

The Beneficiary  
by  
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FADE IN:

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS - NORTH CRESCENT DRIVE - NIGHT

A jacaranda-lined street. Old money quiet. The kind of neighborhood where the sidewalks are swept.

A WOMAN walks alone. Mid-thirties. Coat pulled tight. She walks fast but her shoulders are loose, like someone who has just won an argument and is still riding it.

This is JESS VANCE. We will not meet her again.

She holds her phone to her ear. It rings. And rings.

JESS  
(to voicemail)  
Han. It's me. Pick up. I need a  
ride, my car's --

She stops. Looks back. Something behind her.

The street is empty.

She turns forward again. Walks faster. Phone still ringing in her ear.

JESS (CONT'D)  
(quieter)  
Pick up. Pick up.

A car door, somewhere behind her. She doesn't turn.

JESS (CONT'D)  
Han, I --

We HEAR something we don't see. A footstep. Fast.

JESS DROPS THE PHONE.

THE PHONE HITS THE SIDEWALK. Lands face-up. The screen glows. Her sister's name on the call display:

HAN  
Ringing. Ringing. The phone alone  
now on the concrete.

A WOMAN'S SCREAM, cut off.

A CAR DOOR SHUTS.

Then -- nothing. Just the ringing phone. The screen times out. Goes dark.

CUT TO BLACK.

The phone keeps ringing. We HEAR it in the dark.

CUT TO:

INT. RONALD REAGAN UCLA MEDICAL CENTER - TRAUMA BAY 2 - NIGHT

The opposite of quiet. A young man on a gurney, chest torn open. Three RESIDENTS, two NURSES, an ANESTHESIOLOGIST. Blood on the floor. Monitors screaming.

In the center of it -- still, slow, certain --

DR. HANNAH VANCE. 41. Scrubs. Mask. Goggles. Only her eyes. Her hands inside the patient's chest cavity.

She is holding his heart.

HANNAH  
(calm)  
Pressure.

NURSE FUENTES  
Sixty over forty.

HANNAH  
Not him. Mine.

A beat. Fuentes blinks. Then -- understands. Reaches up. Adjusts a monitor. The whole room recalibrates around Hannah's joke that wasn't a joke.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
Clamp.

A RESIDENT -- DR. AMARI OKONKWO, 28, sharp -- hands her the wrong instrument.

Hannah does not look at him.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
That's a hemostat.

AMARI  
Right. Sorry.  
(corrects)  
Clamp.

She takes it. Doesn't acknowledge. Works.

HANNAH

Bovie.

The room moves at her tempo. We see her THUMB tap once against her ring finger -- a tiny, unconscious metronome. One beat. Steady.

She reaches deeper into the chest. Finds the bleeder. Clamps it.

The monitors begin to settle.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

(to Amari)

What's the rule?

AMARI

Don't ask who they are.

HANNAH

Why?

AMARI

Because we don't get to choose.

HANNAH

Because we don't get to want.

She pulls her hands out of the cavity. Bloody to the wrists.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Close him.

She walks out of frame.

CUT TO:

INT. RONALD REAGAN UCLA - SCRUB ROOM - NIGHT

Hannah at the sink. The mask off now. Forty-one years old. Hair in a surgical cap. No makeup. Tired in a way sleep won't fix.

She scrubs. Methodical. Hands, wrists, forearms.

She stops scrubbing.

She stares at her hands under the running water.

For a long moment she does not move.

Then her thumb taps her ring finger. Once. Twice. Three times. Faster.

She closes her eyes.

When she opens them, she resumes scrubbing. The metronome again. Steady.

She does not cry.

CUT TO:

INT. RONALD REAGAN UCLA - SURGICAL CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

Light through floor-to-ceiling windows. The room is full of attendings and residents. M&M conference -- Morbidity & Mortality. The hospital's weekly accounting of who they lost and why.

At the head of the table: DR. ELLIOT REINER. 62. Tall. Silver hair, soft eyes, suit better than anyone else in the room. He is the kind of man who makes you feel chosen by listening to you.

The case on the screen behind him: a 52-year-old male, post-op complications, deceased.

REINER

Dr. Mendez. Walk us through.

DR. MENDEZ, 35, stands. Visibly nervous. A career hangs on the next ten minutes.

MENDEZ

Pre-op the patient was stable. Post-anastomosis we lost --

REINER

(gently)  
Slower.

Mendez slows. Reiner nods. A tiny encouragement.

Hannah enters quietly. Takes a seat in the back. Reiner sees her. His face changes -- the smallest softening.

REINER (CONT'D)

(to Mendez)  
Continue.

Mendez continues. We don't hear the words. We watch Reiner watch Hannah. The way you watch a daughter you're worried about.

After a moment, Reiner's gaze returns to Mendez.

REINER (CONT'D)  
 Doctor. Pause.  
 (to the room)  
 Anyone want to tell Dr. Mendez  
 where this case was lost?

Silence. Nobody wants to.

REINER (CONT'D)  
 It wasn't on the table. Was it,  
 Doctor.

Mendez, quietly:

MENDEZ  
 No.

REINER  
 It was lost on the consent form.  
 The patient's family wasn't told  
 about the embolism risk because you  
 were rushing. You owned the mistake  
 when you got back to the OR. You  
 did the work. You did not lose this  
 man on the table.  
 (beat)  
 You lost him in the conversation  
 before it. Sit down. Learn from  
 this. Don't carry it.

Mendez sits. Visibly steadier.

The room moves on. Reiner looks back at Hannah. He gives her a small private smile. The smile of a man who remembers a girl in a yellow dress.

She does not smile back.

CUT TO:

INT. RONALD REAGAN UCLA - REINER'S OFFICE - DAY

Diplomas on the wall. Photographs. One of them: a much younger Reiner with HANNAH'S FATHER, both in tuxedos at some long-ago gala. Another: Hannah at maybe nine, in a yellow dress, holding a stethoscope to a stuffed animal, Reiner watching her with delight.

Hannah sits across from him. She has not taken off her coat.

REINER  
You operated last night.

HANNAH  
GSW to the chest. He lived.

REINER  
Hannah.

HANNAH  
He lived, Elliot.

A long beat. Reiner does not push.

REINER  
Your mother called me.

HANNAH  
I know.

REINER  
She said you haven't been to the house since the service.

HANNAH  
I know.

REINER  
You don't have to go. But you should call her.  
(beat)  
She lost a daughter too.

Hannah, very quiet:

HANNAH  
I know what she lost.

Reiner watches her. Not pushing. Not condescending. The patience of a man who has thirty years of access.

REINER  
The board meeting is Thursday. The foundation gala is in two weeks. I told them you'd come.

HANNAH  
Why?

REINER  
Because Jess was going to come.  
(beat)

(MORE)

REINER (CONT'D)  
And because your father's name is  
on the building, and the donors  
want to see a Vance.

Hannah looks at him.

HANNAH  
You're using her.

REINER  
(gentle)  
I'm continuing her. There's a  
difference.

Hannah doesn't answer.

REINER (CONT'D)  
I'll send a car Thursday. Wear  
something Jess would have liked.

He stands. Comes around the desk. Puts a hand on her  
shoulder. She doesn't shrug it off. She doesn't lean into it.

REINER (CONT'D)  
Take the night off. Go home.

HANNAH  
I'm on call till seven.

REINER  
Then take seven-oh-one off.

A small almost-smile from her. The first crack.

He leaves the office. She sits a moment longer. Looks at the  
photograph of herself at nine.

She does not look like that girl anymore.

CUT TO:

INT. RONALD REAGAN UCLA - TRAUMA BAY - NIGHT

Different night. Hannah back in scrubs. Reading a chart.  
Quiet shift.

The radio crackles.

EMT (O.S.)  
(over radio)  
UCLA Trauma, this is Rescue  
Eighteen.

(MORE)

EMT (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Inbound, GSW abdomen, male, mid-  
 fifties, BP seventy palp, ETA four  
 minutes.

Hannah straightens.

HANNAH  
 (into radio)  
 Copy Eighteen. Bay Three.

EMT (O.S.)  
 Be advised, patient was found in an  
 alley off Wilshire and Bedford. PD  
 is en route.

Hannah pauses. Wilshire and Bedford. Beverly Hills. Two  
 blocks from her sister's last known location.

She doesn't say anything.

She moves.

INT. TRAUMA BAY 3 - MOMENTS LATER

The doors burst open. EMTs wheel in the gurney. A MAN, mid-  
 fifties, gray, soaked through with blood. Eyes open.  
 Conscious. Barely.

HANNAH  
 (calm, fast)  
 On my count. One, two, three --

They transfer him to the table. The team descends.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
 Two large-bore IVs. Type and cross  
 six units. Get me a chest film at  
 bedside.

The PATIENT'S eyes find hers. He grabs her wrist with  
 shocking strength. He pulls her down toward his face.

PATIENT  
 (whispered, urgent)  
 Vance.

Hannah freezes.

PATIENT (CONT'D)  
 You're Vance.

HANNAH  
 Sir, I need you to --

PATIENT  
Your sister hired me.

The room keeps moving around them. Nobody else heard.

PATIENT (CONT'D)  
The car. My car. Wilshire. Glove --

His grip slackens. His eyes roll back.

NURSE FUENTES  
She's losing him.

HANNAH  
(still staring)  
...

AMARI  
Dr. Vance.

HANNAH  
(snapping back)  
Tube him. Now.

The team moves. Hannah's hands move with them. The metronome holds.

But her thumb is tapping her ring finger. Faster than we've ever seen it.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAUMA BAY 3 - CONTINUOUS

The team is working. Hannah's hands inside the patient's abdomen. Bleeding everywhere.

The doors swing open.

REINER (O.S.)  
What do we have?

Hannah does not look up.

HANNAH  
GSW abdomen. Hypotensive. He's  
bleeding out faster than I can pack  
him.

REINER enters. Already gowning up. Calm. Present. The attending of attendings.

REINER  
Need another set of hands?

HANNAH  
I need a vascular surgeon and OR  
Two in ten minutes.

REINER  
You have OR Two in seven. I'll  
assist.

Hannah's eyes flick up. To Reiner. For the first time.

He smiles at her. Reassuring. Steady. The man who recommended her to medical school.

REINER (CONT'D)  
(gentle)  
Breathe, Hannah. We've got him.

Then -- Reiner looks down at the patient's face.

For one half-second, his face changes.

It is so brief that nobody else sees it. Hannah, hands inside the man's abdomen, looking up at her mentor at exactly the wrong angle, sees it.

She sees him recognize the patient.

She sees him recognize that the patient is alive.

She sees him decide.

His smile returns.

REINER (CONT'D)  
Let's save this man's life.

Hannah's hands are inside a dying man, in a room with the person who killed her sister, and she is the only one who knows.

The thumb-tap stops.

For the first time in the entire film, her hands go completely still.

Then -- slowly -- she resumes the work.

HANNAH  
 (quiet, even)  
 Suction.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. OR TWO - MOMENTS LATER

Bright lights. Sterile. The patient on the table. Reiner across from Hannah, scrubbed in.

A nurse pulls a sterile drape over the patient's body.

The drape covers his face.

CLOSE ON HANNAH'S EYES, above her mask.

FADE OUT.

**END OF ACT ONE**

INT. AN APARTMENT - VENICE - DAY

A different apartment. Smaller. Lived-in. Books. Records. A photograph on a shelf: Hannah and another woman, both in scrubs, ten years younger, arms around each other.

A WOMAN at the kitchen sink. Mid-forties. Buzz cut. Tattoos sleeving her left arm. T-shirt that reads NAVY.

This is DR. CASS DOYLE. Former Navy trauma surgeon. Hannah's residency partner. Best friend by attrition -- the only friend Hannah has kept.

The burner phone rings on the counter. Cass looks at it. A number she does not know.

She answers.

CASS  
 Doyle.

HANNAH (V.O.)  
 (tense, low)  
 It's me. Don't say my name.

A beat. Cass turns off the faucet.

CASS  
 Where are you.

HANNAH (V.O.)  
 My apartment. I need you here.  
 Don't drive your car. Take a  
 rideshare. Pay cash.

CASS  
 Hannah.

HANNAH (V.O.)  
 I think someone killed Jess. I have  
 proof. I need you to listen to a  
 recording and tell me I'm not  
 crazy.

A long beat.

CASS  
 Give me forty minutes.

She hangs up. Stands for a moment. Then:

She goes to a closet. Pulls out a duffel bag. Inside: folded  
 fatigues. A holster. A handgun in a case.

She does not take the gun.

She takes the holster.

She puts it under her shirt empty.

She leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. HANNAH'S APARTMENT - WESTWOOD - DAY

Cass at the counter. Headphones in. Hannah's laptop in front  
 of her. She has been listening for several minutes.

Hannah at the window. Watching her.

Cass takes the headphones off. Sets them down. Does not look  
 up.

CASS  
 Play it again.

HANNAH  
 Cass --

CASS  
 Play it again, Hannah. The last  
 twenty seconds.

Hannah comes over. Plays the last twenty seconds.

We hear it through the laptop speakers, faintly:

JESS (V.O.)  
(faint)  
I'm leaving, Elliot.

REINER (V.O.)  
(faint)  
Sit down.

Door. Door. Footsteps. Outside.

Cass stops the playback.

CASS  
He didn't go after her.

HANNAH  
What.

CASS  
The footsteps. After the door.  
They're light. They're going the  
wrong way. He didn't run.

A beat.

HANNAH  
He could have caught up.

CASS  
He's sixty-two with a knee  
replacement.

HANNAH  
Cass --

CASS  
I am not saying he didn't kill her.  
I am saying he didn't kill her  
himself.

A long silence. Hannah sits down.

HANNAH  
That's worse.

CASS  
That's worse.

HANNAH  
Why is that worse.

CASS  
 Because there's another guy we  
 don't know about. And he's not on  
 this recording. And he doesn't know  
 we have this recording. And he is  
 the one who saw your sister's face  
 when --

HANNAH  
 Stop.

A beat. Cass softens.

CASS  
 Sorry.

HANNAH  
 The guy who showed up at the car.

CASS  
 Tell me again.

HANNAH  
 Black SUV. Expensive shoes. He was -  
 -  
 (beat)  
 He was checking on the body. The  
 car is the body.

CASS  
 He's not Reiner's friend. He's  
 Reiner's hire. And right now he is  
 looking for two things -- the  
 evidence, which you have, and the  
 guy in the bed at UCLA, who you  
 saved.

HANNAH  
 I know.

CASS  
 Tonight.

HANNAH  
 What.

CASS  
 He'll come for the patient tonight.  
 The hospital is the easy part. He  
 just needs five minutes alone with  
 the IV line.

HANNAH  
Reiner already tried. He stopped  
because of a nurse.

CASS  
The nurse won't be there tonight.

A beat.

HANNAH  
We move him.

CASS  
Where.

HANNAH  
Cedars.

CASS  
Reiner sits on the board at Cedars  
too. Don't look at me like that, I  
checked when I was applying.

HANNAH  
UCSF.

CASS  
He has friends at UCSF.

HANNAH  
San Diego.

CASS  
A man with a posterior IVC repair,  
three days post-op, you want to put  
him on a medevac to San Diego.

HANNAH  
Yes.

A long beat.

CASS  
Okay.  
(beat)  
But we need to do it without  
telling anyone at UCLA. Which means  
we need to find a medevac team that  
doesn't ask questions and a  
receiving surgeon at Scripps who'll  
take a transfer with no records.  
(beat)  
I know one.

HANNAH  
From the Navy.

CASS  
Yeah.

CUT TO:

INT. UCLA SICU - HANNAH'S OFFICE / PHYSICIAN WORKROOM - LATE  
AFTERNOON

Hannah at a computer. Cass beside her, leaning casually,  
reading badge in her hand -- a UCLA visitor pass that does  
not say MD.

Hannah pulls up Gerard Wallace's chart.

She opens the orders panel.

A new line at the top of his chart:

PATIENT FLAG: NO TRANSFER

ORDERED BY: REINER, ELLIOT MD

Hannah goes still.

CASS  
What.

HANNAH  
He flagged the chart.

CASS  
Show me.

Hannah turns the screen.

CASS (CONT'D)  
When was that put in.

Hannah checks the timestamp.

HANNAH  
Forty minutes ago.

CASS  
He knows we're going to try.

HANNAH  
He knows I'm going to try.

A beat.

CASS  
Override it.

HANNAH  
I can't. Chief of surgery's flag  
overrides surgeon-of-record.

CASS  
So we move him anyway. Without  
discharge papers.

HANNAH  
We can't transport him without a  
chart. The medevac team won't take  
him.

CASS  
We can falsify a chart.

HANNAH  
Cass.

CASS  
We can falsify a chart, Hannah. You  
have access. I'll help you.

HANNAH  
I am not falsifying medical  
records.

CASS  
You broke into a car last night.

HANNAH  
That's different.

CASS  
How is it different.

A long beat.

HANNAH  
Because if I touch his chart in a  
way that violates regs, I lose my  
license. I lose my license, and I'm  
a grieving woman with a vendetta  
and no one will believe a word I  
say. He needs me to do something  
stupid. He flagged the chart to  
make me do something stupid.

CASS  
 (after a beat)  
 You're right.

HANNAH  
 I know I'm right.

CASS  
 Then what.

A beat. Hannah is thinking.

HANNAH  
 We don't move him. We make him un-killable.

CASS  
 What does that mean.

HANNAH  
 We put eyes on him. Twenty-four-seven. Family. Press. Police.

CASS  
 He doesn't have family.

HANNAH  
 We make him have family.

She closes the laptop. Turns to Cass.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
 You are going to be his sister starting in twenty minutes.

CASS  
 What.

HANNAH  
 Sister flying in from Phoenix. Distraught. Will not leave the bedside. She has questions and a lawyer.

CASS  
 Hannah.

HANNAH  
 You're a Navy trauma surgeon. You can perform a sister.

CASS  
 (a slow, dawning grin)  
 I really can.

CUT TO:

INT. UCLA SICU - GERARD WALLACE'S ROOM - EVENING

Wallace in the bed. Tubed. Sedated. Stable.

Cass enters. She has changed -- sweater, jeans, eyes red. She has been crying. She has been crying believably.

She sits beside the bed. Takes Wallace's hand.

CASS  
 (quiet, performed)  
 Hi, Gerry. It's me. I came as soon  
 as I could.

A NURSE enters with a tray. Stops. Surprised.

NURSE  
 Oh -- I'm sorry, I didn't know he  
 had family.

CASS  
 (looking up, raw)  
 They told me he didn't have anyone  
 listed. He didn't tell you about  
 me?

NURSE  
 I -- no, I'm sorry, no one  
 mentioned --

CASS  
 We hadn't talked in seven years.  
 Sober dating, you know? Then I get  
 a call from a hospital in Los  
 Angeles --

She breaks. Genuinely. The performance is so good that even Hannah, watching from the hallway, almost believes it.

NURSE  
 (kindly)  
 Take whatever time you need. I'll  
 come back.

The nurse leaves.

Cass keeps holding Wallace's hand for a moment after the door closes.

She looks at his face.

CASS

(low)

I don't know who you are. But I know who you were trying to help. So we're going to keep you alive together.

She settles in for the long haul.

CUT TO:

INT. HANNAH'S APARTMENT - WESTWOOD - EARLY EVENING

The apartment as we last saw it. The PI's manila folder gone - - locked in a safe deposit box now, off-screen.

Hannah at her bedroom mirror. A garment bag on the bed, unzipped. A black dress hangs from the door. Long. Severe. Beautiful in a way she has not allowed herself to be in years.

Her hair is up. Makeup on. She is unrecognizable from the woman in scrubs.

The phone rings. She answers.

HANNAH

Tell me he's stable.

CASS (V.O.)

He's stable. Two visitors tonight, both nurses. No Reiner.

HANNAH

Eyes off him for how long.

CASS (V.O.)

Forty seconds when I went to pee.

HANNAH

Don't pee.

CASS (V.O.)

I'm wearing a catheter, Hannah.

A beat. Hannah laughs. Genuinely. The second time we've heard her laugh in the script.

HANNAH

You are not.

CASS (V.O.)

I might be. You'll never know.

(beat, serious)

Listen to me. The hard drive. You get five minutes alone with his computer. You plug it in, you click yes, you walk away. You do not read anything. You do not look. If you start reading you'll be there when he walks back in.

HANNAH

Five minutes.

CASS (V.O.)

And Hannah --

HANNAH

Yeah.

CASS (V.O.)

He's going to be charming tonight. That's what he is. Don't let it work.

A beat.

HANNAH

It's been working for thirty years.

She hangs up.

She picks up a ring from the dresser. A small, simple ring. Old. We have not seen it before.

She puts it on her right ring finger.

She looks at her hand.

The ring sits on the finger her thumb has been tapping this entire script.

She closes her hand into a fist.

Holds it.

Releases.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BEVERLY HILTON - INTERNATIONAL BALLROOM ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Black-tie. Valets. A stretch of red carpet. A photo backdrop reading:

UCLA HEALTH FOUNDATION

ANNUAL BENEFACTORS GALA

Hannah steps out of a town car. She has not been on a red carpet since college. She knows how to do it without remembering she knows how.

A PHOTOGRAPHER lifts his camera.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
Dr. Vance? Just one --

She walks past him without breaking stride.

She enters the ballroom.

INT. BEVERLY HILTON - INTERNATIONAL BALLROOM - NIGHT

A space the size of a small ocean. Crystal chandeliers. Four hundred people in formal wear. A string quartet on a riser. Tables with centerpieces taller than children.

Money. The room is made of money. UCLA donors. Old Hollywood. New tech. Lawyers. Three congressmen. The Mayor.

Hannah moves through it like a ghost who used to live here.

A WOMAN in her sixties intercepts her -- diamonds, silver hair, a face Hannah remembers from childhood.

MARGOT WHITTAKER  
Hannah. My God. Look at you.

HANNAH  
Margot.

MARGOT  
I haven't seen you since --  
(catches herself)  
Oh, sweetheart.

HANNAH  
It's all right.

MARGOT  
It is not all right. Your mother  
told me. I cried for an hour. Where  
is your mother.

HANNAH  
She's not coming.

MARGOT  
Of course. Of course she's not.

A beat. Margot studies her. Lowers her voice.

MARGOT (CONT'D)  
Hannah. There's a rumor.

HANNAH  
About what.

MARGOT  
About Jess. That she'd been --  
looking at things. For the board.

A beat. Hannah does not betray surprise.

HANNAH  
Where did you hear that.

MARGOT  
Where do I hear anything. The  
board. The husbands of the board.

HANNAH  
And what did the husbands of the  
board hear.

MARGOT  
That she'd flagged something and  
then she -- and now nobody will say  
what she flagged.

A long beat.

HANNAH  
Margot. If you were going to tell  
me something, what would it be.

Margot looks at her. The look of a woman who has lived in a  
city built on secrets and chooses, in this moment, to break  
one of them.

MARGOT  
 Look at the silent auction catalog,  
 sweetheart. The third page. The  
 Montecito getaway.

She kisses Hannah's cheek. Walks away.

Hannah does not move for a moment.

She turns. Walks toward the silent auction tables.

CUT TO:

INT. BEVERLY HILTON - SILENT AUCTION ROOM - NIGHT

A side room. Catalog stands. Lush items: a Ferrari for a weekend. A box at the Hollywood Bowl. A safari.

Hannah finds the catalog. Flips to page three.

THIRD ITEM:

**A WEEKEND AT REINER ESTATE**

MONTECITO. 8 GUESTS. PRIVATE CHEF.

WINE CELLAR TASTING WITH DR. ELLIOT REINER.

STARTING BID: \$40,000.

A photograph. Reiner's Montecito house. The wine cellar. A vaulted, climate-controlled cathedral of bottles.

The wine cellar built with stolen pediatric oncology funds.

She stares at the photograph.

A VOICE behind her.

REINER (O.S.)  
 You came.

She turns.

REINER stands in the doorway. Tuxedo. Easy. Pleased to see her.

She does not move. The catalog is still in her hand.

REINER (CONT'D)  
I was hoping you would.

HANNAH  
You said you were sending a car.

REINER  
You said you didn't want one.

HANNAH  
I didn't want one.

A beat. He smiles.

REINER  
You look beautiful, Hannah.

She closes the catalog. Sets it down.

HANNAH  
Margot Whittaker says hello.

REINER  
(warm)  
Margot is a treasure.

HANNAH  
She bid forty-five on Montecito.

REINER  
Then I'll have to pour her  
something extraordinary.

He steps in. Offers his arm.

REINER (CONT'D)  
Come. There's a table I want you  
at.

She takes his arm.

The audience can feel Hannah's hand on his sleeve. Her  
fingers do not betray her.

CUT TO:

INT. BEVERLY HILTON - BALLROOM - NIGHT

Table 4. Hannah seated between Reiner on her left and a  
distinguished man in his late seventies on her right. This is  
JUDGE STERLING ROTH (Ret.), a federal judge emeritus. Old  
friend of Hannah's father. Donor.

Across the table: KATHRYN VOSS, 50s, sharp, the foundation's executive director. Reiner's appointee.

The plates are being cleared. The lighting begins to shift. A spotlight on the lectern.

KATHRYN VOSS  
 (rising, clinking glass)  
 Friends. If I could have your  
 attention.

The room quiets.

KATHRYN VOSS (CONT'D)  
 As executive director, I have the  
 honor every year of introducing the  
 man who has been the heart of this  
 foundation for nineteen years. Dr.  
 Elliot Reiner.

Applause. Reiner stands. He kisses Hannah on the temple as he rises -- a paternal kiss. The room sees it. The room finds it tender.

HANNAH  
 (under her breath, to  
 herself)  
 Don't.

He walks to the lectern. The applause continues. He gestures it down.

REINER  
 (at the lectern)  
 Twelve years ago I stood at this  
 same lectern and I told you that  
 the foundation's mission was to put  
 medicine where medicine was needed.  
 Tonight, I can tell you we have  
 given forty-one million dollars to  
 pediatric oncology research at  
 UCLA. We have funded indigent care  
 for nearly two hundred thousand  
 patients who could not have walked  
 into our hospital on their own  
 dime.  
 (beat)  
 We have done this because of you.

Applause.

Hannah looks at her plate.

Judge Roth, beside her, leans over.

JUDGE ROTH  
(quiet)  
Your father would be very proud of  
you tonight, sweetheart.

Hannah looks at him.

HANNAH  
Of me.

JUDGE ROTH  
That you came. I know it's hard.

A beat.

HANNAH  
Judge Roth. Are you on the board.

JUDGE ROTH  
I have been since 1991.

HANNAH  
Have you ever audited Ridgepoint.

A beat. The Judge looks at her.

JUDGE ROTH  
What.

HANNAH  
Ridgepoint Advisory Group.

A long beat. The Judge has not moved.

JUDGE ROTH  
That's the consulting firm.

HANNAH  
Yes.

JUDGE ROTH  
We pay them. They handle --  
procurement. Vendor reviews.

HANNAH  
Who owns Ridgepoint, Judge.

A beat. He does not know.

JUDGE ROTH  
I'd have to check.

HANNAH  
Check.

She holds his gaze. He looks toward the lectern. Reiner is mid-sentence. The Judge looks back at Hannah. The look of a man who has just realized the floor he is standing on may not be a floor.

JUDGE ROTH  
(very quiet)  
Is this the rumor.

HANNAH  
Check, Judge.

He looks down at his plate. Then back up.

JUDGE ROTH  
I will check tomorrow.

HANNAH  
Tonight.

JUDGE ROTH  
Tonight.

A beat. The applause for Reiner swells. He has finished the speech. The room rises.

Hannah rises with them.

She claps.

She walks toward the back of the ballroom.

CUT TO:

INT. BEVERLY HILTON - ELEVATORS - NIGHT

Hannah at the elevators. The ballroom muffled behind her. She presses 14.

The doors close.

She breathes.

INT. BEVERLY HILTON - 14TH FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Hotel hallway. Empty. She moves down it, fast. Suite 1408.

She produces a key card. We have not seen this before.

She slides it through the lock. The light goes green.

She steps inside.

INT. BEVERLY HILTON - SUITE 1408 - NIGHT

A grand suite. Living area. Used. A laptop on the desk, closed. Cufflinks beside it. A jacket draped over the chair.

Hannah goes to the desk.

She opens the laptop.

A password screen.

She stares at it.

She types: JESS

The screen shakes. WRONG PASSWORD.

She types: HANNAH

WRONG PASSWORD.

She tries: RIDGEPOINT

WRONG PASSWORD.

She closes her eyes. Thinks.

She types: MONTECITO

The screen unlocks.

She exhales.

She produces the external hard drive Cass gave her. Plugs it in. A copy dialog opens. She selects: ALL.

The progress bar begins. SLOW.

ESTIMATED TIME REMAINING: 7 MINUTES.

She looks at the time on the laptop. 9:47 PM.

She walks to the window. The Beverly Hills lights below.

She walks back to the desk.

She sees a folder on the desktop labeled FAMILY.

She hesitates.

She opens it.

Photographs.

REINER WITH HER FATHER, decades ago. At a beach. Both holding small children -- one is unmistakably Hannah at maybe four years old. She is on her father's shoulders. Her father is laughing. Reiner is laughing harder.

Another. A wedding photograph. Hannah's parents' wedding. Reiner is the best man.

Another. Hannah's college graduation. Reiner pinning a white coat onto her at the medical school ceremony -- the white coat ceremony, the day before her clinical training began.

Another. Jess's college graduation. Reiner with his arm around Jess. Jess laughing.

Hannah's hand goes to her mouth.

The progress bar:

ESTIMATED TIME REMAINING: 4 MINUTES.

She closes the folder.

She breathes.

She looks at the desk drawer. Top right.

Hesitates. Opens it.

Inside: a leather notebook. She lifts it. Underneath the notebook, a passport. UNITED STATES. Reiner's. And next to it -- a second passport.

She picks it up.

REPUBLIC OF MALTA.

Same photograph. Different name.

EDWARD RAYMOND SHELDON.

A bolt-hole identity. A man who is preparing to leave.

Her phone buzzes. She nearly drops it.

A text from Cass:

HE'S MOVING. HE LEFT TWO MINUTES AGO. ELEVATORS.

The progress bar:

ESTIMATED TIME REMAINING: 2 MINUTES.

Hannah's hands -- the hands that have been steady through every crisis of the script -- are now shaking.

She looks at the bar. She looks at the door.

She makes the choice.

She waits.

The bar:

ESTIMATED TIME REMAINING: 1 MINUTE.

A KEY CARD reader CLICKS in the hallway.

Three doors away. Then two.

The bar:

30 SECONDS.

Footsteps. Right outside.

The bar:

10 SECONDS.

A KEY CARD enters the lock of suite 1408.

The bar disappears.

TRANSFER COMPLETE.

She yanks the drive. Slams the laptop closed. Steps back from the desk.

The door opens.

REINER stands in the doorway. He has not seen her yet -- he's looking back at someone in the hall.

REINER  
(over his shoulder)  
Five minutes, Kathryn. I'll be  
right down.

He turns. Sees Hannah.

Pauses.

Smiles.

REINER (CONT'D)  
Lost?

CUT TO:

INT. BEVERLY HILTON - SUITE 1408 - CONTINUOUS

Hannah at the desk. The hard drive in her clutch. Reiner in the doorway.

HANNAH  
(lightly)  
I came up to find a bathroom.

REINER  
Hannah. The ballroom has six.

HANNAH  
Mine had a line.

A beat. Reiner closes the door behind him.

REINER  
Sit down.

She does not sit.

REINER (CONT'D)  
Hannah. Sit down.

She sits. He sits across from her. The desk between them. The closed laptop.

REINER (CONT'D)  
I'm going to tell you something and  
I want you to listen.

HANNAH  
Okay.

REINER  
I know you're not okay.

HANNAH  
I'm okay.

REINER  
You are not. You haven't slept.  
Look at your hands.

She looks. Her hands are still shaking. She cannot stop them.

REINER (CONT'D)

I want you to take a leave of absence.

HANNAH

No.

REINER

Three months. Paid. I will not report it to the credentialing committee. I'll cover for you.

HANNAH

I don't want to leave.

REINER

Hannah. You operated last night with a posterior IVC repair you should not have attempted on three hours of sleep.

HANNAH

He lived.

REINER

He lived because you are still the best surgeon I've trained in twenty years.

(beat)

And because you got lucky.

A beat.

HANNAH

I'm not taking leave.

REINER

Then I will require it.

A long beat.

HANNAH

Why.

REINER

Because I love you and I do not want to watch you destroy yourself.

She looks at him.

She believes him.

That is the most disturbing moment of the scene -- for her, for the audience, for the script. He means it.

HANNAH  
What was Ridgepoint.

A beat.

REINER  
What.

HANNAH  
Ridgepoint Advisory Group.

A long beat.

REINER  
Where did you hear that name.

HANNAH  
I'm asking.

A long beat. Reiner does not look away.

REINER  
Ridgepoint is a consulting entity I established to manage procurement for the foundation. Vendor contracts run through it.

HANNAH  
And the eleven million.

A beat. He does not flinch.

REINER  
The foundation paid Ridgepoint for services rendered over twelve years. Audit trail is on file.

HANNAH  
Audited by whom.

REINER  
Hannah.

HANNAH  
Audited by whom, Elliot.

A beat.

REINER  
By me.

A beat.

HANNAH

I see.

A long, awful silence.

REINER

Hannah. Whatever you think you have, take a breath. Sit with it for a week. Bring it to me before you bring it to anyone else and we will look at it together.

HANNAH

(quietly)

That is exactly what you said to Jess.

A beat.

The temperature in the room changes.

Reiner does not move. His face does not move. But something in his eyes has gone still in a way it has not been still before.

REINER

Get out of my room, Hannah.

She stands.

REINER (CONT'D)

And you will take leave tomorrow morning. Or I will flag your privileges.

HANNAH

Flag them.

She walks past him. Toward the door.

REINER

Hannah.

She stops. Does not turn.

REINER (CONT'D)

You don't know what you're doing.

HANNAH

Neither did she.

She walks out.

INT. BEVERLY HILTON - 14TH FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Hannah in the empty hallway. She makes it to the elevator.

She presses the button.

She waits.

Inside her clutch, the hard drive.

The elevator dings.

She steps in.

The doors close.

She slides to the floor of the elevator, her back against the wall, and she puts her hands over her face.

For the first time in three weeks, Dr. Hannah Vance cries.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. CASS'S APARTMENT - VENICE - LATE NIGHT

The apartment we saw at the start of Movement 1. Cass at the kitchen counter, in sweatpants and an old Navy shirt. A second laptop -- not Cass's regular one -- isolated from her network, no wifi, sitting alone on the butcher block.

Hannah comes in still wearing the gala dress. The hem dirty. One earring missing. She has not been home.

Cass looks up. Takes her in.

CASS

Sit down.

Hannah does not sit. She walks to the laptop. Plugs in the hard drive.

CASS (CONT'D)

Hannah. Sit down.

HANNAH

We don't have time.

CASS

You have ten minutes. Sit down and drink water. You look like you ran here.

She pushes a glass of water across the counter. Hannah hesitates. Sits. Drinks.

She drinks the whole glass.

She sets it down.

HANNAH

He has a Maltese passport.

CASS

What.

HANNAH

A second passport. Different name.  
Edward Sheldon.

A beat.

CASS

He's running.

HANNAH

He's running soon.

CASS

How soon.

HANNAH

I don't know. Days.

A long beat. Cass turns to the laptop.

CASS

Then we hurry.

She begins. Plugs in the drive. Files cascade. Spreadsheets. Emails. PDFs. Years of correspondence.

Cass is fast. Naval intelligence training, never discussed. She runs queries. Sorts by date, sorts by size, sorts by sender.

CASS (CONT'D)

Twelve years of Ridgepoint billing.  
Confirmed.

(scrolling)

Wire instructions. Bank in  
Delaware. Same one Jess flagged.

(scrolling)

Personal calendar. Lots of dinners  
with the foundation board.

HANNAH  
Look for Jess.

CASS  
I am.

A beat.

CASS (CONT'D)  
There's a calendar entry.  
(reading)  
October 17th. Eight PM. JV -- MY  
OFFICE.

The night Jess died.

HANNAH  
He had her come to him.

CASS  
Yeah.

HANNAH  
And then she went home and someone -  
-

CASS  
(quiet)  
Hannah.

A beat.

CASS (CONT'D)  
Look at this.

She turns the screen.

A folder. Encrypted. Title: COMPENSATION REVIEW.

Inside: a single text file. Cass tries to open it. PASSWORD  
REQUIRED.

CASS (CONT'D)  
He's encrypted one folder out of  
three thousand.

HANNAH  
What's in it.

CASS  
The thing he can't have anyone else  
find.  
(beat)  
Try Montecito.

Hannah types.

INCORRECT.

HANNAH  
Try his daughters.

CASS  
Names?

HANNAH  
Caroline. Lucy.

INCORRECT.

INCORRECT.

A beat.

HANNAH  
Try Vance.

INCORRECT.

A long beat.

HANNAH  
Try Yellow.

CASS  
Yellow?

HANNAH  
The dress. He has a photo of me at  
nine in a yellow dress.

She types YELLOW.

INCORRECT.

She types YELLOWDRESS.

INCORRECT.

She closes her eyes.

She types JESS.

INCORRECT.

She types JESSICAVANCE.

INCORRECT.

She types --

HANNAH

Wait.

She stops. Thinks.

She types HANNAHVANCE.

The folder opens.

She has not breathed.

CASS

(very quietly)

Hannah.

Inside the folder: a single text document. NO\_NAMES.txt.

Hannah opens it.

A list. Names. Dates. Dollar amounts.

But the names are not what Hannah expects. They are not the names of people Reiner stole from. They are the names of people Reiner has paid.

Twelve names. Spanning fourteen years.

Beside each: a date and a dollar amount.

Hannah scrolls to the bottom of the list. The most recent entry, dated three weeks ago:

M.K. -- \$80,000 -- 10/17

The date Jess died.

HANNAH

What is this.

CASS

(very still)

Hannah, this is a payroll.

HANNAH  
For what.

CASS  
(slowly)  
For people who fix problems for  
him.

A long silence.

CASS (CONT'D)  
And M.K. is the man who did it.

CUT TO:

INT. UCLA SICU - GERARD WALLACE'S ROOM - NIGHT

A different night nurse now. Cass is gone -- her shift ended  
at 6 PM. The room dim.

Wallace's eyes are open.

He stares at the ceiling.

The night nurse, MARIA, mid-thirties, comes in. Surprised to  
find him conscious.

MARIA  
Oh -- oh, Mr. Wallace, hello. Hold  
on. I'm going to call your surgeon.

WALLACE  
(croaking, dry)  
Vance.

MARIA  
Yes. Dr. Vance. I'll call her right  
now.

WALLACE  
Hannah.

A beat. Maria pauses.

MARIA  
Yes. Dr. Hannah Vance.

WALLACE  
Tell her -- alone.

MARIA  
Sir?

WALLACE  
 (with effort)  
 Don't tell -- anyone else.  
 (beat)  
 Just her.

Maria looks at him. The hospital procedure says she should call the senior attending on call. Maria has been a SICU nurse for nine years. She knows when a patient is asking for something for a reason.

She nods.

MARIA  
 Just her.

She steps out.

CLOSE ON WALLACE. Eyes open. Lips moving silently. He is practicing a sentence.

CUT TO:

INT. CASS'S APARTMENT - VENICE - SAME NIGHT

Hannah's phone vibrates. UCLA SICU.

HANNAH  
 (answering)  
 Vance.

MARIA (V.O.)  
 Dr. Vance, it's Maria from SICU.  
 Mr. Wallace is awake. He's asking  
 for you. He -- he asked me not to  
 tell anyone else.

A beat.

HANNAH  
 Don't.

MARIA (V.O.)  
 I haven't.

HANNAH  
 Twenty minutes.

She hangs up. Cass already has her keys.

CASS  
 I'll go with you.

HANNAH  
He asked for me alone.

CASS  
Hannah.

HANNAH  
You are his sister. You can be in  
the room. He needs to think we're  
alone.

CASS  
Got it.

They go.

CUT TO:

INT. UCLA SICU - GERARD WALLACE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Hannah enters. Still in the gala dress under a coat. Cass  
behind her, in sister mode.

The room dim. Wallace propped slightly. Eyes on the door.

WALLACE  
Vance.

HANNAH  
I'm here.

She sits beside the bed. Takes his hand. The doctor in her  
checking his pulse without thinking.

WALLACE  
Your sister --  
(a difficult breath)  
-- was good.

HANNAH  
I know.

WALLACE  
She found him in three months.  
(beat)  
People hunt this stuff for years.  
She did it in three months.

A beat. Hannah is patient. She is letting him say what he  
came back from sedation to say.

WALLACE (CONT'D)  
Reiner's not the one.

A beat. Hannah does not understand.

HANNAH

What.

WALLACE

Reiner's not the one who did it.

A long silence.

HANNAH

He killed her. I have a recording.

WALLACE

Recording of what.

HANNAH

Their last conversation. He told her to sit down. She left. She walked home.

WALLACE

And then she walked past a man on a bench at North Crescent and Carmelita.

A beat.

HANNAH

What.

WALLACE

A man on a bench. I have him on camera.

(beat)

The bench. It's a security camera at a residence across the street. I subpoenaed --

(a wry, painful breath)

well, I didn't subpoena.

(beat)

I asked.

(beat)

The man on the bench gets up when she walks past. He follows her. A block. Then his car pulls around. He gets in. The car follows. They go another block. The car stops.

(beat)

He gets out.

A long, awful silence.

HANNAH  
You have his face.

WALLACE  
I have his face.

HANNAH  
Where.

WALLACE  
Glove compartment.

HANNAH  
I have the glove compartment.

A beat. Wallace closes his eyes.

WALLACE  
You have his face.

A long beat.

WALLACE (CONT'D)  
(quieter)  
Reiner doesn't get his hands dirty.  
He hasn't, ever. I've been on him  
for two years.

HANNAH  
Two years?

WALLACE  
Different client. A widow whose  
husband -- it doesn't matter. Your  
sister --  
(beat)  
Your sister was the third one I've  
seen Reiner make disappear.

The math hits Hannah.

HANNAH  
The third.

WALLACE  
The third I've seen.

HANNAH  
And the man on the bench.

WALLACE  
Same man each time.

A beat.

HANNAH

M.K.

A beat. Wallace turns his head toward her.

WALLACE

You have a name?

HANNAH

I have initials.

WALLACE

I never got a name. I know his face. I know his car. I know where he eats lunch on Tuesdays.

He fades. The morphine. The exhaustion.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

(drifting)

Don't go after Reiner.

HANNAH

Why.

WALLACE

Because Reiner will go to prison.

(beat)

M.K. won't.

His eyes close.

The monitor beeps quietly. He has not crashed. He has slept.

Hannah does not move.

Cass, behind her, in the doorway:

CASS

(very quietly)

Hannah.

Hannah does not turn.

She stares at Wallace.

She is recalibrating the entire architecture of her revenge.

CUT TO:

INT. UCLA PARKING STRUCTURE - SUBTERRANEAN - NIGHT

Concrete pillars. Fluorescents flickering one in three. The kind of place that is haunted by default.

Hannah and Cass at Hannah's car. Hannah leaning against the door. Cass standing, arms crossed, eyes scanning the garage out of habit.

HANNAH

He has photographs of him.

CASS

Wallace.

HANNAH

In the glove compartment.

CASS

You have the photographs.

HANNAH

I do.

A beat.

CASS

You haven't looked at them.

HANNAH

I haven't.

CASS

Why.

A long beat.

HANNAH

Because I knew once I looked, I would have to do something about it.

A beat. Cass nods. She understands the answer.

CASS

Do you want to look at them tonight.

HANNAH

No.

CASS

When.

A beat.

HANNAH  
When you tell me you can find him.

A long beat. Cass looks at her.

CASS  
I can find him.

HANNAH  
How.

CASS  
Photographs to facial recognition.  
I have a contact. Same one I called  
for the medevac. He has tools that  
aren't on the public side of  
things.

HANNAH  
Legal?

CASS  
Hannah.

HANNAH  
That's a no.

CASS  
That's a no.

A long beat.

HANNAH  
Do it.

CASS  
Hannah.

HANNAH  
Do it, Cass.

A beat.

CASS  
Once we identify him --

HANNAH  
Then we go to the police.

CASS  
That's not what Wallace said.

HANNAH

Wallace is on morphine.

CASS

Wallace was a federal agent for eighteen years before he was a PI. I read his bio while I sat in his room for sixteen hours. He knows the difference between a guy you can put away and a guy you can't.

HANNAH

So what are you saying.

A long beat.

CASS

I'm saying once we have his name --  
(beat)  
-- I am asking you to think about whether the police is where this ends.

A long silence.

HANNAH

Cass.

CASS

Yeah.

HANNAH

You can't ask me that.

CASS

I'm not asking you anything. I'm telling you Wallace is right. I'm telling you to think about it.

A long beat.

HANNAH

I will.

A beat.

CASS

Get in the car. I'll drive you home.

HANNAH

I'll drive.

CASS  
Get in the car, Hannah.

She opens the passenger door for Hannah. Hannah looks at her. Then gets in.

Cass walks around to the driver's side.

She glances over the roof of the car. Once. Around the garage.

A car parked four spaces away. Black. SUV. Tinted windows.

She has not seen it before. She does not say anything to Hannah.

She gets in. Starts the engine. Pulls out.

CLOSE ON THE BLACK SUV. As Hannah's car drives past it.

The driver's window is cracked an inch.

We do not see his face.

We see his hand on the wheel.

He is wearing a watch. Expensive.

He does not start his engine.

He waits. Counts.

Then he starts the engine and follows.

CUT TO:

INT. CASS'S CAR - WESTWOOD STREETS - NIGHT

Hannah in the passenger seat. Eyes closed but not asleep. Cass driving. Her eyes on the rearview as much as on the road.

The SUV is three cars back. It has been three cars back for nine minutes.

HANNAH  
(eyes still closed)  
What.

CASS  
Nothing.

HANNAH

Cass.

A beat.

CASS

We've got a tail.

Hannah opens her eyes. Does not turn.

HANNAH

Black SUV?

CASS

You saw it.

HANNAH

I saw it on Wilshire two nights ago.

A beat.

CASS

Same one?

HANNAH

I can't tell. I didn't get the plate then.

A beat.

CASS

Hannah.

HANNAH

Yeah.

CASS

M.K. is following you.

A long silence.

HANNAH

I know.

CASS

For how long.

HANNAH

Since Wilshire, maybe.

CASS

You should have told me.

HANNAH  
I didn't know it mattered until  
tonight.

A beat. Cass adjusts the rearview.

CASS  
Okay. New plan.

HANNAH  
What.

CASS  
You don't go home.

HANNAH  
Cass.

CASS  
You don't go home, Hannah. Not  
tonight. Probably not for the rest  
of this.

A long beat.

HANNAH  
Where do I go.

A beat.

CASS  
With me.

HANNAH  
He's already seen your car. He  
knows you're with me. He'll follow  
us to your place.

CASS  
Then we don't go to my place.

HANNAH  
Where.

A beat.

CASS  
Your mother's.

A long, very long beat.

HANNAH  
She doesn't know.

CASS  
Then tonight she finds out.

The car turns. Beverly Hills.

The SUV turns with them.

Cass watches it. Adjusts her grip on the wheel.

The empty holster under her shirt is no longer empty.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. VANCE HOUSE - KITCHEN - 3:14 AM

The kitchen we saw at dawn. Different now. Dark except for one lamp over the island. The flowers from the gala dying in their vase.

ELEANOR VANCE in a robe. She has been asleep. She is holding a glass of water she has not drunk.

Hannah and Cass at the island. The hard drive on the counter. Photographs from the PI's car spread out -- photographs of Reiner. Going into his house. Coming out. With another man we still cannot fully see.

Eleanor has not spoken in three minutes.

ELEANOR  
Play it again.

HANNAH  
Mom --

ELEANOR  
Play it again, Hannah.

A beat. Hannah taps the laptop. The recording. We hear fragments now -- we don't need to hear the whole thing.

JESS (V.O.)  
I'm looking at theft.

REINER (V.O.)  
You don't understand what you're looking at.

JESS (V.O.)  
I'm looking at a wire to a contractor that built a wine cellar in your house --

Eleanor reaches over. Pauses it.

A long silence.

ELEANOR  
He came to the funeral.

HANNAH  
I know.

ELEANOR  
He gave the eulogy at the funeral.

HANNAH  
I know.

A beat.

ELEANOR  
I asked him to.

A long, terrible silence.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)  
I asked Elliot to give the eulogy  
because I could not stand. And he  
did. And he stood at the lectern  
and he talked about how Jess was --  
(her voice begins to fray)  
-- a force. He said she was a  
force.

HANNAH  
Mom.

ELEANOR  
He was crying. I watched him cry.

HANNAH  
Mom, I --

ELEANOR  
Don't tell me he was acting. Don't  
tell me that.

A long beat. Hannah does not say it.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)  
(very quietly)  
He could be both.

A beat.

HANNAH

Yes.

A long silence.

Cass, who has been still and silent for the entire scene, says nothing. She does not belong in this conversation. She is here because Hannah needs a witness.

Eleanor stands. Walks to the window. Looks out at the garden in the dark.

ELEANOR

Your father knew.

A beat. Hannah turns.

HANNAH

What.

ELEANOR

Your father knew Elliot was stealing.

A long silence.

HANNAH

Mom.

ELEANOR

Not all of it. Not the eleven million. He knew about a hundred thousand. Maybe two. He said Elliot had paid himself out of discretionary funds during the divorce.

HANNAH

The divorce. Whose --

ELEANOR

Elliot's. Twelve years ago.

HANNAH

Twelve years ago.

ELEANOR

That's when it started, Han. The Ridgepoint. Elliot's divorce was vicious. It was going to cost him his house. So he --

She does not finish the sentence.

HANNAH  
And Dad knew.

ELEANOR  
Your father confronted him.  
Privately. Made him pay it back.

HANNAH  
And then.

ELEANOR  
And then your father said nothing  
for thirteen years.

A long silence.

Hannah is staring at her mother.

HANNAH  
Why.

ELEANOR  
Because they were friends, Hannah.  
Because Elliot was the godfather of  
his daughters. Because in 1987,  
when your father had his first  
heart attack, Elliot drove him to  
the emergency room.

A beat.

HANNAH  
So Dad --

ELEANOR  
Your father gave him a warning. And  
Elliot gave your father his word.  
And your father chose to believe  
him.

A long beat.

HANNAH  
That's why Jess found it.  
(beat)  
He kept doing it. After he gave Dad  
his word.

ELEANOR  
He kept doing it.

A beat.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)  
 And when Jess found him, he knew  
 your father wasn't alive to  
 confront him a second time.

A long, long silence.

Hannah sits down on the kitchen stool.

The metronome -- the steady, controlled woman of forty-eight pages -- is gone. She is just a daughter in her mother's kitchen at three in the morning, learning that her dead father knew her dead sister's killer was a thief and had said nothing.

HANNAH  
 (very quietly)  
 Did Jess know.

ELEANOR  
 That your father knew?

HANNAH  
 Yes.

A beat.

ELEANOR  
 No.

A beat.

HANNAH  
 So she went into it blind.

ELEANOR  
 She went into it because Elliot  
 asked her to look at the books and  
 she trusted him because we trusted  
 him.

A beat.

HANNAH  
 So we killed her.

ELEANOR  
 Hannah.

HANNAH  
 Dad killed her.

ELEANOR  
 Hannah, stop.

HANNAH  
 You and Dad killed her by not  
 telling her.

ELEANOR  
 (sharp)  
 Don't put that on your father.

HANNAH  
 (sharper)  
 Then who do I put it on, Mom. Tell  
 me who I put it on.

A long silence.

Eleanor closes her eyes.

ELEANOR  
 Put it on me.

A beat.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)  
 Your father told me. I knew. For  
 thirteen years, I knew. And when  
 Jess took the board seat I knew  
 Elliot might panic. And I said  
 nothing.  
 (beat)  
 So put it on me.

Hannah looks at her mother.

The kitchen is silent.

Cass, finally, very quietly:

CASS  
 Eleanor.

A beat. Eleanor turns to her.

CASS (CONT'D)  
 With respect. There will be time  
 for that conversation. You and  
 Hannah will have it.  
 (beat)  
 Tonight, we have a different  
 problem.

ELEANOR  
 What problem.

CASS  
Your daughter is being followed.

A beat.

Eleanor looks at Hannah. Then back at Cass.

ELEANOR  
By whom.

CASS  
The man Reiner paid.

A long silence.

Eleanor sets the glass of water down.

She walks to a drawer. Opens it. Reaches in. Takes something out.

She turns and places it on the counter between them.

It is a key.

ELEANOR  
Your father's gun safe is in the study. The combination is your birthday. There are two pistols and a twelve-gauge.  
(beat)  
You will not stay here tonight, but you will not leave unarmed.

A long beat.

HANNAH  
Mom.

ELEANOR  
Hannah. He was the godfather of my daughters and he killed one of them. We are past every conversation we should have been having for a year.

She pushes the key across the counter.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)  
Pick what you need.

CUT TO:

INT. VANCE HOUSE - HANNAH'S OLD BEDROOM - PRE-DAWN

A bedroom that has been a guest room for fifteen years. A few traces of Hannah at seventeen -- a corkboard with faded ribbons, a framed photo of Hannah and Jess at the beach, both teenagers, both laughing.

Hannah on the edge of the bed. Cass in the doorway.

Hannah has the manila folder open on her lap.

The photographs face down.

She has not turned them over.

CASS  
You want me to leave.

HANNAH  
No.

A beat.

CASS  
Want me to look first.

HANNAH  
No.

A long beat.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
Cass.

CASS  
Yeah.

HANNAH  
Once I see his face --

CASS  
I know.

HANNAH  
I'm not going to be able to un-see  
it.

CASS  
I know.

A long beat.

Hannah turns the photographs over.

The first one: a man, mid-forties. Lean. Not large. Not menacing. He looks like an accountant. A high school history teacher. A guy who would help you find your gate at the airport.

He is sitting on a bench. Reading a newspaper. Beverly Hills. North Crescent and Carmelita. Three weeks ago. 11:43 PM.

The second photograph: the same man, getting into a black SUV.

The third: same man, walking out of an apartment building in -  
-

Hannah stops.

HANNAH  
That's my building.

CASS  
What.

HANNAH  
That's my apartment building.

A long beat.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
He lives in my building.

A beat. Cass takes the photograph. Looks.

CASS  
When was this taken.

HANNAH  
The metadata --  
(checking)  
-- four days before Jess was  
killed.

A long silence.

CASS  
He was scoping you too.

HANNAH  
He was scoping us both.

A beat.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
He has been three doors down from  
me for I don't know how long.

CUT TO:

INT. VANCE HOUSE - LIBRARY - DAWN

A book-lined room. Hannah's father's library. Untouched since he died. Cass on a burner laptop. Hannah pacing.

Cass uploads the photographs to a private server. Types.  
Waits.

CASS  
He's running it.

HANNAH  
How long.

CASS  
Twenty minutes maybe.

She closes the laptop. Looks at Hannah.

CASS (CONT'D)  
Sit down.

HANNAH  
I don't want to sit down.

CASS  
Sit down anyway.

Hannah sits. Cass sits across from her.

CASS (CONT'D)  
When we get a name. What do you  
want to do.

A beat.

HANNAH  
I don't know.

CASS  
Yes you do.

HANNAH  
I don't, Cass.

CASS

Hannah. You broke into a car. You stole a hard drive from your boss's hotel suite. You are sitting in your dead father's library at five in the morning with a Glock your mother gave you in a duffel bag in the car. You know what you want to do.

A long beat.

HANNAH

I want him to know.

CASS

What.

HANNAH

Whoever he is, whatever his name turns out to be -- I want him to know that I am the woman whose sister he killed.

(beat)

I want to be the last face he sees.

A long silence.

CASS

Okay.

The laptop pings.

Cass opens it. Reads. Reads again.

CASS (CONT'D)

Hannah.

HANNAH

What.

CASS

He's got priors.

HANNAH

What kind.

CASS

The kind that get expunged.

A beat. She turns the laptop.

NAME: MICHAEL KOHLBERG

DOB: 04/12/1981

LAST KNOWN ADDRESS: WESTWOOD, CA

FORMER USMC -- 1ST RECONNAISSANCE BN

DISCHARGE: OTHER THAN HONORABLE, 2009

NOTES: NO CRIMINAL RECORD ON FILE.

NOTES (REDACTED): TWO CIVILIAN DEATH

INVESTIGATIONS, BAGHDAD 2007. SETTLED.

A long silence.

HANNAH  
Michael Kohlberg.

CASS  
M.K.

HANNAH  
He was a Marine.

CASS  
He was Recon. Same kind of training  
I had, except the part where they  
taught me to come home.

A beat.

HANNAH  
So Reiner hired a Marine.

CASS  
Reiner hired the Marine you hire  
when you don't want a body found.  
(beat)  
Two civilian deaths in Baghdad.  
Settled. That means the Corps paid  
the families and Kohlberg walked.  
(beat)  
He's been doing this since he was  
twenty-six.

A long silence.

HANNAH

Cass.

CASS

Yeah.

HANNAH

I cannot fight this man.

A beat.

CASS

No, Hannah. You can't.

HANNAH

You can.

A long beat. Cass looks at her.

CASS

Don't ask me that.

HANNAH

I'm asking.

CASS

Hannah.

HANNAH

You said it yourself in the parking garage. The police are not where this ends.

CASS

Hannah, I said --

HANNAH

You loaded the gun, Cass.

A long, long silence.

Cass looks at her. The friendship between them is on the table now. Eighteen years of it.

CASS

I loaded the gun for you. To protect you.

HANNAH

I know.

CASS

That is not the same thing as asking me to use it.

HANNAH

I know.

CASS

Don't ask me to use it, Hannah.  
Please.

A long beat.

Hannah lowers her eyes.

HANNAH

Okay.

CASS

Look at me.

HANNAH

I said okay.

CASS

Look at me, Hannah.

Hannah looks up.

CASS (CONT'D)

We do this with the law. We do it  
with Wallace's documentation. We do  
it with your mother's testimony. We  
do it with the recording. We do it  
with the spreadsheets and the  
Maltese passport and the eleven  
million dollars.

(beat)

We do it the way that lets you  
sleep when this is over.

A beat.

HANNAH

Okay.

CASS

Okay.

A long silence.

Cass looks at her watch.

CASS (CONT'D)

I have to go to the hospital. My  
shift in the sister chair starts in  
an hour.

HANNAH  
Be careful.

CASS  
You too.

She gathers her things. Hesitates at the door.

CASS (CONT'D)  
Hannah.

HANNAH  
Yeah.

CASS  
Don't go to your apartment.

HANNAH  
I won't.

A beat.

CASS  
I love you.

HANNAH  
I love you.

Cass leaves.

Hannah sits alone in her father's library.

She looks at the photograph of Michael Kohlberg.

She does not look away.

CUT TO:

INT. RONALD REAGAN UCLA - REINER'S OFFICE - MORNING

Reiner at his desk. Tie loosened. He looks like a man who has not slept. He is also, in his own way, grieving. There is a glass of water and an untouched coffee in front of him.

His phone rings. He answers.

REINER  
Yes.

KOHLBERG (V.O.)  
(calm, measured)  
She didn't go home last night.

REINER  
Where is she.

KOHLBERG (V.O.)  
Beverly Hills. Her mother's.

A beat.

REINER  
Eleanor knows.

KOHLBERG (V.O.)  
Probably.

REINER  
That's a problem.

KOHLBERG (V.O.)  
Yeah.

A beat.

REINER  
Don't touch Eleanor.

KOHLBERG (V.O.)  
Wasn't planning to.

REINER  
And don't touch Hannah.

A long beat.

KOHLBERG (V.O.)  
That's not what you were saying  
yesterday.

REINER  
Yesterday was yesterday.

KOHLBERG (V.O.)  
Elliot. With respect. The longer  
this goes the harder it is.

REINER  
I am not going to ask you again.  
Not Hannah.

A beat.

KOHLBERG (V.O.)  
The investigator?

REINER  
Still in the SICU.

KOHLBERG (V.O.)  
He's the loose end.

REINER  
He's the loose end.

KOHLBERG (V.O.)  
Tonight?

A beat. Reiner closes his eyes.

REINER  
Tonight.

KOHLBERG (V.O.)  
Roger.

The line clicks dead.

Reiner sits very still for a moment.

Then he opens his laptop. Pulls up a hospital administration page. Navigates to:

PRIVILEGES MODIFICATION

PHYSICIAN: VANCE, HANNAH M, MD

He fills out a form. Reason for modification:

PHYSICIAN IMPAIRMENT --

EXHAUSTION, GRIEF-RELATED.

PROTECTIVE LEAVE EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY.

He hovers over SUBMIT.

He does not click.

He sits back.

He looks at a framed photograph on his desk -- the photograph from his Hilton suite, a four-year-old Hannah on her father's shoulders, both of them laughing.

A long beat.

Reiner clicks SUBMIT.

The screen confirms:

PRIVILEGES SUSPENDED.

He closes the laptop.

He picks up the photograph.

He sets it face-down on his desk.

CUT TO:

INT. VANCE HOUSE - LIBRARY - LATER MORNING

Hannah at her father's desk. Coffee. The hard drive. The photographs of Kohlberg.

Her phone buzzes. Email. UCLA HEALTH HR.

She opens it.

DR. VANCE,

EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY YOUR CLINICAL

PRIVILEGES HAVE BEEN PLACED ON PROTECTIVE

ADMINISTRATIVE LEAVE PER PHYSICIAN

WELLNESS POLICY. YOU ARE ASKED NOT TO

ENTER CLINICAL AREAS UNTIL YOUR REVIEW.

YOU MAY APPEAL THIS DECISION.

K. VOSS

ON BEHALF OF E. REINER, MD

A long beat.

She closes the email.

She picks up the phone. Calls Cass.

CASS (V.O.)  
Yeah.

HANNAH  
He flagged me.

A beat.

CASS (V.O.)  
When.

HANNAH  
This morning.

CASS (V.O.)  
You can't come into the building.

HANNAH  
No.

CASS (V.O.)  
Hannah.

HANNAH  
I know.

A beat.

CASS (V.O.)  
I'll stay with Wallace.

HANNAH  
Twenty-four hours.

CASS (V.O.)  
As long as it takes.

A beat.

HANNAH  
Cass.

CASS (V.O.)  
Yeah.

HANNAH  
He's going to come tonight.

A beat.

CASS (V.O.)  
I know.

HANNAH  
Don't try to stop him alone.

CASS (V.O.)  
Hannah --

HANNAH  
You call me. You call security. You  
call the police. You make noise.  
You do not engage.

CASS (V.O.)  
Okay.

HANNAH  
Promise me.

A beat.

CASS (V.O.)  
I promise.

HANNAH  
I love you.

CASS (V.O.)  
I love you. Stay at your mom's.  
Don't drive anywhere alone today.

She hangs up.

Hannah sits very still.

She is no longer a doctor.

She picks up the photograph of Kohlberg.

She is now something else.

CUT TO:

INT. VANCE HOUSE - LIBRARY - AFTERNOON

Hannah's phone rings. UNKNOWN NUMBER.

She answers cautiously.

HANNAH

Yes.

JUDGE ROTH (V.O.)

Sterling Roth.

A beat.

HANNAH

Judge.

JUDGE ROTH (V.O.)

I checked.

A long beat.

HANNAH

And?

JUDGE ROTH (V.O.)

Ridgepoint Advisory Group is a Delaware LLC. Registered agent is a law firm. The beneficial owner of record is one Edward R. Sheldon, of Valletta, Malta.

A beat.

HANNAH

Edward Sheldon doesn't exist, Judge.

JUDGE ROTH (V.O.)

I know.

HANNAH

You know.

JUDGE ROTH (V.O.)

Hannah. I have been a federal judge for thirty-six years. I know what a shell looks like.

A beat.

JUDGE ROTH (V.O.)

What do you have.

A long beat. Hannah considers.

HANNAH

I have spreadsheets. I have an audio recording. I have a Maltese passport in Reiner's name with the alias on it.

JUDGE ROTH (V.O.)

Audio recording of what.

HANNAH

A confrontation between Reiner and my sister, three weeks ago, the night she died.

A long silence.

JUDGE ROTH (V.O.)

Hannah.

HANNAH

Yes.

JUDGE ROTH (V.O.)

You need a federal prosecutor. Not LAPD. Not county. Federal. The wires went interstate. The shell is offshore. This is U.S. Attorney's Office, Central District.

HANNAH

Do you know one.

JUDGE ROTH (V.O.)

I know all of them.

A beat.

HANNAH

Judge --

JUDGE ROTH (V.O.)

Hannah.

HANNAH

Today.

JUDGE ROTH (V.O.)

Today.

A beat.

JUDGE ROTH (V.O.)

I'll call you back within three hours with a name and a meeting.

HANNAH  
Judge.

JUDGE ROTH (V.O.)  
Yes.

HANNAH  
Thank you.

JUDGE ROTH (V.O.)  
(gently)  
Your father was the best man at my  
wedding, sweetheart. I will not  
fail him twice.

A beat.

HANNAH  
Twice?

A long silence.

JUDGE ROTH (V.O.)  
He came to me in 2013. He told me  
he thought Elliot had taken some  
money. I told him to handle it  
privately. I told him a federal  
investigation would destroy the  
foundation.  
(beat)  
I told him wrong.

A long silence.

HANNAH  
Judge.

JUDGE ROTH (V.O.)  
Three hours. Stay where you are.

He hangs up.

Hannah sets the phone down.

She is breathing hard. Not from grief. From the realization  
of how deep the silence around Reiner has been. Her father  
knew. Her mother knew. The Judge knew. A circle of people who  
decided that protecting the institution was more important  
than protecting Jess. None of them imagined Jess.

She stands.

She walks to the gun safe.

She enters the combination -- her birthday.

The safe opens.

CUT TO:

INT. UCLA SICU - GERARD WALLACE'S ROOM - NIGHT

The room dim. A different night nurse on duty. Cass in the visitor chair, a book open on her lap she is not reading.

The hallway outside is quiet. Shift change has just ended.

Wallace asleep.

The door opens.

A MAN in a hospital lab coat, ID badge, a clipboard. He looks like every doctor she has seen on her shifts here.

He looks like Michael Kohlberg.

Cass's hand moves toward her hip.

KOHLBERG

(warm)

Sorry to disturb you. I'm here for  
Mr. Wallace's medication review.

He moves toward the bed. Reaches for the IV line.

CASS

Stop.

He pauses. Looks at her. Mild.

KOHLBERG

I'm sorry?

CASS

You're not on his team.

KOHLBERG

Excuse me?

CASS

I have been in this chair for forty-  
three hours over the last week. I  
know everyone on his team.

A beat. Kohlberg's mildness does not change. The clipboard is still in his hand.

KOHLBERG  
I'm covering for Dr. Patel tonight.  
New rotation.

CASS  
Step back from the bed.

A beat.

He smiles. Polite. Apologetic.

KOHLBERG  
Of course.

He steps back.

He drops the clipboard.

In the half-second it takes for the clipboard to fall,  
Kohlberg covers the distance to Cass.

She has trained for this. She is fast.

But he is faster.

We do not see the violence. We see Cass's hand reach for her  
hip. We see his hand close on her wrist. We see him pivot and  
put her on the floor in a single motion.

The struggle is silent. Hospital-quiet. He has a hand over  
her mouth. She is fighting. She has training. But she is not  
Recon.

CLOSE ON CASS'S FACE. Hand over her mouth. Eyes furious.

WALLACE wakes. Sees what is happening. Tries to sit up.  
Cannot. Reaches for his call button. Knocks over the water  
pitcher.

The pitcher hits the floor with a CRASH.

Kohlberg's head turns toward the door.

Cass takes the half-second. She bites down on his hand hard  
enough that he releases. She rolls. She comes up on her  
knees.

She has her gun in her hand.

CASS  
(low, controlled)  
Don't move.

A beat.

Kohlberg looks at her. Looks at the door. Looks back.

He smiles.

He moves.

Cass fires. Once.

The shot is muffled. He is hit -- shoulder, not center mass.  
He goes down. Not dead.

Footsteps in the hallway. Voices. The pitcher and the gunshot  
have been heard.

Kohlberg, on the floor, reaches under his lab coat.

Cass fires again.

He is hit again.

He stops moving.

A long beat.

Cass scrambles to her feet. Goes to Wallace.

CASS (CONT'D)  
Sir. Sir.

Wallace's monitors are screaming. He is gasping. His eyes are  
wide. Not from terror -- from something worse.

Cass realizes.

There is a needle in his IV port.

A small, quick, expert injection. The work of the half-second  
when Kohlberg had been close enough to the bed to do it.

CASS (CONT'D)  
No. No no no.

She rips the line out.

She hits the code button on the wall.

CODE BLUE alarms in the hallway. People running.

Cass is doing chest compressions.

CASS (CONT'D)  
Stay with me. Stay with me, Gerry.  
Stay --

The room fills with people.

A CODE TEAM swarms.

Cass is pulled away.

The Code Team works.

CLOSE ON CASS. Standing back. Hands red. Watching.

CLOSE ON WALLACE. The team working. The monitors flatlining.

We hear, in the distance:

CODE LEADER  
Stop compressions.

CODE LEADER (CONT'D)  
Time of death --

CLOSE ON CASS. Her face has not moved.

CUT TO:

INT. VANCE HOUSE - LIBRARY - SAME TIME

Hannah's phone. The screen lighting up.

CASS DOYLE -- INCOMING.

Hannah answers.

HANNAH  
Cass.

CASS (V.O.)  
(very calm)  
Wallace is dead.

A long silence.

CASS (V.O.)  
I shot Kohlberg twice. He's alive.  
Police are on their way. So are  
reporters. I will be detained. I do  
not know for how long.

HANNAH  
Cass.

CASS (V.O.)  
Hannah.

HANNAH  
I'm coming.

CASS (V.O.)  
Don't. Stay away from this  
building. Stay with your mother.  
Call the Judge. Get to the federal  
prosecutor tonight.

HANNAH  
Cass.

CASS (V.O.)  
Hannah. Listen to me.

A beat.

CASS (V.O.)  
You have everything you need. Hard  
drive. Recording. Passport.  
Photographs. The Judge's referral.  
Your mother. You don't need  
Wallace. You don't need me.  
(beat)  
You finish this with the law.

HANNAH  
Cass --

CASS (V.O.)  
Promise me.

A long beat.

HANNAH  
I promise.

CASS (V.O.)  
Good.  
(beat)  
And Hannah.

HANNAH  
Yeah.

CASS (V.O.)  
I'm okay.

A beat.

HANNAH  
Are you.

CASS (V.O.)

No.

The line goes dead.

Hannah lowers the phone.

She is in her father's library.

She is alone.

The hard drive on the desk.

The recording in a folder.

The Maltese passport in a sealed bag.

The gun in her belt.

She picks up her phone.

She dials.

HANNAH

(into phone)

Judge. It's Hannah Vance. We need  
to move tonight.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DOWNTOWN LA - NIGHT

A government building at midnight. Most floors dark. Three  
lights on the seventeenth.

Hannah and Judge Roth being escorted by a security guard  
through an empty corridor.

They reach an office. The door is open.

Inside: ASSISTANT U.S. ATTORNEY MIRIAM CHEN. 44. Pantsuit.  
Hair pinned up. The kind of woman who has a suitcase under  
her desk because she sleeps here three nights a week.

JUDGE ROTH

Miriam.

CHEN

Sterling. Come in.

She stands. Shakes Hannah's hand firmly.

CHEN (CONT'D)  
Dr. Vance. I am sorry about your  
sister.

HANNAH  
Thank you.

CHEN  
The Judge has given me the  
headlines. Show me what you have.

Hannah opens her bag. Sets it all on the desk:

The hard drive. The Maltese passport in its sealed bag. A  
printed transcript of the recording. A USB drive containing  
the audio. A second drive with the Kohlberg photographs.

Chen sits. Pulls on reading glasses.

CHEN (CONT'D)  
Walk me through.

Hannah walks her through. Ridgepoint. The eleven million. The  
dates. The wire transfers. The shell company in Delaware. The  
Maltese passport. Jess. Wallace. The recording.

Chen does not interrupt.

She listens for fourteen minutes.

When Hannah is finished, Chen takes the glasses off.

CHEN (CONT'D)  
The recording. Is it admissible.

HANNAH  
I don't know.

CHEN  
California is a two-party consent  
state. Did your sister tell Reiner  
she was recording.

HANNAH  
I don't know.

CHEN  
We need to know.

JUDGE ROTH  
The recording came from her  
investigator's personal files. It  
is not the only evidence. The wire  
transfers alone are actionable.

CHEN

The wire transfers are actionable.  
They will support a financial fraud  
indictment, almost certainly.

(beat)

The murder is harder.

A beat.

HANNAH

Why.

CHEN

Dr. Vance. The federal government  
does not prosecute the murder of  
your sister. That is a state crime.

A long beat.

HANNAH

But Reiner is federal.

CHEN

Reiner is federal for the  
embezzlement. We can indict him for  
wire fraud, for the Maltese  
identity fraud, for foundation  
theft. We can probably get him to  
twenty years.

(beat)

We cannot indict him for ordering  
Jess's death. That belongs to the  
LA County District Attorney.

HANNAH

You can give them what we have.

CHEN

We can. They will look at it.

HANNAH

And then?

A long beat.

CHEN

Dr. Vance. I am going to tell you  
the truth, and I am going to tell  
it to you fast because the longer I  
sit on this the worse it gets.

(beat)

The recording is your best evidence  
of the murder, and the recording is  
not a confession.

(MORE)

CHEN (CONT'D)

It is an argument and then a door.  
Your sister's killer is not on the  
recording.

(beat)

You have photographs of a man named  
Kohlberg. Those photographs are  
provenance-questionable. They were  
obtained by an unlicensed  
investigator from -- let me put  
this gently -- locations he had no  
business accessing.

HANNAH

Wallace was a federal agent for  
eighteen years.

CHEN

Wallace was an ex-federal agent  
operating as a PI. The chain of  
custody on those photographs is a  
mess. A good defense lawyer will  
have them suppressed in twenty  
minutes.

A long silence.

HANNAH

Then what do we have.

CHEN

You have wire fraud. You have a  
clear case for ten to fifteen years  
in federal prison for Elliot  
Reiner.

(beat)

On the murder, you have a problem.

HANNAH

What problem.

CHEN

You have a man named Kohlberg in a  
hospital right now with two gunshot  
wounds, who has not been identified  
at the scene of your sister's  
death. The weapon used to kill your  
sister has not been recovered.  
Kohlberg has been charged tonight  
with attempted murder of Dr. Doyle  
and a hospital patient -- which  
carries its own twenty years. You  
will get justice on that count.

(beat)

(MORE)

CHEN (CONT'D)

But for Jess, the LA County DA will look at your evidence and they will tell you they need a witness.

HANNAH

Wallace.

CHEN

Wallace is dead.

A long, long silence.

HANNAH

So what are you saying.

A beat. Chen takes off her glasses entirely. Sets them down. Looks at Hannah.

CHEN

I am saying I will indict Reiner for the fraud tonight. I will have an arrest warrant out by 6 AM.

(beat)

On the murder, I will push the DA personally, but I cannot promise. What I can tell you is that if Reiner pleads to fifteen years for the fraud, the County DA will probably let the murder go.

HANNAH

Let it go.

CHEN

Decline to prosecute.

HANNAH

He killed my sister.

CHEN

He had your sister killed. There is a difference. Legally.

A long silence.

JUDGE ROTH

Miriam.

CHEN

Sterling, I am giving her the truth.

JUDGE ROTH

I know you are.

CHEN

Dr. Vance. We are going to put Elliot Reiner in federal prison for what he did with the money. That is a real victory.

(beat)

And the man who killed your sister - - if it is this Kohlberg, and we can build a case against him for the hospital attack first, and then try to extract a confession on your sister's murder --

HANNAH

He won't confess.

CHEN

They almost never do.

A long silence.

HANNAH

So Reiner gets fifteen years for stealing.

CHEN

Yes.

HANNAH

And nobody pays for Jess.

A beat.

CHEN

I am sorry.

A long, long silence.

Hannah looks at the Judge.

HANNAH

Did you know.

JUDGE ROTH

I knew enough to tell you we needed federal.

HANNAH

You knew the murder would not stick.

JUDGE ROTH

I suspected.

HANNAH

And you let me come here.

JUDGE ROTH

I let you come here because Elliot Reiner will spend the rest of his life in prison and that, Hannah, is more than most people in this country get for what he did. I owe your father that much. I owe Jess that much.

HANNAH

Jess deserves more.

JUDGE ROTH

Jess does. The system does not always give her more.

A long silence.

Hannah stands.

HANNAH

Issue the warrant.

CHEN

I'm sorry?

HANNAH

The fraud warrant. Issue it. Tonight. Now.

CHEN

It will be issued by 6 AM.

HANNAH

He has a flight to Malta tomorrow morning.

A beat.

CHEN

Hannah.

HANNAH

He has a fake passport on his desk and an alias and a country with no extradition. You sit on this until 6 AM, he is gone.

CHEN

I will move it to 4 AM.

HANNAH  
Move it now.

A beat. Chen looks at the Judge. The Judge nods, very slightly.

CHEN  
Two AM. That is the fastest a  
magistrate will sign.

HANNAH  
Two AM.

She picks up her bag.

CHEN  
Dr. Vance. Where are you going.

HANNAH  
Home.

CHEN  
Home where.

A beat.

HANNAH  
My mother's.

CHEN  
Stay there. Do not go near Reiner.  
Do not go near the hospital. We  
will pick him up at his house at 2  
AM.

HANNAH  
Understood.

She leaves.

The Judge does not.

After a beat, Chen looks at him.

CHEN  
Sterling. She is going to do  
something stupid.

JUDGE ROTH  
She is going to do something. I do  
not know if it will be stupid.

A beat.

CHEN  
Will you stop her.

JUDGE ROTH  
No.

CUT TO:

INT. HANNAH'S CAR - DOWNTOWN LA - NIGHT

Hannah at the wheel. Engine off. Phone in her hand.  
She dials.

ELEANOR (V.O.)  
(instantly, awake)  
Hannah.

HANNAH  
He's getting fifteen years.

ELEANOR (V.O.)  
For what.

HANNAH  
Stealing.

A long beat.

ELEANOR (V.O.)  
For Jess?

HANNAH  
Nothing.

A long, long silence.

ELEANOR (V.O.)  
Where are you.

HANNAH  
In my car.

ELEANOR (V.O.)  
Where, Hannah.

HANNAH  
Downtown.

ELEANOR (V.O.)  
Are you coming home.

A beat.

HANNAH  
No, Mom.

A long silence.

ELEANOR (V.O.)  
Hannah.

HANNAH  
I'm going to go talk to him.

ELEANOR (V.O.)  
To Elliot.

HANNAH  
Yes.

ELEANOR (V.O.)  
Hannah, no.

HANNAH  
Mom.

ELEANOR (V.O.)  
Hannah, listen to me. The police  
will be at his house at two. Wait.

HANNAH  
He has a passport.

ELEANOR (V.O.)  
Then they'll catch him at the  
airport.

HANNAH  
He has a Maltese passport. He is  
not flying out of LAX. He is flying  
out of a private field. Tonight, if  
he wants to.

A long silence.

ELEANOR (V.O.)  
Hannah, he is dangerous.

HANNAH  
I know.

ELEANOR (V.O.)  
You will not survive that.

HANNAH  
I might.

A long, long silence.

                          ELEANOR (V.O.)  
Why.

                          HANNAH  
Why what.

                          ELEANOR (V.O.)  
Why are you going.

A long beat.

                          HANNAH  
Because Jess walked into his house  
alone. And I have been letting her  
walk in there alone for three  
weeks.  
                          (beat)  
I'm going to walk in with her.

A long silence.

                          ELEANOR (V.O.)  
                          (very quietly)  
You have your father's gun.

                          HANNAH  
Yes.

                          ELEANOR (V.O.)  
Hannah.

                          HANNAH  
Mom.

A beat.

                          ELEANOR (V.O.)  
Don't shoot him.

A beat.

                          HANNAH  
Why.

                          ELEANOR (V.O.)  
Because if you shoot him, you go to  
prison. And I cannot lose two  
daughters.

A long silence.

HANNAH  
Okay.

ELEANOR (V.O.)  
Promise me.

HANNAH  
Mom --

ELEANOR (V.O.)  
Promise me, Hannah.

A beat.

HANNAH  
I promise.

A beat.

ELEANOR (V.O.)  
I love you.

HANNAH  
I love you too.

She hangs up.

She sits in the dark car for a long moment.

She looks at the gun on the passenger seat.

She picks it up.

She puts it in the glove compartment.

She starts the car.

She drives north.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES - HIGHWAYS - NIGHT

Hannah's car, alone on the 110 going north. The downtown lights receding.

We see her in profile. Hands at ten and two. Jaw set.

She passes a sign: WILSHIRE BLVD.

She takes the exit.

EXT. WILSHIRE BOULEVARD - HEADING WEST - NIGHT

The avenue. Quiet at this hour. Past the museums. Past La Cienega.

She drives.

She is not crying. She is not gripping the wheel. She is just driving.

She passes Cedars-Sinai on her left.

She does not slow.

She passes the corner of Wilshire and Bedford -- the parking spot where Wallace's Camry was. Where she broke a window. Where she became a criminal.

She does not slow.

She passes North Crescent and Carmelita -- the bench where Kohlberg sat, reading a newspaper, three weeks ago at 11:43 PM.

She slows.

She stops.

She gets out of the car.

She walks to the bench.

She sits on it.

She does not speak.

She sits on the bench where the man who killed her sister sat reading a newspaper, waiting.

She closes her eyes.

She breathes.

After a long moment, she opens her eyes.

She gets up.

She walks back to her car.

She does not look back at the bench.

She drives the rest of the way to Reiner's house.

CUT TO:

EXT. REINER ESTATE - BEVERLY HILLS - NIGHT

A wrought-iron gate. A long drive. A house old enough to predate Beverly Hills. Gardens. The whole performance of legacy.

Hannah's car parked at the curb. She walks up the drive.

She does not press the buzzer at the gate.

She walks around to the side. She knows this house. She came here as a child for parties.

There is a side gate. It is open.

She walks through.

EXT. REINER ESTATE - REAR GROUNDS - NIGHT

The pool, lit. The cabana. The lawn she ran across at nine years old.

She walks past all of it.

She reaches a French door at the back of the house.

She tries it.

It is open.

She steps inside.

INT. REINER HOUSE - REAR HALLWAY - NIGHT

A hallway lined with photographs. The photographs we saw on the desktop in his Hilton suite -- enlarged, in silver frames. Reiner with her father. Reiner with her parents. Reiner with Hannah at her white coat ceremony. Reiner at Jess's college graduation.

Hannah walks past them. She does not look.

She follows the sound of music. Quiet. Brahms. Coming from the library.

She reaches the library door.

It is ajar.

She pushes it open.

INT. REINER HOUSE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

A two-story library. Floor-to-ceiling shelves. Persian rugs. A fireplace, lit, low.

Reiner in an armchair. A glass of wine. He is in shirt sleeves. No tie. He has been waiting.

He looks up when she enters. He does not seem surprised.

A long beat.

REINER  
Hannah.

HANNAH  
Elliot.

REINER  
Sit down.

She does not.

REINER (CONT'D)  
Please.

She sits. The chair across from him. The fire between them.

REINER (CONT'D)  
Drink?

HANNAH  
No.

REINER  
A glass of water?

HANNAH  
No.

A long beat.

REINER  
They're coming for me.

HANNAH  
At 2 AM.

A beat.

REINER  
Federal.

HANNAH  
Yes.

REINER  
For the foundation.

HANNAH  
Yes.

REINER  
Not for Jess.

HANNAH  
They cannot prove it.

A long beat.

REINER  
I am not sorry, Hannah.

A beat.

HANNAH  
About which.

REINER  
About the foundation.

HANNAH  
I see.

REINER  
I am sorry about Jess.

A long, long silence.

HANNAH  
Are you.

REINER  
You will not believe me. But I am.

HANNAH  
Tell me what happened.

A beat.

REINER  
You have the recording.

HANNAH  
I want to hear it from you.

A long beat.

REINER

Jess came to me with the  
spreadsheets. She told me she was  
going to board on Monday and the AG  
on Tuesday. I --

HANNAH

What.

REINER

I begged her.

HANNAH

I heard.

REINER

I begged her, Hannah. Eleven  
million dollars. Forty years of  
work. A building with my name on  
it. Two daughters whose college I  
could not have paid for if I had  
not --

HANNAH

Stolen.

REINER

Yes.

A long beat.

REINER (CONT'D)

She left. I called Mike.

HANNAH

Kohlberg.

REINER

Yes. I told him to intercept her.  
To take the documents back. I said -  
- I said -- "do what you have to  
do."

A beat.

HANNAH

Did you know what he would do.

A long, long beat.

REINER

Yes.

A long silence.

HANNAH  
So you ordered it.

REINER  
Yes.

HANNAH  
On the phone. I have the calendar  
entry. "JV -- my office." Eight PM.

REINER  
Yes.

HANNAH  
And then you called Kohlberg.

REINER  
Eight forty-one. From this room.

HANNAH  
From the chair you are sitting in.

REINER  
From the chair I am sitting in.

A long, long, long silence.

HANNAH  
Why are you telling me this.

A beat.

REINER  
Because the prosecutor cannot use  
it.

A beat.

HANNAH  
You're confessing because you know  
it is inadmissible.

REINER  
I am confessing because you came  
here.  
(beat)  
And because I want you to know I  
did not lie to you about the part  
that mattered.

HANNAH  
What part mattered.

REINER  
That I love you.

A long, long silence.

HANNAH  
Don't.

REINER  
I have loved you since you were  
three years old. Your father put  
you in my arms at the hospital  
nursery. You gripped my finger.  
Hannah, I have loved you for thirty-  
eight years.

HANNAH  
Don't.

REINER  
I would not have hurt you. I told  
Mike not to touch you. He asked. I  
refused.

HANNAH  
And Jess.

A beat.

REINER  
I did not love Jess the way I loved  
you.

A long silence.

HANNAH  
Because she did not look at you  
like a father.

REINER  
Because she did not look at me at  
all.

A long beat.

HANNAH  
So you killed the one who saw you  
for what you were.

A beat.

REINER  
Yes.

A long silence.

Hannah stands.

She walks to the chair. To Reiner.

She does not have a gun. The gun is in the car.

She has only her hands.

She crouches in front of him. Eye level.

She takes his hand.

She holds it.

He looks at her.

His eyes fill.

HANNAH  
(very quietly)  
You will go to prison for fifteen  
years for stealing money from  
children.

REINER  
Yes.

HANNAH  
You will not go to prison for Jess.

REINER  
No.

HANNAH  
That is what we both have to live  
with.

REINER  
Yes.

A long beat.

HANNAH  
You will live with it longer.

A beat.

She lets go of his hand.

She stands.

She walks toward the door.

REINER

Hannah.

She stops. Does not turn.

REINER (CONT'D)

What time did you say they were  
coming.

HANNAH

Two AM.

A beat.

REINER

That's an hour.

A beat.

HANNAH

Yes.

A long, long silence.

REINER

Will you stay.

A beat.

HANNAH

No, Elliot.

REINER

Please.

HANNAH

No.

She walks out.

CUT TO:

EXT. REINER ESTATE - FRONT DRIVE - NIGHT

Hannah walks down the drive. Slowly. The gravel crunching.

She reaches the gate. Steps through.

She walks to her car at the curb.

She does not get in.

She leans against the car. Watches the house.



CHEN  
Dr. Vance.

HANNAH  
Yes.

CHEN  
Will you sign a statement that he  
confessed to ordering your sister's  
death.

HANNAH  
Yes.

CHEN  
It will be your word against his.  
You are the victim's sister.  
Defense will tear into you.

HANNAH  
I know.

CHEN  
The DA may still decline.

HANNAH  
I know.

A beat.

CHEN  
But there is a chance.

HANNAH  
Yes.

A beat.

CHEN  
Then yes. Let's try.

She turns. Walks toward the house. The marshals are already  
at the front door.

Hannah watches.

They knock.

They wait.

After a long moment, the door opens.

Reiner steps out. He is in shirtsleeves. He is holding a  
glass of wine.

He sets the glass down on the porch railing.

He puts his hands behind his back.

A marshal cuffs him.

He looks past the marshal. Down the drive.

He sees Hannah at the curb.

He nods to her.

She does not nod back.

She watches him walk to the SUV.

She watches the door close.

She watches the SUV drive away.

She is still standing there when the second SUV follows. And the third.

The drive empties.

The house behind her is dark.

She is alone on a Beverly Hills street at 2 AM.

She gets in her car.

She does not start it for a long moment.

Then she does.

CUT TO:

INT. UCLA HOSPITAL - SICU CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Hannah walking the corridor. She is no longer a doctor here. Her badge has been deactivated. But the night nurse on duty -- Maria, who took the call from Wallace when he woke -- sees Hannah and lets her through without a word.

Hannah reaches the room she has been avoiding.

It is not Wallace's room.

Wallace's room is empty. Cleaned. The bed stripped.

It is the room two doors down.

The room where they have brought Cass for observation overnight, before her detention hearing tomorrow.

INT. UCLA - CASS'S ROOM - NIGHT

Cass on the bed. Awake. A small bandage on her temple where Kohlberg's elbow connected. Bruising on her jaw. A uniformed officer in a chair outside the door, asleep.

Cass sees Hannah enter. Smiles. The smallest smile.

CASS  
You came.

HANNAH  
I came.

CASS  
Reiner?

HANNAH  
In custody.

CASS  
Murder?

A beat.

HANNAH  
He confessed to me. No recording.  
Chen is taking my statement  
tomorrow.

CASS  
That'll be ugly.

HANNAH  
Yeah.

CASS  
You know he confessed knowing it  
can't be used.

HANNAH  
He told me that.

CASS  
Smart bastard.

A beat.

HANNAH  
Cass.

CASS  
Yeah.

HANNAH  
Kohlberg is alive.

CASS  
I know.

HANNAH  
He's a floor up. ICU.

CASS  
I know.

A long beat.

HANNAH  
Cass.

CASS  
Hannah.

HANNAH  
Don't.

CASS  
Don't what.

HANNAH  
Don't ask me what I'm going to do.

A long, long silence.

CASS  
I'm not asking.

HANNAH  
Good.

A beat.

CASS  
I love you.

HANNAH  
I love you.

A beat.

CASS  
Don't kill him, Hannah.

A long beat.

HANNAH  
Sleep, Cass.

She kisses Cass on the forehead.

She walks out.

INT. UCLA - SICU CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Hannah walks down the corridor. Past the nurses' station.  
Past Maria, who watches her and says nothing.

She reaches the elevator.

She does not press DOWN.

She presses UP.

The elevator dings.

She steps in.

The doors close.

CLOSE ON HANNAH'S FACE.

Steady. Calm.

The metronome.

Her thumb is not tapping.

Her hand is in her pocket.

Her hand is closed around something.

We do not see what.

FADE TO BLACK.

**END OF ACT TWO**

INT. UCLA HOSPITAL - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

CONTINUOUS from end of Act Two.

Hannah's face. Steady. The metronome.

The elevator climbs.

Her thumb is not tapping.

Her hand is still in her pocket. Closed around something we have not seen.

The floor indicator: 4. 5. 6.

The elevator slows.

She breathes out.

In her other pocket, her phone vibrates.

She does not look at it.

The floor indicator: 7.

The elevator stops.

The doors open.

She steps out.

INT. UCLA HOSPITAL - 7TH FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The surgical ICU. Different from the SICU on 4. Higher acuity. Quieter. The patients here are intubated and sedated.

A nurses' station ahead. Two nurses. Reduced night shift.

Hannah's badge has been deactivated.

She does not approach the station.

She walks past it as if she belongs there.

She does belong here. She has been a doctor on this floor for fourteen years.

A NURSE looks up.

NURSE  
(mild)  
Dr. Vance.

HANNAH  
Hi, Theresa.

NURSE  
You're back.

HANNAH  
Just briefly. The Kohlberg chart --  
can I look at it quickly.

A beat. The nurse hesitates.

NURSE  
I heard you were on leave.

HANNAH  
Wellness. Voluntary.  
(smiles, lightly)  
Reiner being Reiner.

The nurse smiles back. Reiner being Reiner. The hospital's shorthand.

NURSE  
He's in eleven. Officer's out  
front.

HANNAH  
Stable?

NURSE  
Stable. Two units, repaired  
shoulder, repaired subclavian.  
Vance work.  
(a small smile)  
Sorry. Doyle work.

HANNAH  
Doyle work, yes.

NURSE  
He's still sedated. We'll extubate  
at six.

HANNAH  
I'll just look in.

The nurse nods. Hannah walks down the corridor.

She passes room 11. Slows. Looks through the window.

A LAPD officer in a chair outside the door, on his phone. He glances up at her, sees the white coat she is not wearing, looks back at his phone.

She keeps walking.

She turns the corner.

She stops.

She presses her back against the wall.

She closes her eyes.

CLOSE ON HANNAH'S FACE.

The composure she has carried for ninety-three pages holds.

She opens her eyes.

She walks back around the corner.

CUT TO:

INT. UCLA HOSPITAL - ROOM 11 - NIGHT

A small ICU room. Single bed. Monitors. The blinds are mostly drawn. The light is dim.

KOHLBERG in the bed. Intubated. Sedated. Wrists restrained to the bed rails -- not for medical reasons, for police custody. His chest rises and falls with the ventilator.

Hannah closes the door behind her. The officer outside does not turn.

She crosses to the bed.

She stands over him for a long moment.

She has seen him at the bench in Beverly Hills. She has seen him in the photographs Wallace took. She has seen him a year ago in the lobby of her apartment building, holding a grocery bag, nodding at her in a way she mistook for neighborly.

She has seen him every day, and not seen him at all.

She looks at his hands. They are calloused. There is a bandage on the right one where Cass bit him.

She takes her hand out of her pocket.

She is holding a pre-loaded syringe. A clear vial. The label, if we could read it, says: POTASSIUM CHLORIDE 20 mEq.

She sets it on the bedside table.

She takes the chart from the foot of the bed. Reads it. Confirms what Theresa told her. Stable. Extubation at six. Officer present. Detective interview scheduled at eight.

She returns the chart.

She picks up the syringe.

She uncaps it.

She moves to the IV port at the back of his hand.

She lifts the line.

She brings the needle to the rubber valve.

She pauses.

She looks at his face.

She does not know why she pauses.

She does, but she will not let herself know yet.

She lowers the syringe.

She looks at his hands again. The calloused hands.

She thinks about Jess.

She thinks about Wallace's words in the SICU.

She thinks about Cass. Don't kill him, Hannah.

She thinks about her mother. I cannot lose two daughters.

She is going to lose her hands.

She looks at her hands.

She is a surgeon.

She is about to stop being one.

She lifts the syringe again.

She brings it to the IV port.

She is going to do it.

KOHLBERG'S EYES OPEN.

She freezes.

He has come up from sedation early. The body of a Marine Recon, even battered, processes drugs faster than the charts predict.

His eyes focus on her.

She does not move.

He cannot speak around the tube. But he sees her.

He sees the syringe in her hand.

A long beat.

He nods.

The smallest gesture. He is restrained, intubated, defenseless. He is also a professional. He understands what is happening and he understands his role in it.

He nods.

Hannah is shaking now.

She lowers the syringe.

She sets it back on the bedside table.

She leans down. Close to his face.

He is watching her.

She speaks very quietly. Below the level a sleeping officer outside could hear.

HANNAH

I am Jessica Vance's sister.

He blinks. Acknowledgment. He knows.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Did she fight you.

A long beat.

He nods. Once.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Did she scratch you.

He lifts his bandaged hand against the restraint. As much as he can. He turns the back of the hand toward her.

The bandage is from Cass. But beneath it, on the wrist above the bandage -- a parallel scar, healed over three weeks. A long scratch. Old.

She looks at the scar.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
Did she say my name.

A long, long beat.

He nods.

Hannah closes her eyes.

When she opens them, they are wet for the first time in the scene.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
What did she say.

A beat. He cannot speak. He moves his lips around the tube.

She reads it.

He says: Han.

Just that.

Han.

The voicemail. Three weeks ago. 11:47 PM. The same syllable. The last syllable Jess Vance ever spoke. Han. It's me. Pick up.

She did not pick up.

She did not pick up because she was on shift.

She did not pick up because Kohlberg got there first.

She is now standing over the man who heard her sister say her name in the last two seconds of her sister's life.

A long, long, long silence.

Hannah's hands are shaking.

She picks up the syringe again.

She does not put it in the IV.

She sets it back on the table.

She looks at her hands.

She looks at his throat.

His eyes track her. He understands.

He is not afraid.

He nods once more.

She places her right hand on the side of his neck. Two fingers on the carotid. The pulse is steady.

She places her left hand on the other side.

She is a surgeon.

She knows the artery.

She knows the time.

She is looking at him.

He is looking at her.

She begins to press.

His eyes do not close. He does not look away. He does not fight. The restraints would prevent him from fighting anyway, but he does not even try.

She watches his face.

He watches hers.

The carotid pulse beneath her fingers slows.

She presses harder.

The pulse stops.

She holds.

She counts.

Six minutes.

She does not look away from his face.

His eyes glaze. The pupils dilate. The body keeps breathing on the ventilator -- the machine is doing the work of his lungs, but it cannot do the work of his brain.

His eyes go still.

She holds for two more minutes.

She is a surgeon. She knows when irreversibility is finished.

She lets go.

She steps back from the bed.

Her hands are shaking so violently she has to grip the bed rail to steady them.

She steadies herself.

She moves.

She picks up the syringe. Caps it. Pockets it.

She turns the ventilator off.

The monitor begins to alarm.

She loosens his right wrist restraint -- the one over the bandaged hand, the one with the scratch from Jess. She leaves the left one fastened.

She steps to the door. Counts to ten.

She opens the door fast.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
(urgent)  
He's coding!

The officer outside scrambles up. Theresa comes running from the nurses' station.

CODE alarms in the hallway.

Hannah is already doing chest compressions.

The code team arrives.

A junior resident pulls her back gently.

RESIDENT  
Dr. Vance. We've got him.

Hannah steps back. She is performing horror. She is also feeling it.

The team works on Kohlberg for nine minutes.

They cannot bring him back.

CODE LEADER  
Time of death --  
(looks at clock)

-- 1:47 AM.

A long beat.

The team begins to disperse. The officer goes outside to call his lieutenant.

Theresa puts a hand on Hannah's shoulder.

THERESA  
Hannah. Hey. Are you okay?

HANNAH  
(very quietly)  
Yes.

THERESA  
You shouldn't be here. You're on leave.

HANNAH  
I know. I'm sorry. I came up to check on him because Cass --

THERESA  
I know. It's okay.

HANNAH  
I'm sorry, Theresa.

THERESA  
Go home.

Hannah leaves the room.

She walks past the officer, who is on his phone, agitated.

She walks to the elevator.

She does not look at her hands.

The elevator dings.

She steps in.

The doors close.

CLOSE ON HANNAH.

Her thumb taps her ring finger once.

Then again.

Then she stops it.

She holds her hand still by force.

She looks at her hand.

The hand of a surgeon. The hand of a murderer.

The same hand.

CUT TO:

INT. UCLA PARKING STRUCTURE - SUBTERRANEAN - NIGHT

The same garage from Movement 3. Hannah walks toward her car. The fluorescents flickering one in three.

She reaches the car.

She does not get in.

She walks past it.

She walks to a concrete pillar.

She presses her forehead against the concrete.

She is shaking.

She is going to be sick.

She is sick.

She vomits onto the painted line beside her tire.

She wipes her mouth with the back of her hand. The hand that just killed a man.

She looks at the back of her hand.

She walks back to the car. Opens the door. Sits in the driver's seat.

Her phone is still in her pocket. Still unread vibrations from earlier.

She takes it out.

Twelve missed calls from her mother.

Three missed calls from Cass.

A text from Cass at 1:18 AM:

REINER POSTED BAIL.

DON'T ASK HOW. HE HAS FRIENDS.

HANNAH CALL ME.

Reiner is out.

He is not in jail tonight.

He posted bail.

A long, long beat.

Hannah's phone rings in her hand. ELEANOR VANCE.

She answers.

Mom. HANNAH

Where are you. ELEANOR (V.O.)

UCLA. HANNAH

Why. ELEANOR (V.O.)

A beat.

He's dead. HANNAH

Reiner? ELEANOR (V.O.)

No. HANNAH

A long, long silence.

Hannah. ELEANOR (V.O.)

Mom. HANNAH

Hannah, what did you do. ELEANOR (V.O.)

A beat.

HANNAH  
I did what Wallace told me to do.

A long silence.

ELEANOR (V.O.)  
(very quietly)  
Are you in trouble.

HANNAH  
I don't know yet.

ELEANOR (V.O.)  
Come home.

HANNAH  
Mom. I can't bring this to your  
house.

ELEANOR (V.O.)  
Come home, Hannah.

HANNAH  
I have his vomit on my shoe and his  
pulse in my hands and I cannot --

ELEANOR (V.O.)  
Hannah. Listen to me.

A beat.

ELEANOR (V.O.)  
You come home. You come home and  
you take a shower and you sleep in  
your old room. And tomorrow at 9  
AM, I am calling every reporter in  
this city to my front steps. And I  
am telling them what Elliot did.  
And you are going to stand beside  
me in a black dress and you are  
going to be the doctor whose sister  
Elliot Reiner killed.

(beat)  
That is your alibi, Hannah. The  
press. The cameras. The whole city  
watching us at nine AM. Anyone who  
comes for you for what you did  
tonight will look like a man  
attacking a grieving family on its  
front steps.

A long silence.

HANNAH  
 Mom.

ELEANOR (V.O.)  
 I am not asking you, Hannah.

A long beat.

HANNAH  
 Okay.

ELEANOR (V.O.)  
 Drive home.

HANNAH  
 Okay.

ELEANOR (V.O.)  
 I love you.

HANNAH  
 I love you, Mom.

She hangs up.

She sits for a long moment.

She starts the car.

She drives.

CUT TO:

INT. VANCE HOUSE - HANNAH'S OLD BEDROOM - 7:12 AM

Hannah on the bed. She has slept in her clothes. The covers untouched. She is awake.

She has been awake.

A black dress hangs from the closet door. Eleanor put it there in the night.

A knock on the door.

ELEANOR (O.S.)  
 Hannah.

HANNAH  
 I'm awake.

The door opens. Eleanor enters. She is dressed. Composed. She looks like a woman who has not slept either, but you would not know it.

She sits on the edge of the bed.

She does not say anything.

She takes Hannah's hand. The hand.

She holds it.

She does not let go.

A long beat.

ELEANOR

The Times will be here at nine.  
KCAL. KTLA. ABC. The AP. The LA  
Sentinel. I called Margot Whittaker  
at 5 AM. She made the rest of the  
calls.

HANNAH

You didn't sleep.

ELEANOR

I will sleep when this is over.

HANNAH

When will it be over.

ELEANOR

When Elliot is convicted.

HANNAH

That could be a year.

ELEANOR

Then I will sleep in a year.

A long beat.

HANNAH

I killed a man last night, Mom.

ELEANOR

I know.

HANNAH

I am a doctor.

ELEANOR

You are my daughter first.

HANNAH  
I am not the woman you raised.

ELEANOR  
Hannah.

HANNAH  
I am not.

ELEANOR  
I know.

A long, long silence.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)  
I am not the woman who raised you,  
either.  
(beat)  
I am better.

She squeezes Hannah's hand.

She lets go.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)  
Get up. Shower. Wear the dress. Eat  
something. We go on at nine.

She leaves the room.

Hannah sits on the bed.

She looks at her hand.

She gets up.

She walks to the bathroom.

INT. VANCE HOUSE - BATHROOM - MORNING

She turns on the shower. Steam.

She stands under the water for a long time.

She is washing.

She is not washing.

There is no washing. The hand has done the thing.

She turns off the water.

She wraps herself in a towel.

She walks to the mirror.  
She wipes the steam from a small portion of it.  
She looks at herself.  
The metronome is gone.  
A different woman is in the mirror.  
She does not look away.  
She does not flinch.  
She holds her own gaze for a long beat.  
Then she nods.  
To herself.  
A pact.

CUT TO:

EXT. VANCE HOUSE - FRONT STEPS - 9:00 AM

The Beverly Hills morning. Sunlit. Birds. The lawn sprinklers off.

The drive is full of news vans. Cameras on tripods. Reporters with notebooks. Producers on cell phones. Microphones bristling at the foot of the steps.

Margot Whittaker is in the crowd at the back. Judge Sterling Roth is beside her. Three other faces from the gala. A small platoon of Beverly Hills women in their seventies who have not been seen at a press conference in their lives.

The front door opens.

Eleanor Vance steps out.

Black suit. Pearls. No makeup. Her hair is silver and unstyled. She looks every one of her seventy years.

Hannah follows her, in the black dress. She stays one step behind her mother.

A photographer's flash.

Eleanor reaches the microphones.

She does not have notes.

She waits for the cameras to settle.

The garden is silent.

ELEANOR

My name is Eleanor Vance.

(beat)

On October seventeenth of this year, my younger daughter Jessica was murdered. She was thirty-six years old. She was a forensic accountant. She was the kind of person who made a room better when she walked into it.

A beat. She does not falter.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

She was killed because she discovered that Dr. Elliot Reiner -- the chief of surgery at UCLA Health, and a man my late husband and I considered family for forty years -- had stolen approximately eleven million dollars from the UCLA Health Foundation over the past twelve years.

A murmur from the press. Cameras click.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

The money was stolen from the funds intended for pediatric oncology research and for the care of indigent patients.

REPORTER 1

Mrs. Vance --

ELEANOR

I will take questions when I am finished.

(beat)

Last night, Dr. Reiner was arrested by federal agents on an indictment for wire fraud, embezzlement, and identity fraud. He was released this morning on a one million dollar bond posted by associates whose names are not yet public.

She pauses.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)  
Dr. Reiner has not been charged  
with my daughter's murder.

A longer pause.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)  
I am here this morning to tell you,  
and to tell the District Attorney  
of Los Angeles County, and to tell  
every person who has ever loved  
someone who was killed for finding  
out something powerful people did  
not want known: he ordered her  
death.

(beat)  
He ordered her death from the chair  
in his library. On the night of  
October seventeenth. At eight forty-  
one in the evening.

(beat)  
The man he hired to carry out the  
order was a former Marine named  
Michael Kohlberg. Mr. Kohlberg died  
at UCLA Medical Center early this  
morning of injuries sustained while  
attempting to murder a witness in  
this case.

The cameras click harder.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)  
I have come to this microphone this  
morning because Dr. Reiner is still  
walking free in this city, and  
because the prosecutor has told my  
surviving daughter that the murder  
of my younger daughter is, and I  
quote, "a state matter," and that  
the District Attorney may decline  
to bring the charge.

A beat. Her voice does not waver.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)  
I am here to make it impossible to  
decline.

A long, electric silence.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

My husband, Charles Vance, who is no longer alive to speak for himself, knew twelve years ago that Elliot Reiner had stolen money from the foundation. He confronted Dr. Reiner privately. Dr. Reiner gave him his word he would stop. My husband chose to believe that word. He told no one. Not the board. Not the authorities. Not me until much later. Not our daughters.

(beat)

Charles loved Elliot. He believed that the institution he and Elliot had built together was more important than punishing one man's weakness. He was wrong.

(beat)

I was wrong with him. I knew, and I said nothing, for thirteen years.

(beat)

And our daughter Jess discovered what we had chosen to bury. And she was killed for it.

A long, long silence.

Hannah, behind her, is not looking at her mother. She is looking at the cameras.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

So I want to be clear about who is responsible for my daughter's death.

(beat)

Elliot Reiner is responsible.

(beat)

Michael Kohlberg was responsible.

(beat)

And the silence of three people who loved Jess -- her father, my friend Judge Sterling Roth, and me -- created the space in which Elliot Reiner believed he could do what he did and not be punished.

(beat)

That silence ends today.

A beat.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

I am establishing a fund this morning, in partnership with the UCLA Health Foundation, to make whole every dollar Elliot Reiner stole from the children and the indigent patients he was meant to serve. I will lead that fund. The first contribution is from my own family, in the amount of fifteen million dollars.

A murmur. Even the reporters react.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

The pediatric oncology wing at UCLA Health will be renamed the Jessica Vance Wing. The renaming is effective immediately. The board of the foundation has confirmed.

(beat)

And to the District Attorney of Los Angeles County: I am asking you, in front of these cameras, to indict Elliot Reiner for the murder of my daughter. You have my testimony that Dr. Reiner came to our home as family for forty years. You have the testimony of Judge Roth that he warned my husband about Dr. Reiner twelve years ago. You have the testimony of my surviving daughter, Hannah, who is standing beside me this morning, that Dr. Reiner confessed to her on the night of November the seventh, in his library, in the chair where he made the call that ended Jess's life.

A beat.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

Indict him.

A long beat.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

I will take three questions.

The press explodes.

CLOSE ON ELEANOR. She is steady.

CLOSE ON HANNAH. Behind her mother. Watching.

CLOSE ON HANNAH'S HAND.

It is not tapping.

It is closed in a fist at her side.

CUT TO:

INT. VANCE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATE MORNING

The press is gone. The vans pulling away from the curb. The drive empty.

Eleanor sits on the couch. She has taken her jacket off. She is in her shell blouse. She looks suddenly small.

Hannah comes in. She has changed out of the black dress into jeans and a sweater. She sits beside her mother.

A long silence.

HANNAH  
Mom.

ELEANOR  
Yes.

HANNAH  
You said -- you said the first  
contribution is fifteen million.

ELEANOR  
Yes.

HANNAH  
We don't have fifteen million.

A beat. Eleanor does not look at her.

ELEANOR  
We have the house.

HANNAH  
Mom.

ELEANOR  
We have your father's firm shares.

HANNAH  
Mom, this house --

ELEANOR  
Hannah. Look at me.

Hannah looks at her.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

I have lived in this house for forty-seven years. I raised both my daughters in it. I buried my husband from its front step. I buried my younger daughter from its front step.

(beat)

The house is full of ghosts who don't know where they live. Let someone else have it. Let me move into a condominium with a garden the size of a card table.

(beat)

Fifteen million is what your father's silence cost. We are paying it back.

A long silence.

HANNAH

Okay.

ELEANOR

Okay.

A beat.

HANNAH

Mom.

ELEANOR

Yes.

HANNAH

Thank you.

Eleanor looks at her. She nods.

She does not say for what.

She knows what for.

ELEANOR

I should have done it twelve years ago.

HANNAH

You did it now.

ELEANOR

I did it now.

She takes Hannah's hand.

She holds it.

She does not let go for a long time.

CUT TO:

INT. VARIOUS - DAY - MONTAGE

A) THE LA TIMES FRONT PAGE -- ELEANOR ON THE STEPS. HEADLINE:  
"INDICT HIM."

B) CABLE NEWS -- a banner: "REINER FRAUD SCANDAL." A panel of  
legal commentators.

C) UCLA HEALTH FOUNDATION CONFERENCE ROOM -- KATHRYN VOSS,  
the executive director, on a phone. Frantic. A list of donor  
names in front of her, half of them already crossed out.

D) JAIL -- INTAKE CORRIDOR. A door opens. CASS DOYLE walks  
out. She has a small bag. Hannah is waiting on a bench. Cass  
sees her. Walks to her. They embrace. The embrace lasts a  
long time.

CASS  
You okay.

HANNAH  
No.

CASS  
Yeah.

U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE -- CHEN at her desk. Reading the LA  
Times. Picking up the phone.

CHEN  
(into phone)  
Patty. We need to talk about the  
Reiner murder count.

F) THE VANCE FOUNDATION OFFICE -- a hastily-painted door.  
ELEANOR at a desk that was a guest room three days ago.  
Margot Whittaker on the couch. Judge Roth in a chair.

MARGOT  
Bain just called. They're in for  
two million.

JUDGE ROTH  
The Stern family is in for three.

ELEANOR  
We need ten more.

MARGOT  
By when.

ELEANOR  
Friday.

MARGOT  
I'll make calls.

G) THE DA'S PRESS CONFERENCE -- the LA County DA at a podium.  
Cameras.

DA  
The Office of the District Attorney  
has today filed a charge of murder  
in the second degree against Dr.  
Elliot Reiner --

H) HANNAH'S APARTMENT -- Hannah, alone, watching the DA on  
TV. She has not moved from her couch in twenty minutes. The  
TV light blue on her face.

She does not smile.

She does not cry.

She turns the TV off.

CUT TO:

INT. LA COUNTY JAIL - VISITING ROOM - DAY

A row of stations. Reinforced glass. Telephone receivers on  
each side.

Eleanor sits in the visitor's chair. Coat on her lap.  
Composed.

A door on the other side opens.

Reiner is brought in by a guard. He is in jail blues. He  
looks twenty years older than he did three days ago. His hair  
is uncut. His chin is unshaven.

He sees her.

He stops.

The guard guides him to the chair.

He sits.

He picks up the receiver.

She picks up hers.

A long, long silence.

REINER  
Eleanor.

ELEANOR  
Elliot.

A beat.

REINER  
You came.

ELEANOR  
I came.

REINER  
I did not expect you.

ELEANOR  
I did not expect to come.

A long beat.

REINER  
I saw the press conference.

ELEANOR  
I imagine you did.

REINER  
You named me.

ELEANOR  
Yes.

REINER  
You named yourself.

ELEANOR  
Yes.

A beat.

REINER  
The fifteen million. That is  
everything you have.

ELEANOR  
Most of it.

REINER  
The house.

ELEANOR  
Yes.

A long silence.

REINER  
Eleanor. Charles would not have  
wanted you to sell the house.

ELEANOR  
Charles wanted a great many things  
he did not deserve to have. He is  
dead. He does not get to want  
anymore.

A long, long silence.

REINER  
I came to your house for forty  
years.

ELEANOR  
You did.

REINER  
I held your daughters when they  
were children.

ELEANOR  
You did.

REINER  
I gave the eulogy at Charles's  
funeral.

ELEANOR  
You did.

REINER  
And the eulogy at Jess's.

ELEANOR  
Yes.

A beat.

REINER  
What did you come here to say.

A long beat.

ELEANOR  
The pediatric oncology wing is  
being renamed.

REINER  
So I read.

ELEANOR  
The Jessica Vance Wing.

REINER  
So I read.

ELEANOR  
Your name is going to be removed  
from the building entirely. The  
board voted yesterday.

A beat.

REINER  
I see.

ELEANOR  
The plaque at the front entrance,  
the one your name has been on since  
2007 -- it comes down on Friday.  
(beat)  
Jess's name will go in its place.

A long, long silence.

Reiner sets his hand on the glass.

REINER  
Eleanor.

ELEANOR  
Yes.

REINER  
You did not have to come here to  
tell me that.

ELEANOR  
No, Elliot.

REINER  
You wanted to see my face when I  
heard.

ELEANOR

Yes.

A beat.

REINER

Then look at it.

She looks.

She does not flinch.

He is shaking now. The hands of a great surgeon. They are shaking.

She watches them shake.

REINER (CONT'D)

Eleanor. I am going to die in prison.

ELEANOR

Yes.

REINER

You came to tell me that too.

ELEANOR

No, Elliot. I came to tell you about the plaque.

A long silence.

REINER

Eleanor.

ELEANOR

Yes.

REINER

You hate me.

ELEANOR

No.

A beat.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

I do not hate you, Elliot. I do not have the energy to hate you. I am seventy years old and I have buried two of the people I loved most and one of them was buried by you.

(beat)

(MORE)

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

What I have for you is no longer hate. I do not know what to call it.

(beat)

But it is what I will have for the rest of my life. And your name will not be on a building anywhere in this city. And when you die, in your cell, you will not have a funeral that anyone I know will attend.

She sets the receiver down.

She stands.

He is still holding his receiver. His hand on the glass.

She walks out without looking back.

CUT TO:

INT. CRIMINAL COURTHOUSE - LA - DAY

The hallway outside a grand jury room. Marble floor. Wooden benches.

Hannah sits on a bench. She is in a navy suit. She is holding a folder.

Cass sits beside her. Out of jail. A small bandage still on her temple. She is wearing the leather jacket from Movement 1.

Eleanor on the other side of Hannah.

The three of them, side by side.

The grand jury room door is across the hall.

Chen comes out. She has been inside for ten minutes delivering the prosecution's foundation.

CHEN

Hannah. We're ready.

Hannah stands. Smooths her jacket.

CASS

Han.

HANNAH

Yeah.

CASS  
Just tell them what he said.

HANNAH  
That's the plan.

CASS  
And don't say anything about  
Kohlberg.

HANNAH  
I won't.

CASS  
They might ask.

HANNAH  
I won't say anything about  
Kohlberg.

A beat. Cass nods. Eleanor takes Hannah's hand. Briefly. Lets  
it go.

ELEANOR  
Hannah.

HANNAH  
Yes.

ELEANOR  
I am proud of you.

A beat.

HANNAH  
Mom.

ELEANOR  
I am.

HANNAH  
For what.

ELEANOR  
For walking into that room.

HANNAH  
Mom, I --

ELEANOR  
Walk into the room, Hannah.

A beat.

Hannah turns. Walks across the hall to the grand jury room door.

She pauses with her hand on it.

She turns back.

She looks at her mother and her best friend.

The two women who know everything she has done.

The two women who are not going to tell anyone.

She nods to them.

They nod back.

She opens the door.

She walks in.

The door closes behind her.

CLOSE ON THE CLOSED DOOR.

We do not follow her in.

We hold on the door.

We are still holding when --

CUT TO:

INT. CRIMINAL COURTHOUSE - HALLWAY - LATER

The same hallway. Empty now.

The grand jury room door opens.

Hannah comes out. She does not look upset. She looks empty.

Eleanor and Cass stand.

Hannah walks to them.

CASS  
How did it go.

HANNAH  
They indicted.

ELEANOR  
On the murder.

HANNAH  
On the murder. Second degree.  
Solicitation.

CASS  
How long.

HANNAH  
Chen says trial in eight to twelve  
months. If he pleads, he avoids  
life without. He pleads, he gets  
twenty-five.

ELEANOR  
With the federal time?

HANNAH  
Concurrent.

ELEANOR  
So twenty-five.

HANNAH  
Twenty-five.

A beat.

CASS  
He'll be eighty-seven when he gets  
out.

HANNAH  
He won't get out.

CASS  
No.

A long silence.

The three of them stand together in the empty hallway.

ELEANOR  
Let's go home.

HANNAH  
Mom. There is no home anymore.

ELEANOR  
To my hotel. I have a suite while I  
find a condo.

CASS  
A suite.

ELEANOR  
The Beverly Wilshire.

CASS  
(a small grin)  
Eleanor.

ELEANOR  
I am still a Vance, Cassandra. I do  
not stay at a Hampton Inn.

A small laugh between them. The first laugh in twelve pages.

They walk down the hallway together.

CLOSE on the three of them from behind. The three women who  
finished what Jess started.

CUT TO:

EXT. UCLA HEALTH CAMPUS - DAY - TWO MONTHS LATER

Winter light. The campus quieter than it was. A small crowd  
at the front entrance.

A SIGN BEING  
UNVEILED:

THE JESSICA VANCE WING

PEDIATRIC ONCOLOGY  
Eleanor at the podium. Hannah  
beside her. Cass beside Hannah.  
Margot. Judge Roth. Half the gala.  
The Mayor.

The cloth comes off the sign.

Applause.

Eleanor steps to the microphone.

ELEANOR  
Thank you all for coming. I will  
not speak for long today. Today is  
a day for the children who will be  
treated in this wing. Not for  
speeches.

(beat)

(MORE)

ELEANOR (CONT'D)  
My daughter Jessica would have  
loved that her name is on a  
building where children are made  
well.  
(beat)  
That is all I have to say today.

She steps down.

CUT TO:

INT. UCLA HEALTH CAMPUS - JESSICA VANCE WING - DAY

The new pediatric oncology wing. Children. Parents. Doctors.  
The wing is alive.

Hannah walking through it. She is in scrubs.

A beat.

She is in scrubs.

We have not seen her in scrubs since Movement 4.

She has been reinstated.

She is at work.

She passes a six-year-old boy in a wheelchair, bald from  
chemo. She crouches down. He shows her a drawing.

She listens.

She nods.

She tells him it is a good drawing.

She stands. Walks on.

The audience watches her.

She is a doctor again.

But she is not the same doctor.

CUT TO:

EXT. NORTH CRESCENT AND CARMELITA - BEVERLY HILLS - DAY

Daylight. The bench. The same bench.

Hannah walks up to it. She is in a coat and jeans. She sits.

The street is quiet. A jogger passes. A woman with a stroller.

She takes her phone out.

She opens her voicemail.

She scrolls to the bottom.

She finds it.

JESS VANCE -- 11:47 PM -- 0:12

Twelve seconds long.

She has not played it in 113 pages.

She presses play.

JESS (V.O.)  
Han. It's me. Pick up. I need a  
ride, my car's --

A beat.

JESS (V.O.)  
(quieter)  
Pick up. Pick up.

A beat.

JESS (V.O.)  
Han, I --

The voicemail ends.

Hannah sits on the bench with her sister's last words in her ear.

She does not cry.

She does not move.

She listens to the silence after the recording.

After a long beat, she lowers the phone.

She looks across the street.

She is sitting where Kohlberg sat.

Across the street is the building where Jess parked the night she died.

This is the corner where everything happened.

She sits.

She breathes.

She is still here.

CUT TO:

EXT. WESTWOOD MEMORIAL PARK - DAY

A modest cemetery. Famous for who is buried in it. Marilyn Monroe is here. Truman Capote. Billy Wilder.

And, at the back, in a small section the family bought when Charles Vance died:

JESSICA ANNE VANCE

1990 -- 2025

BELOVED SISTER, DAUGHTER

Hannah walks up the path. Alone.

The cemetery is quiet. Mid-afternoon. A groundskeeper at a distance. No one else.

She reaches the headstone.

She stands.

She does not speak for a long time.

She looks at the carved stone.

The dates.

She kneels.

She places her right hand flat on the dirt above her sister.

The hand that killed Michael Kohlberg.

The same hand that has saved patients in the trauma bay for fourteen years.

The hand of the metronome.

The hand that did not pick up the phone.

She holds her hand on the dirt.

A long, long beat.

She speaks.

HANNAH  
(very quietly)  
I got him.

The wind moves through the trees.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
(a beat)  
Both of them.

A long silence.

She does not say more.

She does not need to.

She holds her hand on the dirt for another long beat.

Then she lifts it.

She brushes the dirt off her palm.

She stands.

She looks at the headstone.

HANNAH (CONT'D)  
(after a beat)  
I'll come back.

She turns.

She walks down the path.

CLOSE ON HER HAND as she walks.

Her thumb taps her ring finger.

Once.

Twice.

Three times.

Four.

The metronome.

She is alive.

She is going to keep being alive.

WIDE on the cemetery.

The path winds away.

Hannah's figure receding.

The wind moves through the trees.

The headstone reads JESSICA ANNE VANCE.

We hold.

We hold.

FADE OUT.

**THE END**