

FISSURE
by
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FADE IN:

INT. MEETING ROOM - MORNING

PAUL GRUNNING (30s), haggard, bleary eyes, sits in a folding chair in a drab room. A clock on the wall reads 9:15.

He's surrounded by a handful of others, also seated, groggily clutching coffee cups.

They're saying a prayer. Grunning doesn't really join in, just mouths the words.

GROUP

God grant us the serenity to accept
the things we cannot change, the
courage to change the things we
can, and the wisdom to know the
difference.

As the group says AMEN, Grunning's cell phone RINGS.

He pulls it from his pocket and looks at the screen. It says "Hudson."

He stands.

GRUNNING

I'm sorry. Have to get this.

The others glare at him, but he walks to the corner of the room and puts the phone to his ear.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - LATER THAT MORNING

An overcast day. Grunning drives his car down a quiet street.

He parks in front of a large house.

The property is impressive but not well-kept. The lawn is overgrown.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Grunning looks up at the house.

He stares down at some items on the passenger seat: a badge, a note pad and his cell phone.

He picks up the phone and stares briefly at the display - it reads 10:01 a.m. He dials.

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
It's Grunning. I'm here.

POLICE CHIEF HUDSON comes on the line. In the B.G., office sounds of frenzied commotion.

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
What'd you find?

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
(annoyed)
I haven't gone in yet. Where are the others?

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
(sighs)
Listen, Grunning. We can't spare another body right now. Dispatch is swamped.

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
Why? What's happening?

Hudson doesn't respond because he's YELLING a muffled answer to a question in his office. He comes back on the line.

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
You're going to have to handle this on your own for a few hours. Til we can get some more men out there.

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
You said you'd ease me back in.
Hell of a way to do that.

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
If I could I would. Just get the interview started.

Grunning stares out at the house. He's shaking slightly.

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.) (cont'd)
Grunning?

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
Yeah?

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
(his voice softening)
How's the arm?

Grunning looks down at his left arm.

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)

Fine.

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)

You can do this. It's routine stuff. Check back later.

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)

Right.

He hangs up.

Grunning pockets the badge and note pad and checks the gun in his shoulder holster.

He winces as he rubs his arm.

Grunning pulls a bottle of pills from the car's cup holder and dispenses two of them.

He hesitates for a moment and takes three pills instead, swallowing them quickly.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Grunning stands at the front door, looking down at his note pad. The words "680 Oakmead Lane. Ulster" are scrawled on it.

His cell phone RINGS.

He pulls it out and looks at the display, which reads: "Sarah."

Grunning answers the phone.

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)

Yes?

SARAH (ON PHONE) (O.S.)

Did you sign it?

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)

Not yet, Sarah. It's a lot to read through.

SARAH (ON PHONE) (O.S.)

It's what we agreed to, Paul. Just sign it, alright?

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
(getting upset)
What's the hurry, Sarah? What's the
goddamn hurry?

He steps away from the front door, looking around to see if
anyone's listening.

SARAH (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
I want to be done with this, that's
what. Plan a future.

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
We have a history, Sarah. You can't
change that.

SARAH (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
Exactly, Paul. You can't change the
past. That's the problem.

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
(softening)
You know if I could fix what
happened. If I could go back and--

SARAH (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
It's not just that, Paul. If you
don't understand by now...

She sighs.

SARAH (ON PHONE) (O.S.) (cont'd)
Sign the papers.

She disconnects.

Grunning slams his phone shut, and stomps his foot in
frustration.

As he regains his composure, he looks again at the piece of
paper in his hand. He's crumpled it.

Grunning walks up to the front door again and KNOCKS. There's
no response.

He KNOCKS again. He checks the door; it's unlocked. He slowly
goes in.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

The windows of the room are clouded and dusty, and the inside
of the house is very dim - as if it's gone from day to night.

The foyer has a doorway leading to a corridor and a stairwell leading upstairs.

GRUNNING

Hello?

He creeps across the room. From above, a NOISE. Grunning stops moving and looks up.

The ceiling CREAKS with the sound of a footstep.

GRUNNING (cont'd)

Hello?

The footsteps stop.

GRUNNING (cont'd)

I'm a police officer.

Grunning looks up the stairwell and listens. It's quiet.

He walks out of the foyer and into the -

DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

It's brighter in here, but he sees no one.

Grunning sidesteps down the hall, looking at a number of doorways.

The sound of a woman CRYING stops him.

GRUNNING

Mrs. Ulster?

The sobbing continues.

GRUNNING (cont'd)

I'm here to help.

He puts his ear to it, hearing the sobs more clearly.

GRUNNING (cont'd)

Ma'am?

He opens the door. The crying is louder still. Grunning steps into the -

LIVING ROOM

There's no one there. The crying has stopped abruptly. Grunning spins around, confused.

He examines the room: a few pieces of drab furniture and shelves choked with books.

Grunning walks over to a bookshelf, noticing a series of science textbooks. Roger Ulster's name appears on the spine of several of them.

He pulls one of the books off the shelf and looks at the cover: "The Properties of Physics."

Grunning flips it over and sees an "about the author" blurb on the back, along with a picture of ROGER ULSTER.

The picture reveals a world-weary man in his early 50s. It reads: "A renowned scientist and academic, Roger Ulster teaches at Pullington University and advises the Pullington Defense Institute."

At that instant, someone in the hallway darts past the door. It's just a flash.

Grunning jerks his head around to look, then drops the book and runs back into the -

DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

Once again, it's empty. The person is gone.

GRUNNING
Show yourself!

Frustrated, Grunning opens another door and walks into the -

DINING ROOM

The lights are on in the room, and there's a plate of eggs on the dining room table. They appear untouched.

Grunning puts his hand over them to feel the steam.

GRUNNING
Still warm.

On one wall there's a window into the kitchen. A swinging door leads to that room.

Suddenly the sound of a woman's voice comes from that direction.

EMMA (O.S.)
It's ready.

Grunning bursts through the door and into the -

KITCHEN

The corpse of Roger Ulster lies on the kitchen floor. There's a hole in his head, and blood has spilled across the linoleum.

Roger's hand lies to his side holding a .38-caliber revolver.

As Grunning stares at the body, the sight triggers a -

FLASHBACK

We see the vague image of a desk and the sound of a child LAUGHING.

RETURN TO SCENE

Grunning staggers back in shock. He collides with a woman, EMMA ULSTER. Grunning spins around to face her.

She's in her 40s, with a bewildered look on her face. Her eyes are red and wet from tears. Her hair lies loose around her shoulders.

EMMA
Who are you?

GRUNNING
I'm Detective Grunning. They sent me...

He stammers, still in shock.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
This was supposed to be an accident.

EMMA
A suicide...my husband has taken his life.

GRUNNING
(recovering)
When did this happen?

EMMA
I found him just a few minutes ago.

GRUNNING
And you haven't touched...the
scene?

EMMA
No. I called the police
immediately. You arrived very
quickly...thank you.

She SOBS.

GRUNNING
Who were you speaking to just now?

EMMA
What?

GRUNNING
You said something...before I came
in the room.

EMMA
There's no one here, detective. I'm
in a fog - maybe I was talking to
myself.

She lets out another SOB.

EMMA (cont'd)
I'm sorry. It's just so...

GRUNNING
I understand. Maybe you should
leave the room, while I...

EMMA
Yes, of course.

She continues to cry as she walks into the dining room.

Grunning immediately pulls out his cell phone and dials. He
puts it to his ear.

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
Hudson here.

Grunning speaks quickly. He's jittery, on the verge of hysterics.

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
You told me this was an
accident...something routine.

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
Grunning? Is that you?

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
Yeah, it's me.

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
What are you calling for?

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
I need a medical examiner now.

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
Calm down, Grunning. Where the hell
are you?

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
Where do you think I am? I'm at the
house.

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
House?

The background noise at the chief's end of the line swells.
Someone yells out Hudson's name.

Grunning looks down at the body.

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
Self-inflicted gunshot wound...
Chief, I don't think I can handle
this.

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
Listen, Grunning. Things suddenly
got real hectic over here. I gotta
go.

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
I need help, or I walk right out of
here.

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
Fine.

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
So you're sending--

But Hudson has disconnected already.

Grunning slams his phone shut.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
Goddamn it!

He stares down at the body.

He has to look away. He walks to the other end of the room and opens a door leading to the -

DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

Emma is standing there. Her eyes are still swollen with crying, but she appears to have recovered a bit. She has put her hair up in a ponytail.

She seems surprised to see Grunning.

EMMA
Oh, you're still here, Detective.

Grunning looks at her quizzically.

GRUNNING
Of course.

She stares at the floor, saying nothing.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
Mrs. Ulster...

EMMA
I told you to call me Emma.

GRUNNING
You did?

Now it's her turn to look at him quizzically.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
Right, anyway. This is a crime scene. You can't touch anything. And I'm going to need to ask you some questions.

EMMA
Fine.

GRUNNING

How many people live in the house?

EMMA

Four. Roger and I. Our son Andrew.
And Rachel, of course.

GRUNNING

Rachel?

EMMA

Roger's graduate student.

GRUNNING

She lives here?

EMMA

She rents a room from us. It was
easier that way - with them working
together so much.

GRUNNING

Are your son and Rachel both in the
house right now?

EMMA

Yes.

GRUNNING

I'll need to question them too. I'm
going to get some things from the
car. Stay where you are.

She nods.

Grunning walks down the hall and into the -

FOYER

It's much dimmer in this room, and Grunning struggles to find
the front door as his eyes adjust to the low light.

He opens the door and walks outside.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

He walks out to his car. His hands begin to shake as he
reaches to open the passenger door.

FLASHBACK

Again, we see the large desk. But gradually we move closer to it, peering over it.

We hear the sound of a child LAUGHING, then a voice. It's Grunning speaking.

GRUNNING (O.S.)

Oh God.

RETURN TO SCENE

Grunning collapses against his car, his face contorted with emotion.

As he pulls himself together, he feels as if he's being watched. He spins around and looks up at the second-floor windows of the house.

There's a young woman in one of the windows staring down at him, but she quickly steps out of view.

Grunning opens up the car door and looks in the glove compartment. Pill bottles spill out.

He shakes a few of them before he finds one that's not empty. Grunning downs a few of the pills.

He also pulls a tackle box out of the glove compartment and shuts the car door.

He walks away, forgetting to lock the car.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Grunning opens the tackle box and removes a roll of yellow police tape.

He stretches the tape across the doors of the kitchen. As he works, he avoids looking down at the corpse.

He puts the tape back in the box and pulls out a magic marker.

Sighing, he turns toward the body and crouches down next to it.

Grunning begins to trace the outside of Roger's corpse. His hands shake violently as he moves the marker.

When he reaches Roger's hand, he stops to look at the gun.

Grunning pulls two gloves from the box, puts them on and picks up the .38-caliber revolver.

He opens it and spins the cylinder. It's empty.

There's a voice behind him.

EMMA

I should have never let Roger keep that.

Startled, Grunning looks back at her.

Emma's face is still wet with tears, and her hair hangs loose again. She looks wild with grief.

GRUNNING

This is his gun?

She nods.

EMMA

I didn't think he had any bullets.

GRUNNING

He had at least one.

Grunning clicks the gun shut.

GRUNNING (cont'd)

Where'd he get the gun?

EMMA

I don't remember. One of his military friends, I think. He worked at the defense institute.

As she speaks, Grunning examines the back of Roger's hand.

EMMA (cont'd)

What are you doing?

GRUNNING

Checking for burns.

EMMA

What for?

GRUNNING
(without responding)
What kind of work did your husband
do at the institute?

Grunning places the gun in a plastic bag and puts it in his
breast pocket.

EMMA
Nothing he told me about. You might
ask Rachel about that. She would
know.

Grunning looks down at Roger's clothes: a tweed sportscoat
and tie.

GRUNNING
Looks like he was going to work.

EMMA
Roger usually leaves at nine. This
was so sudden. I even cooked him
breakfast...

She trails off and SOBS again.

GRUNNING
(almost to himself)
Why would a man who was about to do
this get dressed for work?

Emma doesn't respond. She continues to cry.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
Listen, Mrs...

EMMA
(recovering)
Call me Emma.

GRUNNING
Right. Emma. I know this is hard.
But please find the others and meet
me in the living room. I'll join
you in a few minutes.

EMMA
Okay...

She begins to walk out toward the hallway.

He notices something near the dining room door and stops her.

GRUNNING
Wait... what's that?

He points at some shattered pieces of china and a bit of scrambled egg on the floor.

EMMA
His breakfast...he dropped it.

Grunning confused. At that moment, his cell phone RINGS.

He puts it to his ear and waves her away into the other room.

GRUNNING
Grunning...

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
Grunning, it's Hudson. Listen,
sorry to be short with you earlier.
We're jammed up over here.

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
Well, I need--

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
I have a job for you. I know we
talked about easing you back in,
but this--

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
What are you talking about, chief?

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
(talking over him)
I wouldn't call on you like this.
Frankly, you sound like you're
still a bit...out of it. But we
desperately need the manpower.

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
I already have my hands full...

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
I just need you to check this out.
Baby-sit the scene for a few hours.
It's routine stuff - some kind of
accidental death.

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
What?

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
680 Oakmead Lane. Dead-end street.
It's the last house.

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
Chief, I'm here. I'm at the house.

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
Grunning...what the hell are you
talking about?

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
(frustrated)
I'm at the house. I'm standing over
the goddamn body.

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
How'd you...

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
You called me about this an hour
ago.

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
No...
(reflecting)
Did I? It's been crazy here. I
guess I might have. But we only
just got word--

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
Well, you did. And you promised to
send help. It's no accidental
death. I told you this.

The BUZZ of activity at the chief's end of the line
escalates.

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
I'll get help. Just hold on.

Hudson ends the call.

Grunning clicks the phone shut. In a daze, he looks down at
the body.

GRUNNING
What's happening, Roger?

Roger, still very dead, doesn't answer.

Grunning walks out the door toward the -

DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

He finds the door to the living room and walks in.

LIVING ROOM

There's no one there.

GRUNNING
(annoyed)
C'mon.

He turns and yells out:

GRUNNING (cont'd)
Emma! I said to meet in the living
room.

There's no response.

Suddenly there's a WHOOSH of someone passing by the doorway.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
Hey!

He runs back out to the -

DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

The hallway is empty. Grunning runs down toward the -

FOYER

The room is dark, and he sees no one.

GRUNNING
Get back here.

He looks at the front door, which is still - it doesn't look as if it's been opened lately. He stares up the darkened stairwell.

Grunning advances slowly and begins mounting the steps.

STAIRWELL

The stairs CREAK under his weight.

GRUNNING

Emma?

He walks into the -

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

It's quite dark as he makes his way down the hallway.

He KNOCKS on a door. There's no answer.

He turns the knob slowly.

GRUNNING

Hello?

Grunning steps into the -

MASTER BEDROOM

Weak sunshine filters through heavy drapes. The bed hasn't been made, but the room is otherwise quite neat.

Grunning steps over to the dresser and picks up a framed picture. It's a family shot of Roger, Emma and ANDREW ULSTER, a boy in his early teens.

He puts it down and notices that one of the dresser drawers is pulled out a bit.

He opens it and stares at the contents: men's clothes, mashed up in a disorderly pile. The mess stands out from the neatness of the rest of the room.

Grunning notices something at the bottom of the drawer and pulls out a wooden box.

Putting two socks on his hands to avoid smearing any fingerprints, Grunning pops open the box.

It has a foam interior, with space for a revolver, but it's empty.

Grunning feels around inside the rest of the drawer but doesn't find anything else. He puts the box back in and shuts the dresser.

Grunning checks out the rest of the room. He opens a couple closets and peeks under the bed. He finds nothing unusual.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Back out in the hallway, Grunning makes his way down to another door. He grabs the door knob.

GRUNNING

Anyone there?

A sleepy female voice MUMBLES something from behind the door.

Grunning opens the door and walks into -

RACHEL'S ROOM

A woman, RACHEL CLARIS, has her back to the door as she draws the curtains. Suddenly the room fills with bright sunshine.

There are cardboard boxes scattered around the room, filled with books and other personal effects. It appears as if she's getting ready to move out.

She turns around to look at Grunning, startled. Rachel is an attractive woman in her 20s. It looks as if she's been crying.

RACHEL

Who are you?

GRUNNING

I'm Detective Paul Grunning.

He extends his hand to her. She shakes it, warily.

RACHEL

Rachel Claris.

Grunning looks over to her bedside table. He sees a bottle of wine, empty, and one glass.

RACHEL (cont'd)

What are you doing here?

GRUNNING

(confused)

It's an unusual case, Ms. Claris.
I'm going to need to speak to each of you.

RACHEL

What case?

He stares at her, shocked.

GRUNNING
You do know...about Mr. Ulster?

RACHEL
Did something happen to Roger?

Rachel looks panicked. Dread spreads across Grunning's face.

GRUNNING
Emma Ulster didn't tell you? You
didn't hear the shot?

RACHEL
What happened?!

GRUNNING
Roger's dead.

Fresh tears begin to stream down her face.

RACHEL
And she...

She trails off.

GRUNNING
She what?

RACHEL
She... How did it happen?

GRUNNING
He shot himself.

A puzzled look crosses her face. She shakes her head.

RACHEL
With what? He didn't own a gun.

GRUNNING
He had one hidden in his bedroom.
In the dresser.

RACHEL
No. It's impossible. He can't be
dead.

GRUNNING
It's true, miss. I'm sorry.

RACHEL
Roger wouldn't do this...not today.
He's waited his whole life for
today.

GRUNNING
Why...what's today?

RACHEL
(hesitates)
I can't tell you.

GRUNNING
Listen, a man's dead. I need to
know why.

She collapses onto her bed and SOBS uncontrollably. But
gradually her tears turn to rage.

RACHEL
Oh, she couldn't stand it. That
bitch...

She tries to run from the room, but Grunning stops her. He
holds her back and slams the door.

The door has an old-fashioned key in the lock. Grunning turns
the key.

GRUNNING
Stop!!

RACHEL
Let me go!!

She struggles to get free.

During the scuffle, she strikes Grunning's left arm. He
GROWLS in pain.

The burst of pain triggers a -

FLASHBACK

We see a boy's head over the top of the desk.

RETURN TO SCENE

Grunning manages to throw Rachel to the bed. He reels back,
cradling his arm.

RACHEL
You have no right to be here.

GRUNNING
Trust me, this is the last place I
want to be.

She turns away from him. A silence falls as Grunning
recovers.

Grunning's gaze falls on one of the moving boxes. A framed
photo pokes out. It's a shot of Rachel, her arm around
another young woman. They look like sisters.

He looks away at the sound of Rachel's voice.

RACHEL
(coldly)
What's wrong with your arm?

GRUNNING
Nothing.

RACHEL
A little tap from me didn't do
that... Did you break it?

GRUNNING
(sighs)
Something like that.

RACHEL
Gunshot wound?

GRUNNING
It's healed, alright?

RACHEL
You call that healed?

GRUNNING
I'm supposed to be on leave. I just
want to get this figured out and go
home.

RACHEL
Why'd they send *you*?

GRUNNING
Let's just say it's a busy day for
the police department.

His words strike her. She turns to face him again, but her eyes aren't focused - she's thinking.

RACHEL
How busy?

GRUNNING
Busy enough for them to need a cop
with a bum arm.

RACHEL
(slowly)
Oh God...no, it can't be.

GRUNNING
What?

RACHEL
(muttering to herself)
Nothing, nothing. It's impossible.

GRUNNING
Rachel, you need to tell me: Did
Emma Ulster have something to with
Roger's death?

Rachel's eyes snap back to attention.

RACHEL
If she didn't pull the trigger, she
pushed him to it...

GRUNNING
How?

RACHEL
(talking past him)
I was already leaving. What more
did she want?

She erupts into another flurry of SOBS.

RACHEL (cont'd)
What more did she want?!

GRUNNING
Were you sleeping together?

RACHEL
Leave me alone!

She collapses into more tears.

GRUNNING
I have to ask you...

Suddenly there's a voice from behind the door:

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Rachel? Are you alright?

Rachel's head jerks up from the bed as she stares at the door. Her tears disappear in a flash of shock and terror.

RACHEL
It's Roger.

GRUNNING
That's impossible.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Who's in there with you?

The doorknob jerks. The door shakes in its jamb, but it's securely locked.

RACHEL
Let him in.

Grunning doesn't move.

Rachel's terrified eyes focus on Grunning.

The doorknob stops shaking. It's quiet.

GRUNNING
Stay here.

He unlocks the door and looks out into the hallway. It appears to be empty.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Grunning steps out, shutting the door behind him. He turns the key in the lock and pockets it.

Once again, the hallway is quite dark. His eyes take a moment to adjust.

GRUNNING
Reveal yourself.

There's no response.

He feels his way down the hall and KNOCKS on the next door.
No answer.

He turns the knob and pushes the door open with a CREAK.

The room is dark, but Grunning can see it's an office.
There's no one inside.

He moves along until he spots motion.

In the dark of the hallway, Grunning sees a man behind a
plate of glass.

He stops suddenly.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
Don't move!

He looks closer.

It's a mirror.

He sighs and keeps moving.

Grunning reaches a door at the end of the hall.

He tries the knob, but the door won't budge.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
Is someone in there?

He shakes the door again.

A male voice answers - but not from behind the door. It's
coming from another room down the hall.

ANDREW (O.S.)
Yeah?

Grunning moves down the hall in the direction of the voice,
opens a door and enters -

ANDREW'S ROOM

A boy in his early teens slouches in a chair. The room is
unkempt, a typical teenager's room, strewn with sports
equipment and memorabilia.

His face in his hands, the boy looks up to face Grunning. He
tries to hide the fact that he's been crying.

The shades are closed in the room, but beams of sunshine stream through the gaps in the curtains.

GRUNNING
Are you Andrew Ulster?

ANDREW
Yeah. You must be the cop.

GRUNNING
I'm Detective Grunning.

ANDREW
Detective, huh? What's there to solve here? You saw my dad.

GRUNNING
Was that you a few minutes ago? In front of Rachel's door?

Andrew stares up at him; he doesn't understand.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
Is there another man in the house?

ANDREW
No.

GRUNNING
You haven't left this room in the last few minutes?

ANDREW
Are you saying there's someone else here? Someone who could have...

Alarmed, Grunning puts his hand on his holster. He looks out the doorway into the hallway.

GRUNNING
(quickly)
Listen, Andrew, did your dad have any reason to take his life? Was he depressed?

ANDREW
No... I don't know. I mean, things haven't been the same since *she* moved in.

Grunning continues to watch the hallway as he talks to Andrew.

GRUNNING
Rachel Claris.

ANDREW
That he would do that to
mom...right under her nose.

GRUNNING
So you know about your dad and
Rachel?

ANDREW
I thought something was up. It
wasn't til last night...

Grunning turns back to Andrew.

GRUNNING
What happened?

ANDREW
They had a big argument. All three
of 'em. I listened from up here.

GRUNNING
What'd they say?

ANDREW
Mom was screaming. Said she wanted
her out by the morning. Dad denied
everything. Rachel was crying the
whole time.
(bitterly)
Big fucking performance on her
part. Whiny little--

GRUNNING
(cuts him off)
Did your mom threaten anyone?

ANDREW
I told you, she told her to get
out...

GRUNNING
Threaten with violence, I mean.

ANDREW
I don't know. Maybe. Mom was
upset...who knows what she was
saying? She may have said--

Andrew stops short as he sees where Grunning is leading him.

ANDREW (cont'd)
If you think mom... I mean, if
you're trying to get me--

GRUNNING
What do *you* think happened?

ANDREW
I don't know. Dad must've been
upset. That he brought all this
into the house.

BANG, BANG, BANG...

Someone is pounding the door in another room.

ANDREW (cont'd)
Serves him right, I guess.

BANG, BANG, BANG...

Grunning looks back toward the direction of the sound, which
is louder now. He jerks his head back to face Andrew, as the
boy's words register.

GRUNNING
What'd you just say?

BANG, BANG, BANG...

ANDREW
Who is that?

GRUNNING
Must be Rachel.

ANDREW
Bitch.

BANG, BANG, BANG...

GRUNNING
(exasperated)
Jesus Christ...excuse me.

Grunning ducks out of the room and back into the darkness of
the -

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

The pounding has stopped. Grunning finds his way to Rachel's
door and unlocks it. He steps inside.

RACHEL'S ROOM

Rachel stands by the window. She turns to face Grunning.

RACHEL
How dare you lock me in here.

GRUNNING
I could have three uniformed
officers restrain you. Would you
prefer that?

RACHEL
What officers? Odd that they would
send you here alone. Don't you
people usually have a partner?

GRUNNING
I told you...they called me in.
We'll have more men here shortly.

RACHEL
Without a partner, I can't
tell...are you the good cop or the
bad cop?

Rachel turns back toward the window, which looks out over the
front yard and the street.

RACHEL (cont'd)
Who was it...in the hallway?

GRUNNING
I...I'm not sure. They disappeared.

RACHEL
It was Roger.

GRUNNING
I told you. Roger's dead.

RACHEL
I know his voice.

GRUNNING
Maybe it'd be best if we all went
down to the living room.

Rachel doesn't respond - she'll still looking out the window.

RACHEL
How'd you get here?

GRUNNING
What do you mean?

RACHEL
I mean, where's your car?

Grunning strides over to the window and looks out. His car is gone.

GRUNNING
Fuck.

He dashes out of the room.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

He runs out the door toward the road. His car is right there, just as it was earlier.

He spins around - to see if someone could have moved it. But there's no one around.

GRUNNING
(shouting)
If you think this is a prank...

A dog barks in the distance, but it's otherwise silent.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
This is police property.

He looks in the car and sees the unlocked door. He slams his hand against the roof.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
Stay away...

Grunning walks over to the front of the car and rests his hand on the hood.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
(to himself)
It's cold.

He shakes his head. Dazed.

He opens the driver's side door and gets in. He pulls out more pills from the glove box.

Grunning sees his frazzled reflection in the rear-view mirror.

He pulls out his cell phone. The time on the display reads 10:31 a.m. His fingers hover over the keypad, ready to dial. But he stops himself.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
Don't do it.

Finally he dials and puts the phone to his ear.

SARAH (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
Hello?

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
It's me.

SARAH (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
Did you sign?

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
No...listen, Sarah. Something's wrong. Something's happening to me.

SARAH (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
(doubtful)
What are you talking about, Paul?

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
I got called in to work this morning.

SARAH (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
You had to go back sometime.

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
It's not that. Nothing makes sense.

SARAH (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
I don't have time for this, Paul.
What do you want?

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
(sighs)
Nothing.

SARAH (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
You think things are easy for me?
You think my life makes sense?

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
If we could count on each other,
maybe we could pull through--

SARAH (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
How can I do that when all you do
is remind me of Matty...of what
happened.

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
I need help, Sarah.

SARAH (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
Figure it out yourself.

She hangs up.

His hands shaking, Grunning puts his car key into the
ignition.

He ponders turning the key for a moment.

Grunning looks back at the house.

He sees Rachel in the window. She draws the curtains shut and
disappears.

GRUNNING
They'll kill each other.

He grabs the bottle of pills and gets out of the car.

INT. DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Grunning returns to the dining room. The plate of eggs is
still sitting there.

EMMA (O.S.)
Roger?

Emma walks in from the direction of the kitchen.

She's startled to find Grunning there and staggers back.

EMMA (cont'd)
Who are you?

She looks completely disoriented. Her hair lies loose again,
not in a pony tail.

GRUNNING
Emma...Stay with me, Emma. I'm Paul
Grunning.

EMMA
What are you doing in my house?

GRUNNING

Get a hold of yourself, Emma. I'm Detective Paul Grunning.

Something seems to register in her mind.

EMMA

Oh, the police. Took you long enough to get here. We called hours ago.

GRUNNING

Called?

EMMA

About the intruder?

GRUNNING

There was an intruder in the house?

EMMA

That's why you're here, isn't it?

GRUNNING

Why didn't you mention this before? When was he here?

EMMA

It was late...maybe 3 o'clock in the morning.

GRUNNING

Did you get a look at him?

EMMA

No. It was dark. He asked about Roger...

GRUNNING

So you spoke to him. But you didn't recognize the voice?

EMMA

No.

GRUNNING

But he knew your husband?

EMMA

I think so. He asked about his work. It was all so horrible.

GRUNNING

Could he have had something to do
with your husband's death?

She's stunned.

EMMA

You must be confused. My husband is
Roger Ulster.

GRUNNING

I'm aware of that, Emma.

EMMA

He's not dead.

Grunning moves toward the glass window that looks into the
kitchen.

GRUNNING

Please, Emma. We can get through
this. Your husband's body is
right...

But as he looks through the glass, there is no body. Roger
Ulster is gone.

He turns to face Emma, his eyes wide.

GRUNNING (cont'd)

My God...you moved him?

EMMA

Moved him?

GRUNNING

Where is your husband?!

EMMA

He just went upstairs.

He gives her one final look and dashes out of the room.

DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

Grunning runs down the hall. Along the way, he hears a
piercing SIREN. It sounds like a police car or ambulance
pulling up.

He stops.

GRUNNING
Thank God.

Grunning runs into the -

FOYER

And then outside.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE

There are no signs of police cars or emergency vehicles - just Grunning's car sitting in its usual spot.

The sounds of sirens have stopped.

GRUNNING
No!

Grunning runs out into the -

STREET

He sees a police car fly along a distant street - headed in some other direction.

GRUNNING
They were here.

He looks back at the house. Again, Rachel peeks out from her window.

Grunning gets a determined look in his eye and runs back toward the house.

INT. FOYER - SECONDS LATER

He looks toward the stairs, as if he's about to run upstairs. But he looks down the hallway and changes his mind.

Grunning goes back down the -

DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

He bursts into the -

KITCHEN

The room is just as it was before. Roger Ulster's body lies on the floor. The yellow police tape lines the area.

Grunning looks around frantically.

GRUNNING

How did...

Grunning ducks under the tape and approaches the body carefully.

He nudges it with his foot.

GRUNNING (cont'd)

Still dead, Roger?

(beat)

God, what am I doing?

He slumps down on the floor, massaging his left arm.

FLASHBACK

Over the top of a desk, we see the glint of a piece of metal.

GRUNNING (O.S.)

Matty?

RETURN TO SCENE

From his new vantage point on the floor, Grunning sees a glint from the wall. It's a spot directly across from the swinging door.

He crawls over to check it out. There's something small and metal wedged into the wall.

Grunning reaches over to his tackle box and pulls out a large pair of tweezers and a plastic bag.

He digs the tweezers into the wall and pulls out a bullet.

Grunning stares at the bullet closely.

He pulls Roger's revolver from his breast pocket and lifts it out of the plastic bag.

A large vase suddenly appears above Grunning's head. He sees a shadow pass across the gun.

Before he can look up, CRASH...the vase comes down on his skull and shatters. He collapses.

FOYER

The front door opens and TWO POLICEMEN cautiously enter the house.

FIRST POLICEMAN
Hello? Police.

SECOND POLICEMAN
Grunning...you here?

There's no response, as the door slams behind them.

FIRST POLICEMAN
Why is it so dark?

SECOND POLICEMAN
Feels like a goddamn tomb in here.

The first policeman steps toward the hallway.

FIRST POLICEMAN
(calls out)
Grunning!

There's no response.

KITCHEN

Grunning lies unconscious on the floor, the shards of the vase scattered around him.

FLASHBACK - INT. GRUNNING'S HOUSE - DEN - EVENING

We see more details this time. Grunning walks through the door of a small room with a desk.

The room is a jumble of books, photos and files from police cases.

Grunning carries a brief case.

Sarah calls out from another room.

SARAH (O.S.)
Where've you been?

GRUNNING
(shouting back)
Don't start, Sarah.

SARAH (O.S.)
You missed the meeting.

Grunning looks puzzled.

SARAH (O.S.) (cont'd)
At school.

GRUNNING
I...

SARAH (O.S.)
Forget it. What do you want for
dinner?

GRUNNING
Anything's fine.

END FLASHBACK

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

The two policemen stalk the hallway.

FIRST POLICEMAN
Anybody home?

They're greeted only by silence.

The two men reach the doorway of the dining room and push it open.

DINING ROOM

They examine the room. The second policeman looks at the plate of eggs on the table, putting his hand over it. It's now cold.

SECOND POLICEMAN
Someone didn't eat their breakfast.

The first policeman stares in the window to the kitchen. But he doesn't see Grunning lying there, nor the body of Roger Ulster. It looks perfectly normal and empty.

The policeman turns away.

Emma steps from behind a cabinet and comes into view in the window. But the officer is already looking in the other direction. No one sees her.

FLASHBACK - INT. GRUNNING'S HOUSE - DEN - EVENING

Grunning plops his briefcase on the desk.

SARAH (O.S.)
You want pasta?

GRUNNING
Whatever.

He flips the clasps on the briefcase. It opens with a loud CLICK.

SARAH (O.S.)
The pot's on the top shelf. Can you
give me a hand, Paul?

Grunning sighs.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The two cops are out front again.

The first policeman talks on his cell phone.

FIRST POLICEMAN (ON PHONE)
There's no one here, chief.

SECOND POLICEMAN
He want us to search the place?

The first policeman signals him to be quiet.

FIRST POLICEMAN (ON PHONE)
Got it, sir. We're on our way.

He clicks the phone shut.

FIRST POLICEMAN (cont'd)
No time. We got three more places
to check out.

SECOND POLICEMAN
What happened to Grunning?

FIRST POLICEMAN
Must've left.

The second cop looks back at the house.

SECOND POLICEMAN
Something's off here. Grunning's a
good cop. If he said there was--

FIRST POLICEMAN
(cuts him off)
Grunning *was* a good cop. He
changed.

The first policeman puts his hand on the other's shoulder.

FIRST POLICEMAN (cont'd)
Let's go.

FLASHBACK - INT. GRUNNING'S HOUSE - DEN - EVENING

Grunning walks out of the room.

The briefcase sits open on the desk.

From behind the desk, two small hands appear.

END FLASHBACK

INT. KITCHEN

A glass of water is splashed on Grunning's face. He awakes,
lying on the kitchen floor, looking up at Rachel.

She puts the glass down, turns away from him and bursts into
TEARS.

Grunning sits up and rubs the back of his head. He feels
something and looks at his fingers: blood.

GRUNNING
Did you hit me?

RACHEL
I found you like this.
(through tears)
Found you both.

Grunning looks over at Roger's body, undisturbed.

Then he looks around him, panicked.

GRUNNING
Where's the gun?

RACHEL
I don't know.

GRUNNING
Someone took Roger's revolver.

RACHEL
It wasn't me.

Grunning checks his own gun in his holster. It's still there.
He pulls it out and checks the clip. The gun is loaded.

GRUNNING
How much time has passed?

RACHEL
I don't know. You left my room
about an hour ago.

Grunning gets up and looks around the kitchen. He sees a
round spot along the counter top - where the vase used to be.

GRUNNING
Have you seen the others? Emma?

He looks back down at the shards of vase on the floor.

RACHEL
No.

Keeping his eyes on Rachel, he pulls out his cell phone and
dials.

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
Hudson.

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
I really need backup. Now.

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
Grunning...
(sighs)
The M.E. is tied up. And we can't
get anyone from forensics. But
we're sending some black-and-whites
over there.

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
Listen, we could have a killer on
our hands.

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
Keep it together, Grunning. You
said it was a suicide. What
happened?

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
I've been assaulted. The weapon is
gone.

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
What?! Who assaulted you?

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
I don't know.

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
What the hell's going on over
there, Grunning?

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
Just send help.

Grunning clicks the phone shut.

He turns to Rachel, who wipes the tears from her face.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
We're not playing around anymore.
You need to tell me everything.

RACHEL
I don't know anything. I just found
you here--

GRUNNING
Something's happening. It's
not...right. Someone moved Roger's
body. Now his gun is gone.

RACHEL
I was in my room all morning,
packing my things.

Grunning looks her up and down, to see if the gun is on her.

RACHEL (cont'd)
If I took the gun, would I be
stupid enough to keep it on me?

GRUNNING

You said you're moving out. Where are you going?

RACHEL

I don't know. I'll stay with friends. Emma didn't give me much notice.

GRUNNING

So it got heated between you two last night?

RACHEL

Well, yes. But she's wrong about us. We aren't sleeping together...

She looks down at Roger's dead body and corrects herself.

RACHEL (cont'd)

...weren't sleeping together.

GRUNNING

Something must have set her off.

RACHEL

Roger never tells her anything. So when she sees him sharing everything with me...you can imagine.

GRUNNING

You had no romantic feelings for Roger?

RACHEL

That's not the point. We never acted on them.

GRUNNING

Oh, I think that may have been the point for her.

(beat)

God, what was he thinking - keeping you in the house.

RACHEL

(getting angry)

It was professional. I'm not one of those clichéd graduate students.

GRUNNING
Assuming for a moment you're just
an innocent bystander here, who the
hell did this?

RACHEL
You've ruled out suicide?

He hesitates.

GRUNNING
I found a second bullet - in the
wall.

Remembering the bullet, Grunning examines the floor. He
notices a puddle of water near Roger.

Grunning pushes around the vase shards, looking for the
bullet.

He cuts himself on one of the shards.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
Ouch.

Grunning sucks on his finger.

RACHEL
Here.

Rachel takes his hand and pulls him over to the sink.

She runs the tap over his finger.

RACHEL (cont'd)
It doesn't look deep.

Grunning looks back at the floor.

GRUNNING
Looks like someone took the bullet.

RACHEL
So there were two shots?

GRUNNING
Yes.

He steps away from the sink and crouches down next to the
bullet hole in the wall.

GRUNNING (cont'd)

And if Roger did this himself, the trajectory doesn't make sense. I think the gun was planted on him after the fact.

RACHEL

Can't you test for that?

GRUNNING

Sure, but I need a forensics team.

RACHEL

If it's true, if Roger didn't do this...I think we both know what happened.

GRUNNING

Have you seen Emma?

RACHEL

Not today, no.

GRUNNING

I need to find her.

RACHEL

I'm coming with you.

GRUNNING

Listen, Rachel. She might be armed. And you're the last person she needs to see.

RACHEL

Exactly. You think I want to run into her without you there.

GRUNNING

I'll take you to the station. I just need to find her first.

Grunning ducks beneath the police tape as he approaches the door.

He stops.

GRUNNING (cont'd)

Wait, I need to know what Roger was doing today. At work.

RACHEL

I told you. I can't say.

GRUNNING

I can't protect you if I don't know what's going on.

RACHEL

It has nothing to do with this.

Grunning steps toward her.

GRUNNING

Tell me...

RACHEL

I don't even really know. I just worked with him at school, never at the institute. I wasn't allowed to set foot in that place.

GRUNNING

But you know about his work.

RACHEL

Bits and pieces. He was very excited about something today. That is, until last night. The fight...he got distracted.

GRUNNING

Do you know where he slept last night?

RACHEL

In his office, probably. I'm not sure he slept, though. He didn't sleep much in general.

GRUNNING

Emma said something about there being an intruder.

RACHEL

First I've heard of it.

She pauses, thinking.

RACHEL (cont'd)

Wait a minute. I think I did hear a voice. A man.... God, I thought it was a dream.

GRUNNING

When?

RACHEL
Late. Two or three in the morning,
maybe? I have no idea.

GRUNNING
What did the voice say?

She shrugs.

RACHEL
I was conked out. I...I took some
sleeping pills last night.

GRUNNING
And polished them off with a bottle
of wine?

RACHEL
You can understand how I might have
trouble sleeping...

GRUNNING
This man...the intruder...could he
be connected to the institute? Emma
says he asked about Roger's work.

RACHEL
A lot of people were interested in
his work.

Grunning looks down at Roger's body.

GRUNNING
Enough to kill for it?

She thinks for a moment, and shakes her head.

RACHEL
No. It doesn't make sense. What
would they have to gain?

She has another thought.

RACHEL (cont'd)
Plus, if the intruder was here last
night...
(gestures toward the body)
...when did this happen?

GRUNNING
Roger was shot right before going
to work at nine.

RACHEL
How do you know that?

GRUNNING
Emma.

RACHEL
No, no. It must have been earlier
than that.

GRUNNING
But you never heard the shot...

RACHEL
What time was it when you came into
my room?

GRUNNING
About 20 after.

RACHEL
Twenty after what?

GRUNNING
Ten.

RACHEL
That late? I'd already packed up my
alarm clock...I thought it was
earlier.
(still thinking)
But it's strange...after you told
me about Roger. I feel like I can
hear the shot ringing in my mind.

She looks back down at Roger and begins to cry again.

Grunning puts his hand on her shoulder. She looks up at him.

GRUNNING
You're going to be fine, Rachel.
I'll figure this out. I promise.

He walks out the door.

DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

He looks to see if Rachel is following him. She's not.

He yells into the kitchen behind him.

GRUNNING
Don't touch anything!

His phone rings. Grunning answers.

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
There you are.

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
Where's my backup?

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
I sent a car over there. They said
you left. I even dispatched a
second patrol to make sure.

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
Did they come inside?

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
Sure. They checked out the place.
Said it was deserted. No body. No
nothing.

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
I was in the kitchen.

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
Grunning, I don't know how to say
this...

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
What?

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
I have nothing but sympathy for
what happened. You know that.
But...

Hudson falls silent for a moment.

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.) (cont'd)
You've cracked. You're not making
any sense. I don't know where you
are right now, but go home...just
go home. We can talk later.

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
And leave these people?

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
People? What people? I'm beginning
to think this whole thing was a
crank call.

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
(his wheels spinning)
Wait a minute, chief. It's not just
me. You said you've gotten a lot of
complaints.

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
Right...which is why I have to go,
Grunning.

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
No, wait. What kind of complaints?
They can't all be crank calls.

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
No pattern. A few missing persons.
Some stolen property.

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
Don't you see? Something's
happening here.

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
There's no connection, Grunn--

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
(cuts him off)
Map it.

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
What?

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
Put all the complaints on a map.
See if they're concentrated
somewhere.

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
I don't have time for that.

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
Humor me, chief. I'm not the only
one not making sense today.

Hudson grunts and disconnects. Grunning snaps the phone shut.

He walks down the hall to the -

FOYER

He opens the front door and steps outside.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE

He surveys the front yard. His car is parked in the same position.

Grunning scouts around the side of the house.

He stops when he hears voices. They're coming from a nearby window.

Grunning crouches below.

 ANDREW (O.S.)
Why would he do that? It doesn't
make sense.

 EMMA (O.S.)
I took care of it, Andrew. Don't
you worry.

 ANDREW (O.S.)
Took care of it? How?

 EMMA (O.S.)
Shh....

Emma's face appears in the window. She doesn't see Grunning, who's hidden underneath.

 EMMA (O.S.) (cont'd)
We should go.

Grunning crawls back along the house and heads for the front door.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Grunning walks quietly down the hall and into the -

LIVING ROOM

Emma and Andrew are gone.

Grunning runs his fingers over the books in the shelves.

He tosses a few of the books onto the floor.

He looks behind them, finding nothing.

Grunning checks the windows. He tries to open one of them, but it's sealed shut.

He walks out of the room and into the -

DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

Upon stepping into the hall, he hears SHARP FEMALE VOICES.

Grunning turns to see Emma and Rachel at the end of the corridor. He runs toward them.

Rachel is holding Emma's arms, trying to restrain her.

EMMA

Let go of me. How dare you?!

Rachel sees Grunning coming.

RACHEL

Detective, she's here. I've got her.

Emma turns to Grunning.

EMMA

Please, help. She's crazy.

Grunning separates them.

EMMA (cont'd)

(seething)

You whore.

RACHEL

Murderer!

GRUNNING

Emma, I'm going to have to search you.

EMMA

What is this about? Haven't I been through enough?

GRUNNING

Were you in the kitchen earlier?

He begins to pat her down.

EMMA
Don't you dare touch me.

She grabs his hands.

Grunning stops abruptly and stares at her hands. Her fingers are covered in bandages.

GRUNNING
How did your hands get like that?

EMMA
I cut myself...gardening.

GRUNNING
They weren't cut before. When did it happen?

EMMA
I'm...I'm not sure. It must have been since I saw you.

GRUNNING
Your husband is dead, and you decide to plant azaleas?!

EMMA
It wasn't...I...

GRUNNING
Did you hit me with the vase?

EMMA
Vase?

GRUNNING
You know exactly what I'm talking about...the vase in the kitchen.

EMMA
Oh, right. I saw the broken pieces. I wondered how that happened.

RACHEL
You lying bitch.

GRUNNING
Quiet, Rachel.
(to Emma)
You cut yourself on the shards. You were picking up the bullet.

EMMA
I...I don't understand.

GRUNNING
I've searched the house. There's only four of us here. If you didn't hit me, who did?

She shakes her head.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
Andrew?

Her eyes flash.

EMMA
He wouldn't do that. Leave him alone.

GRUNNING
Where'd you put Roger's gun?

EMMA
You...you don't have it?

GRUNNING
Listen Emma, we can discuss this now. Here. Or I can arrest you and take you to the station.

EMMA
But...Andrew would be alone...

GRUNNING
We'll take him in as well. Maybe he knows something about how his mother's hands got cut up.

EMMA
Roger's death...it was a suicide.

GRUNNING
That's your story now? Last time I saw you, you said he wasn't dead.

EMMA
I don't understand. That was before.

Grunning sighs and takes out a pair of handcuffs.

He begins to fit them around Emma's wrist.

GRUNNING

We have a unique opportunity here. Normally this place would be crawling with cops right now. All of them strictly following procedure. As it is, it's just me.

He CLICKS the cuff shut.

GRUNNING (cont'd)

I could be your best friend here. Just help me sort this out.

EMMA

Shouldn't I have...a lawyer?

GRUNNING

No lawyers here, just us.

EMMA

What about her?

Grunning turns to Rachel.

GRUNNING

Rachel.

He tilts his head, suggesting that she leave.

RACHEL

Fine.

She walks back into the kitchen.

GRUNNING

Here's how it looks, Emma. You shot Roger. Then you put the gun in his hand to make it look like suicide. But you were sloppy. You fired two shots.

EMMA

It's not true.

GRUNNING

(ignoring her)

When I mentioned we would check his hands for powder burns, to make sure he fired the gun, you got worried.

She shakes her head.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
So you hit me. Took the gun, the
bullet and...
(thinking)
Wait, you must have scrubbed his
hands too. That's why there was
water on the floor.

EMMA
I swear to you, when I found Roger,
he was already dead.

He stares in her eyes intently, trying to spot a lie.

GRUNNING
Then what are you hiding?

She looks down.

He SLAPS the wall behind her.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
(shouting)
Where's the gun?!

EMMA
I don't know.

GRUNNING
Fine. We'll do this your way.

He grabs her and forces her down the hall.

He throws her into the living room and slams the door shut
behind her.

Grunning spots a chair against the wall of the hallway. He
grabs it and wedges it beneath the knob of the living room
door.

He shouts in the direction of the kitchen door.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
Rachel, watch this door.

Grunning walks down the hall toward the foyer and stairs.

As he walks away, he hears Emma POUNDING on the door. It gets
increasingly louder, reverberating through the house.

BANG, BANG, BANG...

When Grunning reaches the end of the hallway, the pounding abruptly stops.

MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Grunning is pulling out drawers from the dresser, scattering clothes all over the floor.

The empty gun case sits open on the bed.

He moves on to the closets, tossing out hangers and boxes. He finds nothing.

Suddenly he stops dead. He stares at some clumps of dirt on the floor.

A smile crosses his lips.

Grunning looks up at a potted plant sitting on a shelf.

GRUNNING
Sloppy, Emma. Sloppy.

He grabs the potted plant and turns it upside down. The plant and soil shake loose and fall to the ground.

He gives the pot another shake and the revolver comes loose, tumbling to the floor.

Grunning carefully picks up the gun by the edges.

He grabs a piece of the scattered clothing and pops open the cylinder. It's empty.

Grunning puts the gun back in his pocket.

DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Grunning strides down the hall toward the living room door. Rachel is standing watch in front.

Emma is still KNOCKING on the door from the inside.

EMMA (O.S.)
Please...

GRUNNING
(to Rachel)
Open it.

She pulls the chair away from under the knob and opens the door.

Emma steps into the hallway. She's hunched over, her hands still locked in the handcuffs.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
(to Emma)
I found the gun, Emma.

EMMA
I...I'm glad, detective.

GRUNNING
Don't lie to me. You're the one who hid it. It was in your bedroom.

She looks away.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
Now tell me...

He reaches into his pocket for the revolver.

And finds...nothing there.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
The revolver...it's gone.

RACHEL
What?

GRUNNING
I just had it.

RACHEL
Could it have fallen out of your pocket?

Grunning's eyes blaze. He runs back toward the stairs.

MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Grunning bolts into the room and finds Andrew there, crouching on the ground.

Andrew is handling something.

GRUNNING
Drop it.

Andrew bolts up, the revolver tumbles to the ground.

ANDREW
I just found it there.

Grunning reaches down and grabs the gun. He puts it back in his pocket.

Andrew looks around the room at the mess that Grunning created.

ANDREW (cont'd)
What happened in here?

GRUNNING
(ignoring him)
Where was the gun? Exactly.

ANDREW
On the ground. Right there.

He points toward the door.

ANDREW (cont'd)
By the door.

GRUNNING
Just lying there?

ANDREW
Yeah. I swear.

GRUNNING
What were you doing in here?

ANDREW
Looking for mom.

GRUNNING
Have you seen that gun before?

ANDREW
No.

GRUNNING
Never?

ANDREW
Never.

GRUNNING
But you saw your dad's body.
Earlier. In the kitchen.

ANDREW

Yeah.

GRUNNING

Was the gun in his hand?

ANDREW

What? No.

Grunning gives him a look of surprise.

ANDREW (cont'd)

I mean, I don't remember.

GRUNNING

But you don't think so.

ANDREW

I...where's my mom?

Grunning looks away for a moment, lost in thought.

His head snaps up, as if he just got an idea.

GRUNNING

Go back to your room. And stay
there. I'll have more questions...

As Andrew walks out, Grunning marches over to the upturned
flower pot and digs through the dirt.

He finds something and pulls it out.

It's the bullet.

Grunning pulls out the gun and pops open the cylinder.

He tries to put the bullet into the chamber. It doesn't fit.

GRUNNING (cont'd)

Huh.

He puts both the gun and the bullet back into his pocket.

Grunning walks out of the room.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Grunning stops short in the corridor. He's in front of the
door he couldn't open before.

Grunning knocks. No answer.

He presses his ear against the door and hears a faint sound.
It's a small child LAUGHING.

FLASHBACK - INT. GRUNNING'S HOUSE - DEN - EVENING

Behind the desk, the hands of a child pull at the briefcase.
We hear arguing coming from another room.

GRUNNING (O.S.)
You could've reminded me this
morning...

SARAH (O.S.)
I can't believe you're trying to
blame me. If you cared enough, you
would've remembered.

GRUNNING (O.S.)
Well, I'm sorry.

SARAH (O.S.)
Just once I'd like a sign that you
gave a damn about us...that you put
this family first.

GRUNNING (O.S.)
You know I do.

SARAH (O.S.)
Do I? Give me a sign here, Paul.
Something.

The case goes tumbling onto the child, scattering papers.
A heavy object makes a THUMP when it hits the floor.

GRUNNING (O.S.)
What was that?

RETURN TO SCENE

Grunning staggers back from the door. The laughing stops. He
presses his ear against it and the LAUGHING resumes.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
No...not here.

He reaches to grab the door handle, but the knob comes off in
his hand. He throws it to the floor in frustration.

Grunning bangs on the door, but it won't budge.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
Matty?

FLASHBACK - INT. GRUNNING'S HOUSE - DEN - EVENING

There's unseen fumbling behind the desk.

GRUNNING (O.S.)
Matty?

Grunning walks into the room. He's holding a large metal pot for making pasta.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
You in here?

He hears the LAUGHING. He sees that his brief case is gone. Horror crosses his face.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
Oh God.

RETURN TO SCENE

Crazed, sweat pouring down his face, Grunning tries the door again. But it's sealed.

He bangs into it, crushing his left arm. Grunning GRUNTS in pain.

He staggers down the hall and opens the door to Andrew's room.

ANDREW'S ROOM

Andrew is slumped on the bed, crying. He jerks his head up to see Grunning.

GRUNNING
What's behind that door?

He points in the direction of the sealed door.

Andrew glimpses Grunning's crazed expression.

ANDREW
Are you okay?

GRUNNING
What's behind that door?!

ANDREW
At the end of the hall?
It's...nothing. Storage. Dad had it
sealed off to save electricity.

GRUNNING
Is there any other way to get
there?

ANDREW
No. Why does it matter?

GRUNNING
(recovering)
I heard...sounds.

ANDREW
There's no one back there. I swear.

Grunning stares at the floor. He touches his ear, lost in
thought.

ANDREW (cont'd)
What the hell's going on?

Grunning leaves the room.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Grunning hears soft FOOTSTEPS down the hall.

He looks down the dark corridor. There's movement at the
other end of the hall - near the stairwell.

Grunning draws his gun from the holster and strides down the
hall.

A man comes into view. He's dressed in a bathrobe, walking
away from Grunning.

From the back, the man looks like Roger Ulster.

GRUNNING
(astonished)
Roger?

At the end of the hall, the man vanishes. Disappears into
thin air. There's nothing there.

Grunning runs toward the spot and flails his arms through the air. He smacks his face and looks again. Nothing.

He scrambles down the -

STAIRWELL

And into the -

FOYER

But still nothing. No sign of anyone.

GRUNNING

No!

He braces himself against the wall, looking like he might collapse.

Suddenly determined, he heads down the -

DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

He passes the living room door. The chair is knocked over, and the room looks empty.

Grunning strides into the -

KITCHEN

As Grunning flies into the room, he tears through some of the yellow police tape.

Rachel is standing there, leaning against the counter. Roger's dead body is on the floor, same as before.

He reaches over to her arm and grabs it, squeezes it.

GRUNNING

You're real enough.

RACHEL

(alarmed)

Detective...

Grunning looks around. He can barely get the words out.

GRUNNING

Where'd...Emma go?

RACHEL
I don't know. What's wrong?

He stares into space.

GRUNNING
I don't...I can't...

RACHEL
What's happening?

GRUNNING
I saw...Roger.

Rachel looks down at Roger's body on the floor.

RACHEL
Where?

GRUNNING
Upstairs.

RACHEL
What?

GRUNNING
Walking down the hall. Then he
disappeared - right in front of me.

RACHEL
Like...like a ghost?

Grunning stares at her and nods.

RACHEL (cont'd)
Are you sure?

GRUNNING
I'm sure I saw it.

Rachel studies Grunning. He's a wreck - sweating, disheveled, his hands shaking.

Grunning takes the pills from his pocket and swallows one.

He nurses his injured arm.

Rachel's gaze focuses on his arm.

RACHEL
How did it happen?

GRUNNING
He just appeared...upstairs.

RACHEL
No, I don't mean that. Your arm.

Grunning gives her a strange look.

GRUNNING
What's that have to do with anything?

She sighs.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
...if you think I'm seeing things...because of that?

RACHEL
Just tell me what happened.

GRUNNING
(frustrated)
The arm? God. It was a private matter, okay? Not on the job...

RACHEL
An accident?

GRUNNING
I made a mistake.

RACHEL
Just tell me.

GRUNNING
I left my gun out. I shouldn't have...

RACHEL
Someone used it on you?

GRUNNING
If that were it...God, if that were it.

RACHEL
They used it on themselves.

Grunning shakes his head and turns away.

GRUNNING
No.

She reaches out to him, but he pushes her away.

RACHEL
Detective...it's Paul, right?

GRUNNING
(stern)
This isn't about me.

RACHEL
(pointing to Roger's body)
You just told me you saw *that* man
walking around. I'd say it has
something to do with you.

GRUNNING
He was there.

RACHEL
I want to believe you. But I
haven't seen anything. And you're
popping those pills...

GRUNNING
These just ease the pain - they
don't do anything else.

RACHEL
Depends how many you take.

GRUNNING
It's not just me. It can't be...

She approaches him again, stopping a few inches away.

RACHEL
I know what it's like to lose
someone...to feel like it's your
fault.

GRUNNING
You mean Roger?

RACHEL
Before...my sister. She...got sick.
They didn't catch it in time.

GRUNNING
(still gruff)
How is that your fault?

RACHEL

She didn't have health insurance.
She never could seem to hang onto a
job...or a man. I could've helped
her but I didn't...until it was too
late.

Grunning softens. He faces her again and touches her
shoulder.

GRUNNING

(softening)

Listen, I'm sorry. I really am. But
you aren't my shrink. I'm fine.

RACHEL

I'm just trying to make sense of
this, Paul.

(pauses)

You had a blow to the head,
remember?

Grunning reaches up to touch the wound on his head.

GRUNNING

It started before that. When I saw
Emma earlier, she said Roger was
still alive.

RACHEL

Well you know the state of mind
she's in.

GRUNNING

(almost to himself)

One of them knows what's happening.

RACHEL

One of them?

GRUNNING

Emma or Roger...

RACHEL

Paul, Roger's right here. Please. I
need you to stay focused: Roger's
dead.

GRUNNING

You have to believe me.

RACHEL
How can I, Paul? I'm a scientist. I
don't believe in ghosts.

GRUNNING
But you heard him, his
voice...upstairs.

RACHEL
I heard something. But this...

She gestures toward the body again.

RACHEL (cont'd)
That is cold, hard evidence. It's
just not poss--

GRUNNING
(shouting)
GODDAMN IT, I SAW HIM!!

Disturbed, she backs away from him. She reaches for the
phone.

RACHEL
Paul, I'm going to call the police.
You need help.

GRUNNING
(bitterly)
Good luck.

As she begins to dial, he storms out of the room.

After watching him leave, she stops dialing.

She hesitates for a moment and replaces the receiver on the
hook.

STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

Grunning returns to the stairs and slowly climbs. His eyes
crazed, he draws his gun.

He creeps up the steps and into the -

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

He marches down the hall.

GRUNNING
(shouting)
Listen, people...I'm through with
this!

He's frantic, pointing the gun at each doorway as he passes.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
I'm going to get some answers now.

From the bedroom doorway, Emma appears.

They can barely see each other in the darkened hallway, but her hair appears loose and matted from sleep.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
There you are.

EMMA
Please...take whatever you want.
Don't hurt us.

GRUNNING
Where's Roger?

EMMA
He...do you know my husband?

GRUNNING
Enough with the games, Emma. Tell
me what's going on. Now.

EMMA
Who are you?

GRUNNING
Is this about Roger's work?

EMMA
I...

GRUNNING
What was he working on?

EMMA
Please...

Grunning makes a move for Emma. She bolts away, back toward her bedroom door.

She escapes inside just as Grunning reaches the doorway.

MASTER BEDROOM

As Grunning runs into the room, the light changes. Emma vanishes - just as Roger did before.

Grunning spins around, totally disoriented.

GRUNNING

Her...too?

He runs back out into the -

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

He hears hurried footsteps at the end of the hall. He can just make out Andrew running toward the stairs.

Grunning chases after him. But as they reach the stairs, Andrew disappears.

STAIRWELL

Grunning stumbles down the stairs. He catches himself on the wall, barely regaining his balance.

Breathing heavy, he gets a determined look in his eyes.

He marches back up the stairs and into the -

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

He finds the door to Roger's office and BANGS it open.

ROGER'S OFFICE

Grunning steps into a cluttered home office. Rays of pale morning sunlight lance through the blinds.

Sitting at the desk, his head in his hands, is Roger Ulster.

Grunning approaches carefully.

GRUNNING

(his voice trembling)

Roger Ulster?

Roger looks up in surprise.

ROGER
Who are you?

GRUNNING
I'm a detective.

ROGER
Why are you here? Did Emma let you in?

GRUNNING
I...

Grunning stammers as he walks closer to Roger. He reaches out his hand.

Reflexively, Roger returns the gesture and they shake hands. Grunning stares down at his hand as he touches Roger.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
It's really you.

ROGER
What are you doing here?

GRUNNING
That's the thing. I'm investigating...your death.

Roger pushes his chair back.

ROGER
What are you--why would you say that?

GRUNNING
The last time I saw you, you were lying in a pool of blood.

ROGER
Get out this instant. I don't know how you got in here...

GRUNNING
Please, Roger. You of all people, you have to believe this. You have to explain what's happening.

ROGER
My explanation? You're clearly insane.

Roger grabs the phone.

ROGER (cont'd)
And I'm calling the police.

Grunning puts his hand on dial pad.

GRUNNING
What were you going to do at the
institute today? You had something
planned.

ROGER
How do you know about that?

Roger puts down the phone.

GRUNNING
Rachel told me.

ROGER
You've spoken to her?
(fearful)
Did you do something to her?

GRUNNING
She's fine. Which is more than I
can say for you.

ROGER
Do you have some kind of badge?

Grunning pulls out his badge and ID and shows it to Roger.

Roger sighs.

ROGER (cont'd)
As you can plainly see...
(reading the ID)
Mr. Grunning, I'm not dead. Now
please leave.

GRUNNING
I'm not going anywhere. And don't
you disappear on me again.

ROGER
Well, I can't tell you anything
about my work. It's classified.

GRUNNING
But it was a weapon?

Roger doesn't respond.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
(frustrated)
You don't understand...something
has gone horribly wrong.

ROGER
I don't doubt you *feel* that way.

GRUNNING
It's not in my head. Everything's
jumbled up. You're dead one moment,
the next you're right here.

Grunning grabs Roger's shoulder in frustration.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
Are you telling me you're not real?

ROGER
I'm perfectly real. I don't know
what you thought you saw before.

GRUNNING
It's out of order, that's what it
is.

They hear a shout from downstairs.

EMMA (O.S.)
Roger! You're breakfast is getting
cold.

GRUNNING
(something clicks)
What time is it right now?

Roger looks at his watch.

ROGER
It's a little after seven.

GRUNNING
In the morning?

ROGER
Of course.

Grunning rips out his cell phone and stares at the screen.
The clock says 7:14 a.m.

GRUNNING
(solemnly)
I arrived here at 10 a.m.

ROGER
Today?

GRUNNING
Today.

Roger stares long and hard at Grunning.

ROGER
No. It can't be. It was supposed to
be contained.

GRUNNING
So this *is* about your work.

ROGER
I told you, I can't say...

Grunning sits down in a chair in front of Roger's desk. He
draws his gun.

GRUNNING
I'm going to ask you this as a
cop...but also as a man holding a
loaded Colt .45. What were you
going to do at work today?

ROGER
God, if it's really true...I guess
it doesn't matter anymore.

GRUNNING
Tell me.

ROGER
It's...it's hard to explain. I
didn't mean this to be a weapon.

GRUNNING
So you caused all this? How?

Roger thinks for a moment and picks up a piece of paper from
the desk.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
What are you doing?

ROGER
Showing you.

He folds the piece of paper several times, until it forms a
tight square.

ROGER (cont'd)
You understand that time is a
dimension.

GRUNNING
(gruff)
Sure.

Roger picks up a pair of scissors, which Grunning eyes
warily.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
Easy.

ROGER
You'll see...

Roger begins to cut the piece of paper. He makes a few
incisions.

ROGER (cont'd)
Imagine that this is time
unfolding. But you see, I've made
these cuts.

He slowly unfolds the paper.

ROGER (cont'd)
Suddenly, time doesn't unfold in a
linear way.

As he opens piece of paper, it takes the form of a series of
complex shapes - like paper dolls, only they look more like
abstract crystals.

ROGER (cont'd)
It splits up, divides. It may be
one time here - another time a few
feet away.

GRUNNING
Which is exactly what's going on in
this house.

ROGER
It wasn't supposed to happen that
way. It's a very tightly controlled
test. We're taking precautions.

GRUNNING
(pointing at the paper)
So these cuts...how would you do
that?

ROGER
In layman's terms?

GRUNNING
Please.

ROGER
A very intense pulse of energy. But not one that harms physical things. That's just it, I didn't want to hurt anyone. The first three dimensions are left intact.

GRUNNING
It just sets time off-kilter?

ROGER
Exactly.

GRUNNING
But you were working for the military...they must have wanted a weapon?

ROGER
No, they promised me it was just research. We thought it might lead to something else.

GRUNNING
What, like time travel?

ROGER
Who knows? Anyway, it was just too complex. We only seem to be able to do damage, not to control. We can't even make strategic cuts.

GRUNNING
So why were you doing it?

ROGER
I...I figured they would take my work one way or another. I just wanted at least to be there - to shepherd it.

Grunning looks around.

GRUNNING
(sarcastically)
In that case, great job.

ROGER
You said you saw my body...in
another room.

GRUNNING
Your...corpse is in the kitchen.

ROGER
How?

GRUNNING
Gunshot to the head.

ROGER
Who would do that?

GRUNNING
Is it safe to assume you're not
suicidal?

ROGER
For now.

GRUNNING
Then you've been murdered. Possibly
by someone in this house.

Roger looks down, stunned.

ROGER
God, this is insane.

Grunning puts the gun away.

GRUNNING
But we have time. We can stop this.

Roger looks up again, a sad expression on his face.

ROGER
I'm not sure it works that way.
Whatever's happened has happened. I
mean, it will happen and it has
happened.

GRUNNING
What?

ROGER
The course of events. We're going
through the motions.

ROGER(cont'd)

Our piece of the puzzle right now,
it fits into everything else. You
can't make a new puzzle.

GRUNNING

Of course you can. We can do
whatever we want.

ROGER

Maybe me knowing that I'm going to
be killed is what leads me to be
killed.

GRUNNING

You don't know that.

ROGER

Maybe you're the killer.

GRUNNING

Shut up.

ROGER

I have to be honest, detective. You
look a little unhinged.

GRUNNING

This experiment...how far could it
have spread?

ROGER

No idea. It wasn't even supposed to
get outside the lab.

Roger stands up and looks out the window.

ROGER (cont'd)

If it did, there's no telling how
far the cuts go. Or how deep.

GRUNNING

What do you mean?

ROGER

The intensity of the pulse - it can
vary. Some areas might only be
distorted by a few hours, or
minutes even. Other places may have
bigger discrepancies.

GRUNNING

How far back could they go?

ROGER

Who's to say? Days...months...
years, maybe.

GRUNNING

One thing I don't understand. I saw
you in the hallway earlier. When I
followed you, you disappeared.

ROGER

(almost to himself)

Yes, yes. Of course. You weren't
here at the time of the
disturbance. It makes perfect
sense.

GRUNNING

What are you saying?

ROGER

I'm experiencing time in a linear
way. It's 7:20 right now. If I
leave the room, it will still be
7:20 for me. Nothing appears wrong.

GRUNNING

How is that?

ROGER

I'm part of the anomaly. I was here
during the test. You're an
observer, an outsider. You see
things as they truly are.

GRUNNING

First time someone's said that to
me today.

ROGER

So when I disappeared, I was merely
staying in my time. You shifted to
another time, and naturally, I
vanished.

Grunning reflects and gives a small nod of understanding.

ROGER (cont'd)

I assume it's the same with the
others - Emma, Rachel. They don't
understand that anything's wrong?

GRUNNING
Well, aside from your death, no.
They seem to be fine.

ROGER
They're trapped in the anomaly as
well.

Grunning shakes his head.

GRUNNING
I...I'm not sure about this.

ROGER
Test it.

Grunning stands up and looks at his cell phone, which now
reads 7:21 a.m.

He backs out of the room still staring at Roger. As he passes
out through the doorway into the -

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

It gets quite dark. He can no longer see Roger sitting at his
desk.

The phone glows 3:21 a.m.

GRUNNING
Oh God.

He walks down the hall and into the -

MASTER BEDROOM

Afternoon daylight filters through the room's heavy curtains.

The phone display reads 4:21 p.m.

Grunning pauses for a moment and touches his chest - as if he
feels pain there.

Suddenly the phone lights up, ringing. The name "Hudson"
flashes on the screen.

Grunning answers the phone.

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
Grunning, it's Hudson.

Grunning doesn't respond, still a little stunned.

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.) (cont'd)
Listen, I wasn't going to check
this out. But I figured I owed that
much to you.

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
Check what out?

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
I graphed all our complaints on a
map. You might be on to something.
They make a big circle...and the
defense lab lies dead at the
center.

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
And where am I on the map?

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
Don't tell me you're still at that
house...on Oakmead?

Grunning walks over to one of the curtains.

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
Yes.

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
Right in the middle - you're less
than a mile from that lab.

Grunning draws the curtains and stares out across a field. A
boxy government building lies in the background.

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.) (cont'd)
Like I said, maybe there's
something to this. Did you sort
things out over there?

The background noise rises again on Hudson's side of the
line.

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
It's starting to make sense.

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
You want to enlighten me?

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
I need a little more time.

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
(quieter)
I have to say, it's not getting
better over here. A lot of my
men...

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
What?

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
They haven't reported back in a
while. These are guys with radios -
they've just gone dead.

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
(sighs)
I'll do what I can.

Grunning clicks the phone shut.

He walks out of the room.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Grunning begins walking down the hall but then stops.

He stares at the door at the end of the corridor - the one he
couldn't open earlier.

His eyes go wide.

Grunning puts his ear to the door. Again, he hears the dim
sound of a child LAUGHING.

GRUNNING
Matty?

He presses harder against the door. The laughing gets louder.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
Oh God, it is you.

FLASHBACK - INT. GRUNNING'S HOUSE - DEN

Holding a large cooking pot, Grunning slowly approaches his
desk.

GRUNNING
Matty?

As he gets closer, he sees MATTY (a boy of four or five years) behind the desk. The boy is playing with a gun.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
(panicked)
Put it down, Matty. That's not a
toy.

Matty points the gun toward Grunning.

MATTY
Bang, Daddy. Bang.

GRUNNING
(raising his voice)
Please, Matty.

He inches closer to the desk. Matty wraps his tiny fingers around the trigger.

The rest happens very quickly. Grunning lunges toward Matty.

The large pot swings on its hinges and hits the boy.

The gun FIRES, a bullet hitting Grunning's left arm.

Matty loses his balance and strikes his head hard against the desk. He drops the gun.

For a brief instant, Matty's big eyes stare up at Grunning with a confused look.

Matty's body goes limp and collapses. His head begins to bleed, forming a pool on the floor.

Grunning stares down at him, stunned, and drops the pot. It CLATTERS to the ground.

Behind Grunning, off screen, Sarah enters the room. She begins to SCREAM.

RETURN TO SCENE

Grunning's head is pressed against the door.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
It's going to be okay, Matty.

Grunning begins slamming his body against the door, trying to open it.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
I'm going to get you.

The door doesn't budge.

The pain in his left arm flares up and he stops to clutch it, GROANING.

Frustrated, he looks around.

He walks down the hall to -

ROGER'S OFFICE

Roger is now standing, looking out the window. He's lost in thought.

GRUNNING
I need an axe.

ROGER
What? Why would--

GRUNNING
(shouting)
I NEED AN AXE!

ROGER
There's a hatchet in the hall closet downstairs. What are you doing?

GRUNNING
That door you sealed up. I'm going to open it.

Grunning turns around and marches out.

ROGER
It's not going to work.

DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Grunning checks his cell phone, which reads 12:25 p.m.

He opens a closet door and digs through the clutter.

Triumphantly, he pulls out a hatchet.

He tests its weight and heads back toward the stairs.

Grunning reaches the -

FOYER

He looks down. The hatchet has vanished.

GRUNNING

No!

He looks around for a moment and steps back into the -

DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

The hatchet reappears in his hand.

He grips it tightly and rushes back into the -

FOYER

Again, the hatchet disappears.

Grunning GROWLS in frustration.

He runs toward the stairs.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

He stands in front of the sealed door.

Grunning searches his pockets desperately. Finally he retrieves a Swiss Army knife.

He pops open the blade and begins jabbing the door ferociously. But he only manages to scratch the wood.

Pumping with adrenaline, he shoves the knife into the socket that once held the door knob.

A small piece of wood pops out the other side, creating a hole.

Still breathing heavily, he crouches down and puts his eye to the hole.

He looks into the room.

BACK ROOM

It's a small but brightly lit room, filled with children's furniture.

A woman, her back to us, sits by a small bed. She's reading to an unseen child.

WOMAN
...all the king's horses and all
the king's men couldn't put Humpty
together again.

We hear the voice of a 4-year-old boy.

CHILD
Again!

WOMAN
No, that's the last time. You have
to go to bed.

CHILD
Will Daddy say g'night?

WOMAN
No.

CHILD
Why?

WOMAN
He's at work.

CHILD
Why?

WOMAN
Because his work is important.

CHILD
Will he see my game tomorrow?

WOMAN
I don't know...now go to sleep.

The woman clicks off a bedside light. She stands.

CHILD
I love you, mom.

She turns and faces our direction. It's Emma, years younger.

EMMA
I love you too, Andrew.

She walks toward the doorway, disappearing with a swish as she passes through.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Grunning pulls his eye away from the door.

Still breathing heavy, he stares into the darkened corridor.

He walks down the hall and into -

ROGER'S OFFICE

Grunning enters with a pained look on his face.

Again, he puts his hand on his chest for a moment. The pain passes.

Roger is back at his desk, drawing something on a piece of paper.

GRUNNING
(gesturing)
What was that room?

ROGER
At the end of the hall? It used to
be Andrew's. He outgrew it.

GRUNNING
The time...it must have been 10
years ago.

Grunning slumps down in the chair across from Roger.

ROGER
I'm not surprised. It probably got
the brunt of it.

GRUNNING
What?

Roger shows him the paper. It's a sketch of the house and the institute, with an open field separating the two.

ROGER
It's the part of the house closest
to the lab. The pulse would have
struck here...

He points to the edge of the house.

ROGER (cont'd)
...and radiated out from there.

GRUNNING

So the...disturbance, it wouldn't
be as strong anywhere else?

ROGER

I doubt it. I can't really say.

Grunning winces again and touches his chest.

ROGER (cont'd)

What's wrong?

GRUNNING

I don't know...something in my
chest.

Roger looks down, panicked.

ROGER

Oh God, it's happening.

GRUNNING

What?

ROGER

Well, there was a problem. In the
earlier experiments...

GRUNNING

What happened?

ROGER

I'm not sure you want to know...

GRUNNING

What happened?!

ROGER

We were working at a microscopic
scale. That's how we were able to
keep it contained. But the
fissures...they would get more and
more unstable.

GRUNNING

Unstable...how?

ROGER

Tell me...when you cross from one
time to the next, how do you feel?

GRUNNING

It's a bit disorienting--

ROGER
Not mentally...I mean physically.
Is that when your chest hurts?

GRUNNING
I don't...I mean, yes. But only
just now.

Roger nods.

ROGER
It's starting then.
(looks down at his desk)
The living things we tested...they
were bacterium. In the beginning,
they'd be fine. But after a while,
I'd find a cilium here, a bit of
proteus there.

GRUNNING
I don't understand.

ROGER
They'd been sheared apart.

Grunning stands up, steps away.

GRUNNING
(alarmed)
So...what does that mean for me?

ROGER
If you keep passing through the
fissures...well, you'll feel it
first in your internal organs. Your
heart, lungs, maybe your brain.
Sooner or later...

GRUNNING
We need to fix this, Roger.

ROGER
I don't know if that's possible.

GRUNNING
We can change the course of this.
You're telling me everything's
predetermined?

Roger shrugs.

Grunning grabs a mug off of Roger's desk and hurls it against
the wall. It SHATTERS loudly.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
You're telling me, I already did
that? Or I *will* already do that?
No! It doesn't work that way.

There's a voice from downstairs.

EMMA (O.S.)
Roger? What was that noise?

ROGER
(shouting)
Nothing, Emma. I dropped something.

EMMA (O.S.)
Would you get down here? Your
breakfast...

ROGER
Just a second.

GRUNNING
You can't go down there.

ROGER
Why?

GRUNNING
You're about to get killed, Roger.

ROGER
When does it happen?

GRUNNING
I'm not sure. Sometime before nine.

ROGER
Well...I don't know what to do.

GRUNNING
We're going to figure this out.
We're going to stop this.

ROGER
How?

GRUNNING
Who did it?

ROGER
That's what I don't understand.
Emma...she just wouldn't...

GRUNNING
 She's upset right now. Who knows
 what she's capable of?

ROGER
 But...it's not like that. She came
 in here a couple hours ago, in
 tears. She said there was an
 intruder in the house...

Grunning manages a smile.

GRUNNING
 It was me...it was me all along.

ROGER
 What?

GRUNNING
 I was the intruder. God, why didn't
 I think of that before?

ROGER
 I held her for a while. I think it
 helped her forget about Rachel.

GRUNNING
 She's not the only one with a
 motive here.

ROGER
 Rachel? What possible motive would--

GRUNNING
 I don't mean Rachel. I mean your
 son.

Grunning turns to leave.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
 Stay where you are.

ROGER
 Careful...

Grunning steps outside into the -

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

He feels a tinge in his chest and rubs it. But he quickly
 recovers.

GRUNNING
(to himself)
It's okay. You're fine.

He pops open his phone, which reads 3:33 a.m.

Grunning KNOCKS on Andrew's door.

ANDREW
(sleepy)
Yeah?

Grunning opens the door and steps inside.

ANDREW'S ROOM

Another twitch of pain crosses Grunning's face.

The clock on his phone now reads 1:03 p.m.

Andrew is sitting at his desk. He's looking at an old photo album.

ANDREW
Whoa. Ever hear of knocking?

GRUNNING
I did knock.

ANDREW
I didn't hear anything.

GRUNNING
(thinking)
No...no, of course you didn't.

ANDREW
What do you want?

Grunning doesn't answer.

He looks at a shelf lined with sports trophies.

GRUNNING
You play lacrosse?

ANDREW
Yeah. Soccer too.

GRUNNING
Looks like you're pretty good.

ANDREW
Coach says I have a shot at a
scholarship.

GRUNNING
That must've made your dad proud.

ANDREW
(looks down)
We didn't talk about that kind of
stuff.

GRUNNING
Why not?

ANDREW
He thought it was stupid.

GRUNNING
He said that?

ANDREW
No...I could just tell.

GRUNNING
That must've bothered you.

Andrew shrugs.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
You should've tried asking him how
he really felt.

ANDREW
Why? He never asked *me* anything.

GRUNNING
I'm just saying--

ANDREW
(angry)
It's too late now. Why the hell do
you care?

GRUNNING
I'm sorry, you're right.

Grunning looks down at his phone. It reads 1:04 p.m.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
It's too late.

Grunning leaves the room.

ROGER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Grunning steps into the room, clutching his chest in pain.

Roger looks up from his desk, concerned.

ROGER
You can't keep doing that.

GRUNNING
It's okay for now. Nothing I can't handle.

ROGER
It's only going to get worse.

Grunning looks at his phone: 7:35 a.m.

GRUNNING
Listen, Roger. You need to talk to your son. I mean a real talk.

ROGER
You want me to tell him about all this?

GRUNNING
No, not about this. About him. About how you feel.

ROGER
What?

GRUNNING
He needs to know. *You* need him to know.

ROGER
I...I love my son.

GRUNNING
When's the last time you told him that?

ROGER
We don't have that kind of relationship--

GRUNNING
There's still time to change that. Maybe we can't fix everything, but we can fix that.

ROGER
But I don't...

GRUNNING
Just trust me.

Roger gets up and steps out of the room.

Grunning stands there for a moment, looking out the window, thinking.

He quickly walks out.

MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Massaging his chest, Grunning dials his phone.

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
Hudson.

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
Chief, one thing.

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
Yeah?

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
My house...is it inside the circle?
On the map you made.

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
Your apartment? That's clear across town.

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
No, my old house. Sarah's house.

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
(pauses)
Yes. It is.

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
(stoic)
Right.

Grunning clicks the phone shut.

He stands there for a moment, still touching his chest. A grimace of pain crosses his face.

He pulls something from his pocket and looks at it. It's the bottle of pills.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Sitting in the driver's seat, Grunning starts the car and peels out.

He speeds down the street and toward the intersection, which appears clear.

But in the middle of the intersection, the daylight suddenly disappears.

A truck barrels toward him, its HORN BLARING.

GRUNNING

Jesus.

Grunning barely swerves out of the way.

As the car skids, the truck vanishes. Daylight returns.

Grunning recovers and keeps driving.

EXT. GRUNNING'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Grunning pulls up in front of his house.

He hops out of the car and checks his cell phone. It reads 11:37 a.m.

He marches toward the front door.

Grunning bangs on the door. No answer.

He pulls out his keys and tries one of them in the lock.

It doesn't turn.

GRUNNING

Damn it, Sarah.

Grunning goes around to one of the windows and SMASHES it.

He begins to crawl in.

INT. GRUNNING'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The house is nicely decorated but unkempt from months of neglect. Most of the shades are closed.

Grunning walks around the room with his cell phone open, checking the time.

It still glows 11:38 a.m. and doesn't change as he moves.

GRUNNING
C'mon. C'mon.

KITCHEN

He passes through the kitchen. No change in time.

MATTY'S BEDROOM

He walks into a child's bedroom. It's still filled with toys, but they have a layer of dust.

Grunning picks up a building block, severing a silk thread of a spider's web. He looks at it sadly.

DEN

Grunning's den clearly hasn't been used in months. He passes through, pausing briefly at his desk.

Any signs of what happened have been scoured clean.

MASTER BEDROOM

Grunning paces Sarah's bedroom. The bed hasn't been made. There's an empty glass of wine on the bedside table.

He opens the drawer of the night stand and finds several framed pictures. They're of him and Sarah, in happier times.

LIVING ROOM

Back in the living room, he shrugs and puts his phone away.

He walks to the door.

But on the way, he sees a shaft of light cutting cross the edge of the floor. It's wide and doesn't look natural.

Grunning crouches down in the shaft and sits on the floor.

Suddenly the scene changes.

It's evening and the warm lights of the living room are on. A few toys are scattered on the floor.

GRUNNING

Matty?

There's no response.

Grunning winces in pain and pulls out the pill bottle. He takes one of the pills.

GRUNNING (cont'd)

Matty!

In another room, we hear a soft GIGGLE.

Then the PATTERN of a child's footsteps.

Matty appears in the living room and runs toward Grunning.

MATTY

Daddy.

Grunning grabs Matty and hugs him tightly.

GRUNNING

Oh God, Matty. It's you. It's really you.

MATTY

What's wrong, Daddy? Why aren't you at work?

GRUNNING

Nothing's wrong, Matty.
Everything's perfect.

Matty turns back toward the other room.

MATTY

Mommy's reading a story.

The child turns to run back. Grunning sits up to stop him and his head passes out of the shaft of light.

The scene changes back into a drab empty room.

GRUNNING

No!

He crouches back down again, and the room changes back to the past.

He sees Matty running away, back toward his bedroom.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
Matty, please. I need to tell you something.

The child returns to Grunning.

Grunning holds him tight again.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
I want you to promise me something.

Grunning carefully pulls out his gun.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
This is Daddy's gun.

The child stares at it, eyes wide.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
I don't want you ever to touch it, alright?

MATTY
Why?

GRUNNING
It's dangerous, you understand?

Matty stares blankly.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
It goes bang, bang...and hurts people.

This seems to register with the child.

MATTY
Bang, Daddy. Bang.

FLASHFORWARD - DEN

Behind the desk, Matty clutches the gun. He looks up at Grunning.

MATTY
Bang, Daddy. Bang.

RETURN TO SCENE

GRUNNING
No, Matty. Don't ever say that
again. Please.

He holds the child tightly again.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
(fighting back tears)
Please.

Matty doesn't respond. Grunning shakes his head.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
(to himself)
It's no use.

Grunning shifts position so that he can stare Matty in the
face.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
Look at me, Matty.

Matty's gaze connects with Grunning's.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
I love you, okay? You know that.

MATTY
I love you too, Daddy.

GRUNNING
No matter where I am, or where you
are - I love you. Everywhere and
forever.

MATTY
Everywhere and forever.

GRUNNING
Remember that.

Sarah calls out from another room.

SARAH (O.S.)
Matty?

Matty looks back toward his room. He tries to pull Grunning
in that direction.

GRUNNING
I'm sorry...there's something I
have to take care of.

MATTY
Okay, Daddy.

Matty pulls away, and Grunning stands.

The room changes back to the drab daylight version. Grunning shakes with emotion.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - LATER

Grunning's car pulls up in front of the Ulster house. It has several new dents.

He gets out and walks into the house.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Grunning talks on his cell phone, his face flushed with pain.

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
My men...I'm losing them, Grunning.
And I don't know how. Half of them
have disappeared. The others, it's
worse...

He trails off.

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
What happened to them?

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
I've heard screams...over the
scanners. Terrible screams. One of
them, he said it was like he was
being...

Grunning looks down at his chest, and finishes Hudson's sentence.

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
...torn apart.

HUDSON (ON PHONE) (O.S.)
You...how'd you know that?

GRUNNING (ON PHONE)
It's not too late, chief. I'll take
care of this. I promise.

INT. DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Grunning steps into the dining room.

He sees Roger standing over the cold plate of eggs, now partially eaten.

Roger is dressed for work, wearing the tweed jacket and tie.

GRUNNING
How'd it go?

ROGER
He was so angry. I had no idea...

Grunning puts his hand on Roger's shoulder.

ROGER (cont'd)
He said he knew where my gun was.
That he wanted to teach me a
lesson...for treating his mom that
way.

GRUNNING
What'd you tell him?

ROGER
That I was sorry. That I never
meant to hurt him. But, you know,
it wasn't really about the thing
with Rachel...

Roger pauses.

ROGER (cont'd)
He never understood...how I felt
about him. I thought he knew.

He looks up at Grunning.

ROGER (cont'd)
Thank you.

Grunning shakes his head, as if to say, "It's nothing."

ROGER (cont'd)
I still can't believe it's
possible...how did you know?

GRUNNING

I think Emma was telling the truth
about one thing. When she found
your body, you were already dead.

FLASHFORWARD - KITCHEN - LATER THAT MORNING

Emma swings open the kitchen door and walks into the room.

She sees Roger lying there, shot.

Emma looks like she's about to scream, but she stifles it,
putting her hand over her mouth.

GRUNNING (V.O.)

But there was no gun in your hand.
When she saw that, she must have
figured that Andrew did it.

FLASHFORWARD - MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Emma rifles through the dresser and pulls out the gun box.

She pops it open, revealing the revolver.

GRUNNING (V.O.)

So her motherly instincts kicked
in.

FLASHFORWARD - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Emma carefully places the revolver in Roger's hand.

FLASHFORWARD - LATER THAT MORNING

Grunning examines Roger's body, lifting the hand of the
corpse to check for burns.

GRUNNING (V.O.)

When I started examining the scene,
she was afraid I'd find the truth.

FLASHFORWARD - MOMENTS LATER

As Grunning studies the bullet he found in the wall, Emma
lifts a large vase over his head.

After Grunning collapses, Emma takes the revolver and the bullet.

RETURN TO SCENE

ROGER

She was just trying to help him. I guess I don't blame her.

He takes a breath.

ROGER (cont'd)

And Andrew...God, Andrew. That I could have inspired that kind of rage.

Roger looks at Grunning, worried.

ROGER (cont'd)

You're not going to...arrest them, are you?

GRUNNING

How can I? They haven't done anything yet.

ROGER

(thinking)

Right...of course.

GRUNNING

The important thing is you're alive. You can stop this. You need to go to the lab. Now.

Roger looks at his watch and nods.

ROGER

It's 8:45. That gives us 45 minutes. I'll get Rachel and we'll go down there.

Reflexively, Roger picks up his plate of half-eaten eggs. He walks toward the kitchen door.

Grunning stares at the floor, thinking of something.

GRUNNING

Wait...what did you just say?

Roger stops at the swinging door, still holding his plate. He has the door partway open.

ROGER
I'll get Rachel and go down
there...

GRUNNING
Rachel said she'd never been to the
lab. She only worked with you at
the college.

ROGER
Oh, that's not true.

GRUNNING
But then...

The door to the hallway opens and Rachel appears.
She's holding the revolver.

RACHEL
I figured you'd get cold feet,
Roger.

ROGER
Rachel, what are you doing?

RACHEL
My job.

Grunning reaches for his gun, but Rachel trains the revolver
on him.

RACHEL (cont'd)
Don't even...

Grunning freezes.

ROGER
I don't understand.

RACHEL
All along I knew what this could
mean...what your work was capable
of. But you were so goddamn
selfish. You didn't want the rest
of us to sully your precious
research. Well, I need this, Roger.
I won't let you stop it.

ROGER
(his head swimming)
Why?

GRUNNING
(the thought dawning)
Her sister.

Roger stares at Grunning, confused.

GRUNNING (cont'd)
(to Rachel)
You can't save her. It doesn't work
that way.

RACHEL
Maybe. But I won't let him take
away my chance.

ROGER
All this time...that's what you
wanted? You said you loved me.

RACHEL
Maybe I did. I loved your mind. But
what do you do with it? It's a
goddamn waste.

Grunning stares at Rachel's position and at Roger, who's
still standing in the doorway to the kitchen.

FLASHFORWARD - DINING ROOM

Grunning imagines Rachel firing the gun at Roger, hitting him
in the head.

Roger drops the plate of eggs. It crashes to the floor.

Roger staggers back into the kitchen and collapses in the
same position we saw him in earlier. Dead.

RETURN TO SCENE

RACHEL
I didn't think it would come to
this, Roger. Holding a gun like
this. I wouldn't have even known
you had this thing if he...
(nodding toward Grunning)
...hadn't told me.

ROGER
We have to stop it, Rachel. It's
too dangerous.

She shakes her head.

RACHEL
It's out of your hands now. I can
go back and save her...I know it.
You can't stop me.

ROGER
People are going to die.

RACHEL
You don't know that.

Roger nods at Grunning, who's pale and sweating.

ROGER
Look at him. His heart's about to
give out.

RACHEL
Well, *I* feel fine.

ROGER
You're inside it. You can't tell--

GRUNNING
He's right. It's...killing me...

He GROANS and clutches at his chest.

He bends over in pain.

She steps back.

Grunning suddenly straightens up again, pulling his gun from
the holster.

She reacts quickly, firing the revolver. The bullet hits
Grunning in the chest. In the heart.

He fires at the same time, but his aim is off. The bullet
flies past her, past Roger, through the doorway to the
kitchen. It burrows into the kitchen wall.

She tries to fire again, but the revolver is empty.

The damage is done. Grunning's eyes go wide. He lurches,
drops his gun.

ROGER
(to Grunning)
Get out...get out of the room!

Grunning's face flickers with understanding. He stumbles out
the door to the -

DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

It's now 12:49 p.m. Grunning gasps for breath. He looks down at his chest. The wound is still there, but -

GRUNNING

The bullet...it's gone.

Grunning slumps back, relieved.

He pulls out his bottle of pills. He shakes it and one solitary pill falls out. His last one.

He swallows it.

He stares through the open door at the dining room. From this view, it's empty and quiet.

Grunning hesitates at the door, looking as if he may march back in. But he stops himself, clutching his chest.

Finally he sticks in his head, keeping the rest of his body in the hallway.

DINING ROOM

It's now 8:49 a.m. Roger and Rachel are struggling over Grunning's gun.

RACHEL

You're weak, Roger. You always were.

Roger sees Grunning's head in the doorway.

ROGER

(to Grunning)

Stay out of here...you'll die.

As they fight, Roger and Rachel move toward the swinging kitchen door.

Rachel begins to twist the gun around.

The barrel is almost pointed up toward Roger's head.

RACHEL

It's too late.

GRUNNING

No.

Grunning steps back into the room.

The blood around his wound begins to soak through. His head swims.

SERIES OF FLASHBACKS

A) Grunning throws the mug at the wall of Roger's office. It SHATTERS.

B) He sits in his meeting that morning, mouthing the prayer:

GROUP
...accept the things we cannot
change, the courage to change the
things we can, and the wisdom to
know the difference.

C) Sitting on the floor of his house, in the shaft of light, Grunning hugs his son Matty.

RETURN TO SCENE

Grunning summons his last bit of strength and barrels toward Rachel.

He knocks her to the floor.

The gun flies into the air and lands nearby.

Grunning collapses, his clothes red with blood.

Roger picks up the gun and points it at Rachel.

She gets up and stares at Roger.

She comes toward him.

RACHEL
You wouldn't dare.

Roger FIRES the gun twice. The bullets strike her in the chest.

She flies back and falls to the ground, dead.

Roger drops the gun and stares down at Grunning.

As Grunning looks up, he sees Emma and Andrew join Roger in the room. Roger keeps his eyes on Grunning.

ROGER
(to Grunning)
I'll go. I'll stop it in time.

Grunning's eyes are clouding, but he manages a smile.

His eyes close.

Everything fades to WHITE.

INT. GRUNNING'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

Grunning's eyes open. He looks around the room, cautiously.

He's lying in bed, next to Sarah.

All is quiet and calm...until slowly, a sound begins to filter through.

It's Sarah. She's CRYING softly, stifling the sobs.

Grunning reaches out and puts his arm around her. We see a scar on his upper arm.

SARAH
I'm sorry...I was trying not to wake you.

GRUNNING
I wasn't sleeping.

They share a moment of silence.

SARAH
Will it get better?

GRUNNING
I don't know, Sarah. I just wish...

SARAH
What?

GRUNNING
I wish at least he could've known...what he meant to me.

She wipes her tears.

SARAH
The day it happened, do you know what he said to me?

GRUNNING

No.

SARAH

He said, "Daddy loves me - no
matter what...everywhere and
forever."

Grunning stares into the distance.

SARAH (cont'd)

I'd never heard him say that
before.

Silence falls between them again.

SARAH (cont'd)

He knew, Paul. He knew.

Grunning holds her close as we -

FADE TO BLACK.