? No, which was odd to me
since the deadbolt was locked. But
then I didn't see her keys, so I
assumed he took them.

Two coroners squeeze past, Bernard points to the stairs.

Roland follows and Bernard slams him against the wall, a
painting knocks off. Roland tumbles to the floor.

FLASH IMAGE: Angelica hits her head on her bedroom end table, lamp crashes to the floor.

PETER
A little too aggressive you think?

Peter helps Roland to his feet.

POLICEMAN BERNARD
He claims the dead girl was his fiancé.

Policewoman comes up beside them, dangles keys.

POLICEWOMAN
Detective?

PETER
Bag them and send them off to forensics.
(to Renee)
Officer Bernard will take your statement.
(to Roland)
Roland, wait and we'll talk.

Bernard opens the voice memo app on his phone.

POLICEMAN BERNARD
You sure nobody saw anyone?

RENEE
Seriously! You were here when I was talking with the detective.

Roland cradles the crushed flowers.

BEDROOM

Almost exactly like Erica's bedroom, looks like something out of a Clive Barker novel. Peter ducks under the crime scene tape, scans the frightening scene.

Forensics takes photographs, collects evidence.

He looks from the shattered table lamp, to the clock radio on the blood spattered sheets.

PETER
He must have held her here for some time. Jerry, get the radio and this section of carpet. Could be our killer's blood.

JERRY, the lithe forensics technician lays scissors on the bed and stabs the carpet with a knife.

POLICEWOMAN
Masculine stereotyping? What about
woman's lib?

PETER
Generalization.

Peter looks over at the busted bathroom door jamb, steps over the partial footprints in the blood.

PETER (CONT'D)
Footprints only go in.

BATHROOM

Peter drinks in the blood and chaos, stares at Angelica, as we saw Erica last, with *Genesí* carved into her back.

FLASH IMAGE: blood spews, spirals down the drain.

He holds the screwdriver with his fingers.

PETER (CONT'D)
Something doesn't add up here.
Three fingers. Where is his other
finger and thumb? Jerry?

Jerry stands at the door.

PETER (CONT'D)
You get all this?

JERRY
I must have taken 100 photographs.

Peter nods, bags the screwdriver, motions to the coroners.

PETER
Guys.

The coroners squeeze into the bathroom.

PETER (CONT'D)
How long?

CORONER
From the state of rigor, 8, maybe
10 hours.

LIVING ROOM

Peter follows the coroners down the stairs, stands by Roland.

PETER
I'm sorry you had to find out this way.

ROLAND
Who would do such a thing?

PETER
My turn to be asking the questions.
How long were you two were engaged?

Roland controls his breath, his body still shakes.

FLASH IMAGE: screwdriver cutting into Angelica's back.

Roland on the couch, Peter stands over him.

ROLAND
We hadn't made the wedding plans yet.

PETER
I have to ask, where you were tonight?

ROLAND
I was writing.

PETER
Can anyone corroborate that?

ROLAND
Writing is a lonely profession.

PETER
I can't know how you are feeling, but I do need you to make a statement.

ROLAND
Are you accusing me of something?

PETER
I work the facts. I know this is traumatic, but please come to the station for a statement.

He steps back and Bernard escorts Roland from the room.

INT. ROSEMARY'S HOUSE -DAY

LIVINGROOM

Rosemary and Peter on the couch, her head on his shoulder.

ROSEMARY
Don't take advantage of our
relationship.

PETER
It is important I talk to him.

ROSEMARY
He's really involved in his new
novel.

She downs the rest of her drink.

PETER
You need to slow down.

Peter goes up stairs. Rosemary sways as she steps forward.

ROLAND'S WRITING ROOM

Peter stands in the doorway, scans the place. Rosemary
squeezes past and stands in front of him.

ROSEMARY
He's not here. For all we know
he's at the precinct waiting for
you.

Peter, detective nosy, sees the bloody typewriter key.

PETER
I would get a call if he shows up.

ROSEMARY
Please respect his space.

She straightens the manuscript he thumbed through.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
I know we are seeing each other,
but you still need a warrant if you
are investigating.

Peter turns leans on the table in front of the typewriter.

PETER
You're right, sorry.

He surreptitiously uses his shirt to scoop the typewriter key into his front pocket.

He leans and kisses her on his way out.

Rosemary scans the room before she closes the door, doesn't notice the typewriter key missing.

INT. DETECTIVE PRECINCT -DAY

Peter's computer monitor: one side has the typewriter key fingerprint, while fingerprints whiz by on the other.

"NO RESULTS" flashes when the fingerprints stop.

INT. ROSEMARY'S HOUSE -LATER

LIVINGROOM

Roland at the desk, halfway through his bourbon, a wallet-eaten, unfolded photo of he and Angelica at an amusement park leans on the puzzle box.

Rosemary comes in.

ROSEMARY
Stuck again?

Roland ignores her, downs his drink and fixes drinks for them both. Rosemary takes hers.

ROLAND
I can't believe she's gone.

Rosemary holds the photo and sees her puzzle box. She moves it to the back corner of the desk, lays the photo down.

ROSEMARY
This is unhealthy for you. It's time you moved on.

ROLAND
I went over, wanted to patch things up, show her I've changed.

He slams the glass down, excited liquor sloshes out.

ROLAND (CONT'D)
I don't want her being a chapter in my book.

ROSEMARY
Why would she?

Rosemary moves Roland to the couch, he holds the photo.

Rosemary opens the box, we see there are clippings of Jacqueline, Carrie, and skeletal remains. As she unfolds a blank piece of newspaper, the image of Angelica appears.

She holds the clipping to her chest.

ROLAND
I'm going back to save her.

ROSEMARY
You're in no condition to do anything.

ROLAND
It won't matter once I am there.

Roland unsteady stands, Rosemary hastily shoves everything back and hits Roland on the head. He topples to the floor.

ROSEMARY
You won't remember any of this.

She walks into the hallway, the sound of the mirror opening.

INT. DETECTIVE PRECINCT -DAY

Picture 1930's Dashiell Hammett-esque rife with mystery, floors creak and squeal with haunted neo-rustic stories to tell. Sam Spade would be a fish-out-of-water were he not a fictional character.

Precinct gets all static, jittery, distorted, like video interference. Then clears up, but the precinct has changed.

Framed photo of Rosemary and Peter, holding a medal.

Photo of a bullet riddled man uncomfortably prone through a shattered coffee table. Blood pools on the white carpet.

Peter shuffles through to a photo of a cluster of bullet casings, a once elegant living room now a disaster zone.

Dietrich stands by his desk.

DIETRICH
Who is that?

Peter places the photos into the Philip Erdu folder.

PETER

He knew his attacker. This was an emotionally charged murder. People should use their words and not weapons.

DIETRICH

Words can be weapons.

He takes a regretful sip of department coffee and drops witness statements onto his desk, a photo hides underneath.

DIETRICH (CONT'D)

(looks at the cup)

Now that is a crime.

Peter scans through the witness statements, and holds the photo of Angelica like a piece of art. He shuffles to the other photo of her carved back.

DIETRICH (CONT'D)

I didn't want to tread in your garden.

PETER

She looks familiar.

Dietrich snaps the red folders.

DIETRICH

You have a library of those photos.

He fades over to his desk and hands the coffee to the woman sitting there. She takes a sip and has no reaction.

Peter writes a "?" on the folder, erases it and writes *Angelica* ?. He dials the phone.

PETER

Hey, Syd. Anything on Philip Erdu?

SYD

Patience like a snake you have.

There is an anxiety fueled silence.

SYD (CONT'D)

I have something but can't show you over the phone.

PETER

You have something but can't show it to me over the phone.

SYD (CONT'D)

Am I that predictable?

PETER
Why did I know you were going to
say that?

SYD
I'm here for about an hour.

PETER
Tomorrow. I have...something to
follow up on.

SYD
Than why did you...

Peter ends the call and places the folder with the others.

EXT. WOODS BY TRAILER PARK -DUSK

A disco of multi-colored lights slice through the trees.
Emergency personnel and first responders peppered about.
Peter scans the area, kneels down over Angelica's body.

PETER
Genesis 4:7.

Peter peels back her shirt. *Genesis 4:7* carved into her
back, three finger smears through the blood.

POLICEWOMAN (V.O.)
(gasps)
Oh my dear blue god in heaven. How
did you know?

He turns her over, brushes her face clean, scrolls through
photos on his phone, stops at Angelica dead in her tub.

PETER
It is Angelica Monroe. The same
girl.

POLICEWOMAN (V.O.)
What?

PETER
It's like a dream of a different
place and time.

POLICEWOMAN (V.O.)
That makes no sense.

PETER
I know. I feel like I am so close,
but then it is taken away.

He takes pictures of Angelica.

PETER (CONT'D)
I have investigated your death
before. Roland was there, that I
have a memory of.
(to Forensic Technician)
Be mindful of her back.

FORENSIC TECHNICIAN
We know our job, Detective.

Peter nods, steps out of the woods, sees...

EXT. RIVERSIDE TRAILER PARK-DAY

An asymmetrical array of all types of trailers and mobile
homes. They've all seen varying years of weather and sun.

Peter stands at the apex, looks from the pictures on his
phone to the expanse of the trailer park.

PETER
What will the odds be she was seen?

BEIGE WINNEBAGO

In front is a BEARDED MALE, sucking the life from a cigar, he
gives Peter an upwards glance through the plume of smoke.

PETER (CONT'D)
Excuse me sir. I'm detective
Greems, Can I ask you a few
questions?

BEARDED MALE
Can you? That skill is all on you.

Peter stands up next to him, shows him his badge, then the
picture of Angelica's face.

PETER
Would you recognize this girl?

BEARDED MALE
You can ask questions. No, I don't
know that face.

PETER
Would you have noticed any unusual
activity last night?

The Bearded Male takes a deep inhale, looks left and right.

BEARDED MALE
Look at where you are, everything
is unusual.

He exhales, Peter hands him a business card.

PETER
If you remember anything, please
give me a call.

BEARDED MALE
Had I a phone, this would work.

PETER
Keep it in case you get one.

"THE SUNSHINE EXPRESS" TRAILER

Peter comes up to a LAUNDRY MALE hanging clothes. From the back he looks female, long hair and svelte stature.

PETER (CONT'D)
Excuse me. Ma'am?

Peter is embarrassed when he turns to face him.

PETER (CONT'D)
My apologies.

LAUNDRY MALE
Happens often. Can I help you?

PETER
I am Detective Peter Greems. Have
you seen this girl?

Peter holds out his badge and phone and the Laundry Male moves closer until he is inches away.

LAUNDRY MALE
Can't say that I do.

PETER
Have you noticed any unusual
activity last night?

He does a slow pan with his head.

LAUNDRY MALE
All that is around here is unusual
activity.

PETER
(pockets his phone)
I've heard that before.
(hands him his card)
In case anything unusually unusual
comes to mind.

DOUBLE WIDE TRAILER

Peter comes up to what may be the envy of the trailer park.
He is about to knock, but sees a doorbell. The bell sounds
like a dying ostrich.

AN EARLY TEENS GIRL, leans out a window.

EARLY TEENS GIRL
'cha want?

Peter turns to the voice, falters seeing her age.

EARLY TEENS GIRL (CONT'D)
You remind me of my father.

PETER
I'm detective Peter Greens. I'm
looking for this girl, maybe you
knew each other?

Peter holds his badge and his phone at her.

She snatches the phone from him, inspects the photo, then
scrolls through the other crime scene photos, then back to a
close up of Angelica's smiling face.

EARLY TEENS GIRL
It looks better that way. Naw, I
din't know her. Pretty hair
though.

She flips him back his phone. Peter looks at the photo,
pockets his phone.

PETER
Your dad home?

EARLY TEENS GIRL
Naw, he left my mom. I have
homework.

She ducks back inside.

PETER
You wouldn't have noticed any
unusual activity last night?

She pops out again.

EARLY TEENS GIRL
More? Man, the only thing usual
'round here is the sunrise and
sunset.

She hangs out of the window as Peter walks away.

HARRIET'S TRAILER

We recognize it as Roland's family's trailer, weathered
further by age. He goes to knock and pulls his hand back.

PETER
Hello? Anyone here?

An OCTOGENARIAN WOMAN comes around the back of the trailer,
Peter steps closer to her, to limit the amount of her steps.

OCTOGENARIAN WOMAN
Mom's right here.

PETER
Hi...Ma'am. I was expecting
someone else. I'm detective Greems
of the Hillsdale police department.

OCTOGENARIAN WOMAN
No Ma'am's here, only Katherine.
Who'er you especting?

PETER
Have you seen this girl?

He quickly scrolls to the photo, turns the phone and faces
his badge toward her.

OCTOGENARIAN WOMAN
Sorry officer, not have I seen her.

PETER
How long have you lived here?

OCTOGENARIAN WOMAN
This trailer park alls my life.
This'n 'bout ought years or so.

Peter shows her a picture of Roland.

PETER
You know him?

OCTOGENARIAN WOMAN
He looks like the ol' Beene boy,
all grow'd up, now. This their
trailer once a time. Don't know
happened to the mother. Shoulda
taken her son, I tell you. The
father, burnt evil inside him.

She sits on a chair with questionable stability.

PETER
Thank you. Have you seen anything
unusual?

OCTOGENARIAN WOMAN
A lifetime worth of outta
d'ordinary.

INT. VICTOR'S STREAMLINER -DUSK

Picture an explosion of goodwill and thrift stores.

Victor, the man in the ball cap, now in his mid-40's,
leathery and grizzled, borderline defeated, watches some
biased news channel.

The knock on the door reverberates, rousing him from his
trance-like focus. He just stares at the door. Knock.

PETER (O.S.)
Hello? Anybody home?

Victor opens the door.

VICTOR
You use the term home loosely.

He gives a shocked pause, takes a step back.

PETER
Victor Beene?

VICTOR
Why ask questions you already know
the answers to?

PETER
You remember me? Jacqueline Lorry?

VICTOR
You already asked me about her,
detective. Hounded me actually.
Is your memory that limited?

PETER
Do you know this girl?

He shows him the picture.

VICTOR
You asked about the Lorry girl, so
I can only assume this girl is dead
also, or you would not be here.

PETER
Where were you last night? I'm
asking all the residents.

VICTOR
You're fishing, so I think I'll
pass on answering your question.

PETER
Did you see any unusual activity
last night?

VICTOR
I cannot see through walls, so if
there was, I wouldn't have known.

PETER
I'd like for you to come down to
the station for an official
interview.

VICTOR
I may not have been a socially
acceptable citizen, but I still
have my rights.

PETER
We also need a DNA sample, a strand
or two of hair is sufficient.

VICTOR
Show me probable cause, otherwise
I'll keep what hair is still on my
head. Now I'm gonna bake a cake.

EXT. VICTOR'S STREAMLINER -DUSK

The door closes, Peter silently replays the encounter.

INT. FORENSICS LAB -DAY

Stainless steel everything. Vibrant, industrial house music like "bite" by Bamba Lamer zings.

Their words appear on an iPad, held by a skeleton, wearing a felt pork pie hat labeled *Buster*, stands next to SYD FIELDS, on the south side of 30's, with a liars confidence.

SYD (V.O.)
Fatal shot to the head, exit out
right eye socket.

He sews the eye closed.

PETER (V.O.)
Sydney, finish that later.

Peter has a coffee and a tea, turns away from Syd. The dictation picks up his voice, appears on the iPad.

SYD
Hey Siri, stop recording, pause
music. Sydney? Your guy, Philip
Erdu, clean shot to the head.
Death instantaneous.

SIRI
Recording stopped.

The music stops. Syd covers the corpse, grabs his tea.

PETER
You went digital?

SYD
Like when Dylan went electric. I
have a thing for those little
comparisons.

They go over to at another autopsy table.

SYD (CONT'D)
Are you ready for this?

PETER
We'll see what happens.

Syd uncovers the body of Angelica, as she was in the woods.

Peter's face belies his being ok looking at her corpse.

SYD
But you saw her at the crime scene.

PETER

It's different here, Syd, you know that.

SYD

Killed to the day, same way, but years apart from the other girls.

PETER

I am aware. Any connection to the Lorry and Wells murders?

SYD

Yes, actually.

He jams 2 identical DNA maps onto the wall light box and turns it on. One from Carrie and one from Angelica.

SYD (CONT'D)

The same person killed Wells and Monroe.

PETER

Have this typed and matched Wells and Monroe.

Syd holds the bagged screwdriver, Peter walks down the hall.

SYD

That's it? Siri, cue the music.

The music starts.

INT. SECRET LAB-DAY

Rosemary preps the machine, pours gelignite into the chamber.

ROLAND (O.S.)

She's dead.

Startled, Rosemary sloshes some of the gelignite.

ROSEMARY

I know.

Rosemary turns around, Roland at the workbench, going through the clippings, holds the torn cloth.

ROLAND

What is all of this?

ROSEMARY

A past that will not exist.

ROLAND
What are you saying?

Rosemary stuffs everything into the box and takes a Bunsen torch to it.

Roland swats the torch, it rolls and ignites the gelignite on the floor, the machine. He dumps the contents from the box, tamps out the burning cloth.

ROLAND (CONT'D)
This is from my father's shirt.

Rosemary has an extinguisher to the flames.

ROSEMARY
It's not what you think.

Roland whirls her around.

ROLAND
All this time you knew.

ROSEMARY
I kept going back, yet each time, I somehow made things worse. More girls died and lived. I never stopped it before it started.

ROLAND
So you are saying my father killed those girls...and Angelica?

ROSEMARY
You said Jacqueline did something to you. That awakened something inside you. I knew it was there.

ROLAND
I'm not that naïve.

ROSEMARY
You have D.I.D. I wanted to get you help, but your parents ignored my attempts, eventually cutting me out of your life.

He takes a pill, starts the time machine.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Don't do this. You are not going to like what you see.

ROLAND
I don't need you any more.

Roland rips the extinguisher from her, smashes her head.

The revolving door spins, lights, smoke...

Rosemary shakes off the fall, holds her head, too late to stop the machine.

INT. PARISH TRAILER -NIGHT

ONE DAY AGO

Studs, wiring, plastic, tools and construction debris.

A mutilated Angelica comes crashing in through the entrance door. Stuttering backward, slams into a saw horse, a box of nails explodes on the floor.

HYDE ROLAND (O.C.)
You led us on, embarrassed me to myself.

Hyde Roland looms like a specter in the doorway. Blood drips off the screwdriver.

ANGELICA
We weren't meant to be together, that's all it is.

He steps toward Angelica, who crab crawls through the field of nails through the plastic surrounding the dining area.

Behind Hyde Roland, Roland stands just inside.

HYDE ROLAND
You came.

Hyde Roland twists around like a barber pole.

HYDE ROLAND (CONT'D)
You a participant or a spectator?

FLASH IMAGE: Bloodied Jacqueline stabbed with a screwdriver.

ROLAND
I'm here to stop you.

HYDE ROLAND
Spectator then. I thought she would be the one to unite us.

Hyde Roland turns around, pulls back the plastic.

Angelica falls to her elbows, her head tocks from one Roland to the other. She blinks the blood from her eyes.

ANGELICA
I'm loosing too much blood, I must
be hallucinating.

He buries the screwdriver into Angelica's calf. Her scream flutters the plastic.

Roland grabs the nail gun and starts the compressor, steps through the plastic.

ROLAND
Leave her alone.

HYDE ROLAND
You hurt me, you hurt us.

FLASH IMAGE: Roland grabs Jacqueline's arm and twists her over, three quick jabs into her chest.

Roland shakes his head, then shoots twice, one nail buries into Hyde Roland's arm and he drops the screwdriver. The other grazes Angelica's ear as she lifts up onto the seat.

Roland cringes his arm, drops the nail gun and it discharges and the nail sails right past Hyde Roland's face.

Roland sees there is a scar on his arm where the nail hit Hyde Roland.

ROLAND
What just happened?

HYDE ROLAND
We are me. Get it now?

He takes up the screwdriver.

Angelica pushes through the plastic.

ROLAND
You're a monster.

HYDE ROLAND
You carry me within you, we are the
monster.

Roland tackles Hyde Roland before he steps through after Angelica. He drops the screwdriver and the nail pushes through his arm.

ROLAND
Get out of her Angelica.

Roland picks up the screwdriver as a scar appears on the other side of his arm.

ROLAND (CONT'D)
I'm coming for you.

FLASH IMAGE: Jacqueline crawling backward, mouths "*Leave me alone*" as she is yanked by her legs.

HYDE ROLAND
Now that's the spirit.

Angelica inchworms toward the entrance door, pulls herself up the wall, grabs a piece of wood. Roland pushes through the plastic, followed by Hyde Roland.

Angelica swings the wood, Roland ducks and hits Hyde Roland on the shoulder.

Roland drops the screwdriver, his shoulder hunches forward.

HYDE ROLAND (CONT'D)
We can't have this.

Hyde Roland blocks the entrance door. Roland steps between them, picks up the screwdriver.

ROLAND
Step away.

Hyde Roland snaps his hand, grabs Roland's wrist, points the screwdriver at his cheek.

HYDE ROLAND
You are us. You need to admit you
are a we.

Angelica slides down the hallway, bedroom on her left, bathroom on her right. She goes toward the bathroom.

Hyde Roland swipes the screwdriver, gashes Roland's cheek.

Hyde Roland grabs her hair, whips her into the bedroom.

FLASH IMAGE: A bloodied Jacqueline clawing her way across the floor, her hair is pulled backward.

Hyde Roland kneels on her arms, on the eroded bed, reaches back and holds high the screwdriver.

ANGELICA
I'd spit in your face, but I'm
afraid you would enjoy it.

HYDE ROLAND
Compliments like that...we will
enjoy this even more.

Roland grabs Hyde Roland's hand as he buries the screwdriver into her neck.

FLASH IMAGE: Roland's sinister, elated face.

Hyde Roland slides his hand out, Roland holds the screwdriver for a second, rocks back off her.

Angelica pulls the screwdriver out and blood jets in diminishing spurts until the life is drained from her.

Hyde Roland flips Angelica onto her back.

FLASH IMAGE: Roland turns a virtually dead Jacqueline over and tears open her shirt.

HYDE ROLAND (CONT'D)
We need to do this.

Roland accepts the screwdriver and holds it like a pencil. Hyde Roland exposes her back, adjusts Roland's grip.

HYDE ROLAND (CONT'D)
We can do it. You have us in you.

FLASH IMAGE: Roland cutting letters into Jacqueline's back.

HYDE ROLAND (CONT'D)
Genesis four seven.

Hyde Roland nudges Roland's hand to her flesh.

ROLAND
Genesis four seven.

Hyde Roland fades into Roland as he etches letters into her flesh: "G," "E," "N..."

INT. PARISH TRAILER -NIGHT

PRESENT DAY

Peter pushes through the plastic barrier. Sidles past the police officers lined up like a scant receiving line.

The forensics team doing their thing.

PETER
Who found her?

POLICEWOMAN
That degenerate outside. Says he
came here to think, but I think it
was more than that.

Through the window, a TEENAGE BOY leans on the side of a
police car, smoking a cigarette.

PETER
Then he was the one who called the
police and waited. Sounds
responsible to me.

Peter eases his way down the hallway, steps into bedroom.

He leans in close, notes sprays of blood on the eroded bed,
the puncture wounds, the words etched into her back.

PETER (CONT'D)
I have seen her before

Policewoman looks over his shoulder

He scrolls through crime scene pictures of Angelica Monroe,
in the woods and the bathroom. He looks into the bathroom,
but it is different from the photo on his phone.

PETER (CONT'D)
I have vague memories of these
investigations.

POLICEWOMAN
Triplets? Looks like you have a
specialized serial killer on your
hands.

EXT. PARISH TRAILER -NIGHT

Peter walks up to the Teenage Boy who tamps out his
cigarette, joining other crushed cigarette filters.

PETER
Nervous?

TEENAGE BOY
Chain smoker. I know, quit while
I'm young.

PETER
What did you see?

He pulls out another cigarette, Peter takes it from him.

PETER (CONT'D)
Pretend like I'm your father.

TEENAGE BOY
He'd light it for me.

He takes back the cigarette, lights it.

TEENAGE BOY (CONT'D)
Like I said to the other cops. I
ain't seen nothing. Came here to
drink and forget about life for a
while.

PETER
There are two other sets of tire
tracks.

TEENAGE BOY
Other people drive too.

PETER
Your parents can meet us down at
the station house?

The Teenage Boy releases a cloud of smoke.

TEENAGE BOY
We got here and we went inside,
found the girl. Everybody left.

PETER
Why did you stay?

TEENAGE BOY
She was my sister's age. I love my
sister.

PETER
I'm going to have you come down to
the station for an official
statement.

TEENAGE BOY
I've said all I have to say.

He exhales a deep cloud of smoke, gets in his car. Peter
steps up to it before he pulls away.

PETER
I'm guessing your father will be
one to call to bring you in?

He tosses his cigarette in front of his car.

TEENAGE BOY
Meet you at the station.

He drives over the cigarette. Peter nods to Policeman.

PETER
Make sure he gets to the station.
I have to follow up on something.

He gets in his squad car and follows.

INT. FORENSICS LAB -DAY

Stainless steel everything. Harmonious electronica sounds of
Andre Aguado's instrumental music.

Their words appear on an iPad, held by a skeleton, wearing a
derby hat labeled *Oliver*, stands next to Sydney.

SYDNEY (V.O.)
...with no evidence of any foul
play, looks like natural causes, or
a broken heart.

She leans over and kisses the old man on the forehead.

PETER (V.O.)
Sydney, please.

SYDNEY
Archie. Stop recording. Pause
music.

ARCHIE (V.O.)
By your command.

The music stops.

Peter has two coffees and a saran wrapped muffin.

PETER
Archie?

She grabs her muffin.

ARCHIE (V.O.)
Yes?

SYDNEY
I have a thing for those little gum
comic strips. He's my AI
companion. Say Hi, Archie.

ARCHIE (V.O.)
No.

SYDNEY
Go to sleep.

ARCHIE (V.O.)
I'll be in my quarters.

SYDNEY
He's a work in progress.

She shrugs her shoulders, takes a sip of coffee and tears a
piece of her muffin.

Peter stands in front of an autopsy table, the toe tag reads,
George Coombs.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)
That one's yours.

PETER
Don't you mean Philip Erdu?

Sydney pulls back the sheet, face crusted with tomato sauce.

SYDNEY
Where'd you get that name from?
There was tomato sauce in George's
lungs. He drowned. Could you only
imagine?

Peter blinks and shakes his head, taps it with his hand.

PETER
He should have been Philip Erdu,
and he was shot.

SYDNEY
You okay?

PETER
I don't know, lets see what
happens. Was it murder or
accidental?

SYDNEY

If it was accidental, than it was suicide. Could you imagine suicide by sauce.

She is at another table, uncovers Angelica, backside up.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

Here's why you are really here. I was able to get a partial finger print.

A magnifying glass shows an enlarged image of a partial bloody finger print.

PETER

IAFIS came up with no results.

SYDNEY

How did you know I was going to say that.

PETER

I have these memories, like fragments of a dream. It's not deja vu, more rough like a rocky outcropping, fighting to find another handhold.

SYDNEY

I have some news you will like. Or do you know that already also? That typewriter key you gave me.

She calls up DNA films on the computer screen, tears another piece of muffin.

PETER

Typewriter key? It was a screwdriver.

SYDNEY

Screwdriver? Now you're shucking me. Person's print on the key matches her and Wells.

She watches Peter walk down the hallway and out of view.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

Archie? Wake up.

ARCHIE

By your command.

SYDNEY
Enough with Battlestar Galactica.

ARCHIE
I will take a break from scifi.

SYDNEY
No, I didn't mean...I deal with
that later.

Sydney dons new gloves and cleans Philip Erdu's face.

INT. SECRET LAB -DAY

Rosemary stands in front of the time machine. Roland comes
down the stairs.

ROLAND
You are getting too close.

ROSEMARY
Roland, only you can stop this.

Roland slams her against the time machine

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Make this right. Go back and leave
Jackie Lorry alone.

ROLAND
I don't need you any more.

The revolving door spins in reverse, Rosemary slides away
from Roland's loosened grip. Peter appears. She catches him
as he steps out.

ROSEMARY
So you believe me?

PETER
I have no other explanation for how
I remember pieces of things and why
these are on my phone.

She assists him over to and sits him on the stairs. He
scrolls through the different photos of Angelica and Carrie.

PETER (CONT'D)
Same girl, different murder scenes.

ROSEMARY
Time paradoxes. They can have
crossover affects.

PETER
With these photos...

Roland smashes Peter's phone.

ROLAND
What photos?

PETER
Roland. They are in the cloud and
fingerprints don't lie.

Roland pulls Peter off the stairs, slams him into the time
machine.

ROLAND
What fingerprints?

Rosemary tries to pull Roland off and he swats her backward,
crashes hard into the workbench, then to the floor, blood
pools from her head.

PETER
We matched to the print on the
typewriter key.

ROLAND
It'll be dismissed, illegally
obtained. It won't really matter
soon anyway.

He takes a pill, readies the time machine, it whirrs to life.

Peter struggles with time sickness, wobbles over to Roland.

Roland holds him by his neck until he goes limp and drops to
the floor.

Roland steps into the revolving door, lights, smoke, he's
gone.

MOMENTS LATER Rosemary and Peter animate and do her actions
in reverse until they are up the stairs.

MOMENTS AFTER THAT Rosemary slides down the stairs feet
first. She looks dead, because she is.

She stops on the floor by the time machine, rolls over onto
her back. Her shirt is ripped open. We see *Genesis 4:7* cut
into her back.

INT. DETECTIVE PRECINCT -DAY

Picture 1950's, Raymond Chandler-esque, retro-metropolitan, with lots of stories to tell. Philip Marlowe would live here if he was a real person.

Precinct gets all static, jittery, distorted, like video interference. Then clears up, but precinct has changed.

A gaggle of detectives go about their business.

We see Peter through the computer monitor as images of crime scene photos of Jacqueline, Carrie, Angelica in woods, in the bathroom, in the bedroom, scroll past.

Picture of the screwdriver, clean, no prints.

POLICEWOMAN (V.O.)

Dispatch got an anonymous call of a woman murdered. Ambulance on its way.

PETER

How anonymous?

POLICEWOMAN (V.O.)

Fellow left no name, sounded like he was gargling with gasoline. Asked for you specifically.

PETER

Detective Dietrich. He'll love it.

POLICEWOMAN

Asked for you *specifically*.

Policewoman presses the paper with the address on the monitor.

POLICEWOMAN (CONT'D)

4598 Plateau Court.

On his desk, a photo of Dietrich, and Peter holding a medal.

Peter grabs his jacket and badge.

INT. SECRET LAB -NIGHT

Rosemary on the floor as we last saw her.

Peter rushes down the stairs.

A glass slide presses down on a bloody fingerprint.

A forensic technician sandwiches two glass slides together.

FORENSIC TECHNICIAN
Know what that is?

FLASH IMAGE: Rosemary watches Peter step into the revolving door.

PETER
A time machine. Now tell Sydney I
need results in a hour.

FORENSIC TECHNICIAN
You could've said an atom splitter
and I still wouldn't care. And
tell her yourself.

Peter kneels, kisses Rosemary on the cheek.

The technician packs up his things, waves the coroners over
and they bag Rosemary.

PETER
Be gentle with her.

CORONER
We know our job. 'sides she's
dead, won't feel a thing.

Peter fights his emotions, spins the revolving door.

INT. FLO'S OFFICE -DAY

Roland's elbows press white on her desk, fingers tightly
interwoven as Florence skims through the pages.

She drops them on the desk, leans back, thinking what to do.

FLORENCE
What is this?

ROLAND
It's a crime novel. That's part of
it.

FLORENCE
You've given me only death
chapters. Is the detective lost in
time? I actually do not care, time
is too precious.

Roland stands up, the chair sails into the door.

ROLAND
You reconsider your decision.

FLORENCE
You can show yourself out.

He leaps over the desk, knocks her to the floor, a stack of books explodes when he cascades into it.

Florence grabs a taser from under her desk, just misses him.

He knocks it from her and stabs her with a letter opener.

On the security screen:

-A PERSON enters the vestibule, presses the buzzer.

Roland stabs Florence twice in quick succession.

The Person opens the door, but the chair legs catch the table, prevents it from opening more than a crack.

Roland gives her another few quick stabs as the person keeps forcing the door, slowly moving the chair and table.

Roland slams into the door.

On the security camera:

-The person hits the floor hard.

-Roland leaps over his head and out.

INT. ROSEMARY'S HOUSE -NIGHT

Roland's writing room, dark, Peter lies in wait.

EXT. ROSEMARY'S HOUSE -NIGHT

Roland comes up to the front door, pulls back the crime scene tape and stops short of opening the door.

He climbs up the trellis and slides in through the window.

INT. ROSEMARY'S HOUSE -FOLLOWING

Roland feels his way over and turns on the light switch.

Peter has his gun aimed at Roland.

PETER
Your own Aunt? Hands on the table,
legs apart.

Roland pauses, pulls the screwdriver on Peter, rushes him.

Peter shoots him in the shoulder. Roland goes down.

Peter steps toward him. Roland lunges forward, stabs him in the gut, Peter falls backward, screwdriver sticks out.

Roland rushes Peter, and he kicks the bullet wound, Roland collapses to the floor next to him.

Peter rolls on top of Roland, kneels on his shoulders and handcuffs him, pulls out his phone.

PETER (CONT'D)
Dispatch, assistance needed 4598
Plateau Court.

Roland pushes the screwdriver in deeper, Peter drops the phone and rolls off him. He stands and stomps on the phone.

Roland starts for the door and Peter trips him, he tumbles near the...

STAIRWAY

Peter weakly grabs Roland by the handcuffs.

Roland trips Peter and they both tumble down, are motionless at the bottom, Roland on top.

He comes to and fishes for the keys. Peter headbutts Roland in the bullet wound, he stumbles backward into the...

LIVING ROOM

And crashes through the coffee table, everything explodes away. Both exhausted from the mini-battle and injuries, Peter pulls Roland up by the handcuffs.

PETER (CONT'D)
Add assaulting a detective.

ROLAND
Time will change that.

Roland pushes Peter, they stumble backward into the...

HALLWAY

And they crash into the mirror and cascade down the stairs.

INT. SECRET LAB -CONTINUOUS

Peter and Roland motionless. Roland moves slowly, takes the keys from Peter and unlocks the handcuffs.

He wobbles over and starts the machine, pours gelignite into the chamber.

Peter futilely tries to pull himself up, cannot and crawls toward Roland as he steps into the revolving door...

INT. DETECTIVE PRECINCT -DAY

Picture 1930's Dashiell Hammett-esque rife with mystery, floors creak and squeal with haunted neo-rustic stories to tell. Sam Spade would be lost were he a real person.

Precinct gets all static, jittery, distorted, like video interference. Then clears up, but the precinct has changed.

There is no framed photo on his desk. Jacqueline's, Carrie's and Angelica's pictures are open on Peter's computer monitor.

He scrolls to a picture of Angelica on his phone, they are different. Scrolls to one of Carrie, they are the same.

A Policeman comes up to his desk, holds out a report.

POLICEMAN

You're going to want this one.

Peter takes the report. Focuses in on *Genesis 4:7*, name Florence McGreagor, looks up at him.

PETER

Have Sydney put a rush on this one.

POLICEMAN

She lived, at Cronenberg Medial Center.

Peter dials the medical center.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)

Hi, Hello?

PETER

This is Detective Peter Greems. Is there a Florence McGeagor there?

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)

She was just admitted.

PETER
I need to talk to her.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)
She's sedated, not in a position to talk.

PETER
Put her on or I'll have you arrested for impeding a murder investigation.

FLORENCE (V.O.)
(sedated groggy)
Say something...potato.

PETER
Where is Roland?

FLORENCE (V.O.)
(sedated groggy)
Fahrenheit. Must be how addicts feel. Time is bookstore.

He ends the call and grabs his shield and gun.

INT. BRADBURY'S BOOKS -DAY

Covers and text from Ray Bradbury's oeuvre paper the walls.

Victor, now bearded and wearing a ball cap low on his forehead, among the compressed crowd in the back.

ROLAND (V.O.)
Fountain straps into the time machine revolving door. It spins around, furiously, gasses fill, it stops, the gasses clear, he's gone.

Peter comes in and forces his way to the front, dead center staring at Roland.

PETER
Roland Beene, you're being arrested for the murders of Jacqueline Lorry, Carrie Wells, Angelica Monroe.

He cuffs one hand, places the book on the table behind him and cuffs his other hand in front of him.

PETER (CONT'D)
You have the right to say nothing.
Should you speak, that can be used
against you in the court of law.

Victor stands in front of them.

VICTOR
Can you sign my book?

They look at the cuffs.

ROLAND
Father.

VICTOR
Make it out to Victor.

Victor holds the book, Roland pauses, awkwardly signs it.

The crowd closes around them like the red sea as they leave.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -NIGHT

Roland handcuffed to the bolt on the table. His fingers tap together in the reflection of the TV.

Peter comes in with a flash drive and plugs it into a computer under the TV, powers it on. The desktop is bare but for one folder.

He sits across from Roland and uses a wireless pointer, opens the only folder on the screen, separate folders labelled Lorry, Wells, Monroe, and McGreagor, and one with a "?".

PETER
Miranda still applies here, so
watch what you say. I know you
killed these girls, what I don't
understand is why?

Roland stares icicles at him.

He scrolls through the girl's photos, stops on the skeleton.

PETER (CONT'D)
Tell me who this is.

Peter holds his eyes on Roland, waiting for him to break.

He holds the pointer behind him, scrolls to a close-up of Florence McGreagor's back, clicks again and the bloody fingerprint is on the screen.

Roland leans back in the chair, cuffs dig into his wrists.

PETER (CONT'D)
I thought that would get a
reaction. Care to explain?

Roland leans forward, sarcasm behind his smirk.

ROLAND
Went to give my publisher my latest
pages. I found her and called 911.

PETER
I never said it was Florence
McGreagor. She lived by the way.

Peter plays security footage of Roland kicking the Person and rushing out.

Roland stands, lifts his side of the table by the handcuffs.

ROLAND
That proves nothing.

PETER
When I match the fingerprints from
the from Angelica to the letter
opener, it'll prove a lot.

Roland settles back into his seat.

ROLAND
All you have are assumptions and
accusations.

Peter scrolls through the photos of the girl's backs.
Roland's eyes get big, looks over to Peter.

PETER
Why *Genesis 4:7*?

ROLAND
You're the detective.

Peter turns off the computer. Reflected on the monitor, he gets up, cuffs Roland's wrists behind the bolt, uncuffs the others and escorts him out.

INT. JAIL CELLS -NIGHT

Roland is alone in a cell, while a few others are sharing a cell in various stages of incarceration.

PORKPIE CAP GUY
Hey, what you do that you get your
own cell?

ROLAND
They say we killed four girls.

PORKPIE CAP GUY
We? Sucks that you got caught.

Florence, battered and bruised, enters, stands a bit back
from Roland's cell.

ROLAND
You are alive.

FLORENCE
Roland, I said put more of yourself
in your stories, not become the
characters.

ROLAND
You better not do anything rash.

FLORENCE
I am cooperating with the
detective.

ROLAND
When I get out of here, I'm going
to finish the job.

Roland reaches out to her, and she is out of his reach.

LATER

Porkpie Cap Guy is gone. Policewoman comes in and releases a
MUSSED UP HAIR prisoner. Policeman enters as she leaves.

POLICEMAN
Not sure who or how, but you made
bail. I honestly didn't think
there was bail for you.

ROLAND
She changed her mind. Won't change
my mind though.

POLICEMAN
I'm afraid the person was an
anonymous source.

Policeman stands with the door open, like he's airing it out.
Roland steps free from the cell and leaves.

INT. SECRET LAB -DAY

The time machine is in motion. Peter steps into the revolving door.

Roland enters and pulls Peter out.

ROLAND
I can't let you do this.

PETER
You do not have a say in the matter
this time.

Peter trains his weapon at Roland.

The revolving door starts to spin.

ROLAND
Do it, you'll be arrested for
murder.

PETER
Only time will tell.

Roland rushes Peter and he shoots him in the chest. Roland crumples to the floor, the life bleeding from him.

Peter stands in front of the door, times his jump, barely makes it in as the door speeds up, smoke and lights and Peter is gone.

INT. PARISH TRAILER -NIGHT

15 YEARS AGO

Jacqueline's bloody eyes blink. Her head leans to the side, blood drips from her mouth.

The sound of tearing cloth.

Jacqueline's eyes widen. Tears, blood course down her face.

JACQUELINE
(barely audible)
Mo-mmm-mmmmy.

Young Peter enters and sees Jacqueline's head moving limply.

Young Peter aims his gun at the kitchen island.

YOUNG PETER
Stand up slowly. I don't want to
have to shoot you.

Old Roland stands up, steps over Jacqueline's head to the
side of the counter.

YOUNG PETER (CONT'D)
That's enough. Who are you?

Old Peter pops onto the scene, distracts Young Peter.

YOUNG PETER (CONT'D)
Now, who are you?

PETER
I am an older you.

YOUNG PETER
What?

Old Roland drop kicks Young Peter and grabs the wayward gun.

Old Peter aims his gun on Old Roland who aims at Young Peter.

ROLAND
(looks at Old Peter)
He dies, you die?

PETER
I shoot you, and you die.

ROLAND
But it won't change anything.

Jacqueline agonizingly pulls herself from behind the counter.

Old Peter shoots Old Roland in the side and he shoots Young
Peter in the chest as he cascades over Jacqueline.

Old Peter drops his gun as he crumples to the floor.

Roland pushes himself to an awkward kneel over Jacqueline,
aims at Young Peter.

ROLAND (CONT'D)
Now it is time I rid myself of you.

Old Peter shoots Old Roland in the thigh, goes down. Old
Peter moves toward him.

Old Roland shoots Young Peter in the head, as Old Peter grabs
him. The blood puddle expands as Old Peter fades away.

YOUNG ROSEMARY

NO!!!!

Young Rosemary, in the doorway, rushes and kneels beside Young Peter, caresses his head.

YOUNG ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Peter, my love.

(to Old Roland)

He was my fiance. Who are you?

Where is Roland?

ROLAND

It's me, aunt Rosemary. I've always been here. You know that.

Rosemary rushes Old Roland and he falls out of the way, she lands on top of Jacqueline.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

I can't kill you, yet.

He swings the gun onto her head and knocks her unconscious. He digs the screwdriver into Jacqueline's back as random parts of his body fade away.

JACQUELINE

(barely audible)

Mommy?.

POLICEMAN 1 and POLICEMAN 2 enter as Old Roland disappears. Policeman 2 vomits when he sees Jacqueline's back.

Rosemary stirs, twists herself over to Jacqueline, holds her ear to her mouth.

POLICEMAN ONE

(into walkie-talkie)

Dispatch. Officer down, two female victims at the abandoned Parish house. Ambulance needed on scene.

Young Rosemary faces Policeman 2.

YOUNG ROSEMARY

She's alive. I stopped him.

POLICEMAN TWO

Who?

Policeman 1 bends to Young Peter, no pulse, closes his eyes.

POLICEMAN ONE

Head shot. No pulse.
(moves to Jacqueline)
She's barely alive, I don't know
how. She's a fighter.

Policeman 2 scoops up the gun with his hat.

POLICEMAN TWO

When we match your prints, I'll be
the eyewitness that...

He turns back and Young Rosemary is gone.

INT. DETECTIVE PRECINCT -NIGHT

Picture 1930's, Dashiell Hammett-esque, aesthetic, with
technological advancements like layers of paint. Sam Spade
would be a fish-out-of-water if he was a real person.

Precinct gets all static, jittery, distorted, like video
interference. Then clears up, but the precinct has changed.

Rosemary at Dietrich's desk.

ROSEMARY

Where's Peter?

DIETRICH

Detective Greems was killed in the
line of duty his rookie year.
Suspect never caught.

Dietrich pulls photos of Carrie, Angelica, Florence, and
Peter from their folders, Rosemary snatches Peter's photo.

ROSEMARY

Peter?! I don't understand. We
were engaged.

Rosemary looks at her finger, no engagement ring. Slides
through the girl's folders.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

She lived, Jacqueline lived. It
all should have ended.

DIETRICH

I wouldn't call her being alive
living. She's practically dead
inside. That's got to be worse
than dead.

Dietrich takes the photo from her.

ROSEMARY
Are you arresting me?

DIETRICH
You only are a person of interest.
I can't hold you here.

Rosemary holds out her hands, Dietrich uncuffs her. She quickens away.

ROSEMARY
I can fix this.

DIETRICH
You can't unkill anyone!

INT. SECRET LAB -NIGHT

Rosemary rushes down the stairs.

INT. DETECTIVE PRECINCT -DAY

Picture 1950's, Raymond Chandler-esque, retro-metropolitan, with lots of stories to tell. Philip Marlowe would live here, were he not a fictional character.

Precinct gets all static, jittery, distorted, like video interference. Then clears up, but the precinct has changed.

Rosemary has Peter's hands in hers.

ROSEMARY
He's using my time machine to
commit these murders.

Peter rubs his forehead, like he's got a headache, sifts through the folders.

PETER
Jacqueline...Carrie...Angelica.
She's not here.

He dials the phone. Rosemary spins Jacqueline's folder.

ROSEMARY
(to herself)
She's dead again.

FLORENCE (V.O.)
 Flo McGreagor, say something
 fantastic.

He ends the call.

ROSEMARY
 I sent you back in time. You were
 supposed to save Jacqueline.

PETER
 I'm spinning through fragments of
 dreams, I don't know what is or
 what isn't.

ROSEMARY
 Each time time is altered, pieces
 of different timelines are
 imprinted on the brain. That is
 what you are experiencing.

PETER
 I need to understand.

ROSEMARY
 I'll show you again...for the first
 time. I'll explain on the way.

She pulls him up, he grabs his coat, she takes it from him
 and tosses it in the small garbage can.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
 We'll talk about that jacket later.

INT. SECRET LAB -DAY

Rosemary, methodically focused, prepares the time machine.

Peter turns the box over in his hands.

She takes the box from him, he stands in the revolving door.
 She puts the pill in his hand.

PETER
 I don't know about this.

ROSEMARY
 You've done this before. Get
 strong Peter.
 (she softens, holds his
 hands)
 You will see all of us.
 (MORE)

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
We'll be both younger and older
versions of ourselves.

PETER
Where am I going?

ROSEMARY
More like when.

PETER
I don't think I can do this.

ROSEMARY
I'll be right behind you. Just
trust me. Be mindful of your
surroundings. And don't kill the
younger versions of us, we'll die
in this time.

Peter swallows the pill, the revolving door spins and stops,
no Peter. She grabs up a pill and starts the machine.

INT. PARISH TRAILER -NIGHT

15 YEARS AGO

Young Rosemary cradles Young Peter, shot in the chest,
bleeding out. Old Peter leans against the wall, clutching
his chest, fading away.

ROLAND
Simple and effective. Yet, feels
impersonal.

Old Roland tosses the gun, it discharges and hits Young
Rosemary in the chest. She falls atop Young Peter.

Old Rosemary steps inside, already fading away.

Young Roland flips an almost dead Jacqueline on her stomach.

Old Peter struggles to grab the walkie-talkie from Young
Peter. He and Old Roland wrestle with it. It sails into the
wall and the case breaks.

ROLAND (CONT'D)
You both will die and the time
machine will not exist.

PETER
Worth the sacrifice, be a martyr
that no one will ever know about.

Old Roland squeezes the walkie-talkie together, barely works.

ROLAND
(gravelly, raspy)
Dispatch?! Detective Greems, 2
female victims, Old Parish place,
Riverside trailer park.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Emergency vehicles enroute.

ROLAND
As long as Rosemary lives, doesn't
matter what happens to you.

The walkie-talkie explodes on the floor.

Young Roland rips open Jacqueline's shirt.

Old Roland starts fading away, random body parts at a time.

Old Rosemary, half faded away, picks up the gun, aims it at
Young Roland looks at Old Roland.

ROSEMARY
I'm speaking to Rollie, I know
you're in there. Remember who you
are.

ROLAND
It's easy to forget what you don't
want to remember.

ROSEMARY
Forgive me.

Young Rosemary shoots Young Roland in the shoulder. He picks
up the screwdriver with his other hand and continues.

The gun falls from her ghostlike hand.

Old Roland goes down like a cannonball hit him in the chest.

Young Peter stops breathing. Old Peter fades away.

EMT STERN stops in the doorway, EMT GILDEN runs into him,
pushing him forward.

EMT GILDEN
Stern!

EMT STERN
Gilden!

EMT GILDEN

I should be first from now on.

Stern vomits. Their wide eyes deny what's before them:

-Old Rosemary, ghost-like

-Old Roland fades away random body parts at a time

-Young Roland cuts into Jacqueline's back

-Young Rosemary holds her bleeding abdomen

-Young Peter dead

They drop to Young Peter and Young Rosemary. Gilden feels no pulse on Peter, shakes his head.

YOUNG POLICEWOMAN comes in, scans the scene, blesses herself.

YOUNG POLICEWOMAN

What in God's jelly jar?

She aims her gun at Young Roland cutting into Jacqueline.

YOUNG POLICEWOMAN (CONT'D)

Drop it, or I'll shoot you where
you sit.

Young Roland continues and she shoots him in the other shoulder. He drops the screwdriver and falls to the floor.

She quickly handcuffs Young Roland. EMT Stern treats him.

EMT STERN

Wouldn't want him bleeding all over
your back seat.

Young Rosemary takes the oxygen mask off.

ROSEMARY

He needs psychiatric help, not
prison.

YOUNG POLICEWOMAN

Not my decision to make.

Policewomen pulls Young Roland from trailer.

EMT Gilden tends to Jacqueline.

EMT Stern tends to Young Rosemary.

INT. DETECTIVE PRECINCT -NIGHT

Picture 1930's, Dashiell Hammett-esque, aesthetic, with technological advancements like layers of paint. Sam Spade would be a fish-out-of-water if he was a real person.

Precinct gets all static, jittery, distorted, like video interference. Then clears up, but teh precinct has changed.

Photos of Carrie Wells, Florence McGreagor and Peter Greems side-by-side slowly scroll across a computer monitor.

Rosemary stands just inside the precinct, looks about. Detective McAdams stops next to her.

RICHARD

You look lost.

ROSEMARY

It's changed, it's all different.

RICHARD

Technology marches on. How can I help you?

ROSEMARY

Peter Greems?

Richard brings her over to Dietrich, stares at the photos of Carrie and Peter. She grabs the photo of Peter.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Peter?!

DIETRICH

He was killed in our rookie year. Case still unsolved.

The phone rings a couple of times.

ROSEMARY

He wasn't supposed to die then.

DIETRICH

Excuse me?

He answers the phone, staring at Rosemary.

DIETRICH (CONT'D)

Detective Dietrich.

WATERSHED (V.O.)

There are skeletal remains. It is a middle aged woman.

DIETRICH

Wallie, I'm a little busy now, I'll give you over to Richard.

WATERSHED

There are similarities to Peter's case that may change that. I'm at Riverside park, Old Parsh trailer.

DIETRICH

I'm on my way.

(ends the call)

You stay here, we need to talk.

Dietrich pulls his badge and weapon from a drawer, turns back and Rosemary is gone.

EXT. PARISH TRAILER -DAY

WOODS

Coroners delicately move a skeleton from under the trailer.

Dietrich is watching the operation, looks up at WATERSHED, a geeky, but intelligent police officer.

DIETRICH

Who found the body?

WATERSHED

She's over at the squad car. Her dog is adorable.

Dietrich steps around the trailer, comes up to the Early Teens Girl, sitting on the hood of the squad car.

DIETRICH

What is your dog's name?

EARLY TEENS GIRL

Ayahuasca.

DIETRICH

Tell me how it happened.

EARLY TEENS GIRL

She was nosy. Went under the trailer, brought me back a present, I called 911 after that and here we are.

She cradles Ayahuasca.

INT. FORENSICS LAB -PRE-DAWN

Stainless steel everything. Liquid anxiety emo music of *My Chemical Romance* resounds.

An iPad asleep, held by a skeleton, wearing a soft, felt fedora labeled *Costello*, off in the distance.

Sydney, sports night club attire, leather mini-skirt, in the vein of goth-punk, works the grey-skinned emaciated remains.

Dietrich comes in and over to Sydney.

SYDNEY

You know this was a favor? A *BIG* favor.

Dietrich flags out 2 \$20 bills in front of her.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

Not even enough for 2 drinks and cover.

Dietrich adds another \$20 bill and Sydney stuffs the bills into her safety pin pocket.

DIETRICH

What have you got for me?

SYDNEY

Decomposition...about 10 to 12 years. I ID'd her from her dental records. And the reported fractured right humerus.

(peels skin back, shows fracture)

But DNA will confirm. She is Harriett Beene.

DIETRICH

All these years later. Any next of kin?

SYDNEY

I don't ask you to make a Y incision. You do your job.

Sydney covers Harriett, grabs her ages old leather jacket, closes the lights and walks down the hall. Dietrich follows.

INT. ROSEMARY'S HOUSE -DAY

Rosemary is deep into a bottle of gin. She is crying over a picture of Peter on her phone.

The doorbell rings. She looks up, but doesn't move.

DIETRICH (O.S.)
Rosemary Yeager? This is Detective
Dietrich. If you are home, I need
to talk to you.

The doorbell rings, Rosemary sashes her way to the door.

ROSEMARY
If I weren't home, would you still
need to talk to me?

DIETRICH
I have some news for you. May I
come in so we can sit?

Rosemary steps back and points her glass to the den.

He sits in a chair, turns and Rosemary is not there.

ROSEMARY
He still died. Should I try again
or just accept it?

She comes in behind him with a glass, drops onto the couch.

DIETRICH
This might not be the best time.

She pours herself a generous amount of gin, then some in the other glass and slides it over to Dietrich.

ROSEMARY
Join me and it'll be alright.

Dietrich salivates at the glass and takes a good swallow.

DIETRICH
I needed that.

Rosemary pours more. Takes a healthy sip of hers.

ROSEMARY
What's this news?

DIETRICH
Rosemary, we found your sister,
Harriett.

Rosemary's eyes look inward, she fixates on the broken grandmother clock.

ROSEMARY

She did that. Fell right into it.
Well, she had some help.

Rosemary swirls her glass and downs the rest of the gin.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Do I have to identify the body?

She opens her phone and Dietrich notices the picture of Peter, before she swipes to a photo of Harriett.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Here is her. You match her up and
it'll be like I was there.

DIETRICH

That won't be necessary, all that
is left is basically a skeleton.

She finishes her drink, fills her glass, offers up the bottle to Dietrich, who shakes his head.

DIETRICH (CONT'D)

How do you have a picture of Peter
on your phone? He looks older than
the photos in my files.

ROSEMARY

Photos can lie to you. Time for
you to go.

Dietrich finishes the drink.

DIETRICH

(tucks his head to the
bottle)

You might want to call it a day.

Rosemary opens the front door, motions for Dietrich to leave, spilling some of her drink.

INT. POST OFFICE BOOKSTORE -NIGHT

A converted post office. In the corner is a duet waiting for their time to perform.

Victor Beene, old beyond his mid-forties.

Jacqueline Lorry, older now, thumbs through the book *"Lives Cut Too Soon."* Rhino Publishing House logo on the cover.

ROLAND (O.S.)

...I was not prepared for what I saw that night," detective Greems reportedly said on scene. His empathy was on full display. I have to admit, I was caught up in my own emotional question, whose benefit was I writing this book? Detective Peter Greems' or mine?

Roland closes the book to an appreciative crowd.

Angelica & Jacqueline are the first two in line for the book signing. Jacqueline reads the author bio:

Roland was abandoned by his mother at a young age and was raised in an evangelical home away from his abusive father. He found an old underwood typewriter and fell into writing stories. Roland's first self-published novel, "Fountaine's Foible" was on the Elmwood Chronicle's best read summer reading list. His fourth Fountaine novel "Fountaine's Family" is due out this fall with Rhino Publishing House. This is Roland's first non-fiction crime novel.

Roland takes a seat in front of what was a bank of post-office boxes, looks up and Victor is gone.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Angelica.

They lean across the table in an awkward embrace.

ANGELICA

I told you I would be the first one on line. I am proud of you.

He takes a book from the display and signs it, a big flourish, *with love, Roland.*

ROLAND

A gift.

Jacqueline steps up to him, hands him the book.

ROLAND (CONT'D)
Whom should I make it out to?

JACQUELINE
Jacqueline Lorry.

Roland freezes, looks up at her.

ROLAND
Who?

JACQUELINE
Jacqueline Lorry. Those poor
girls. Only 13 years old too.

Roland flips to the table of contents...Jacqueline's name is
not there.

ROLAND
I can change that.

CUT TO BLACK