

NINE MONTHS AMERICAN

by Rocco Giamatteo

ROCCO GIAMATTEO

EXT. COASTLINE - EL ESTANCO, MEXICO - MORNING

AT THE SHORELINE -- Ahead of us, sand foregrounds light forestation. Behind us, waves whisper in peace. The beach is completely desolate, until...

Back near the trees, a toy airplane GLIDES into frame.

BOY (O.S.)  
(ala plane noise)  
Vhweew... Vrrrough...

The plane crashes to the sand and its thrower - an 8 year-old boy - enters sight, sporting a bathing suit and his naturally bronzed skin. This is HERNANDO FELICIANO.

Hernando rushes to his plane, picks it up, and casts it off again. It flies out of frame, and Hernando follows.

HERNANDO  
Wheew... Waugh...

Suddenly, a woman's bare left foot PLOPS down just in front of us. The right one emerges in step ahead of the left, leaving us with a left FOOTPRINT.

Now we get a good look at her: 20 year-old farmer's daughter with an edge; soaking wet with skin as blue as she is freezing. More importantly, **NINE MONTHS PREGNANT.**

This is VIOLET REED.

Utterly exhausted, she trudges forward away from a small schooner at the shoreline.

HERNANDO (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(to plane, in Spanish)  
Quick! Before the world explodes!

Violet turns towards Hernando's voice: Not twenty yards away, he tosses his plane away from where she's washed up.

She INHALES as though ready to yell. The attempt makes her COLLAPSE to her knees. Nothing comes out.

Hernando's arrived at his plane's landing spot. He bends down to pick it up.

Violet takes another breath, ready this time.

VIOLET  
HEEEY!

Hernando whips himself around. Violet faints.

CUT TO BLACK

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - FELICIANO HOME - EL ESTANCO, MX - MORNING

Alone in the room, Violet lies asleep in a cocoon of quilts and blankets. Only her face protrudes from linen heap.

She AWAKENS in sudden alarm, looks around to get her bearings and listens... A man and woman argue in feverish Spanish just outside her room.

Violet struggles to pull her arms free from the layers; succeeds and TOSSES her comforter aside.

The man and woman continue to argue in the next room.

Violet rises to her feet, paces towards the door. She opens it a crack, very softly.

POV OF VIOLET: A fifty-something couple stands in the entranceway of the flat-roofed shack that is their home.

The man has a salt-and-pepper look befitting his personality - principled, but new school - and the woman sports frump and barefaced grace. These are FRANCISCO FELICIANO and NINA FELICIANO, respectively.

Nina stops arguing, spots Violet.

INT. FELICIANO HOME - CONTINUOUS

Violet THROWS open the bedroom door and DASHES for the exit.

NINA

No, no, no, por favor!

Francisco steps right in her path, at the door. Violet scrambles for the knob, but Francisco persists.

FRANCISCO

(in Spanish)

Miss, please, do you speak any Spanish?

Francisco holds her still. Violet SMACKS away his hands.

VIOLET

Get OFF! Get away!

Violet rushes to the kitchen and shuffles around its central table; first for a nonexistent exit. Then for a weapon.

NINA

Uhh, please! Please! Calm below!?

Violet grabs a CARVING KNIFE. She points it at Nina and Francisco.

VIOLET

Get BACK! BACK, BACK, BACK!

Nina and Francisco oblige.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Did you call the police? La policia, d'you call them?

(off Nina shaking 'no')

Are you lying?

NINA

Miss... I don't speak many English. But understand, please... we want to help you.

VIOLET

You know 'trust'? 'Trust,' you know what that word means?

Nina nods.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Why should I trust you?

Suddenly, a SNIVEL. It came from somewhere in the kitchen. Violet turns towards the refrigerator. Now a SOB. It's coming from the space between the refrigerator and the wall.

Violet peeks around the fridge. And there he is: Hernando - frightened beyond belief, holding back tears.

Violet lowers her knife and drops it on the kitchen table.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

I'm sorry... What's his name?

NINA

Hernando.

VIOLET

Lo siento, Hernando. Lo siento.

She gives up acting healthy - falls to her knees. Nina and Francisco RUSH forward. They help her to her feet, escort her towards the bedroom.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

No policia.

NINA  
Ok, no police.

They've reached the doorway. Hernando steps in their way.

FRANCISCO  
Hernando, ¡Fuera del camino!

HERNANDO  
Yo perdono.

NINA  
He says, 'I forgive you.'

VIOLET  
(to Hernando)  
Thanks.

NINA  
("To your room!")  
Ahora!

Hernando scampers away.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Violet lies in her cocoon again. Nina sits on the bed,  
SPOONFEEDING soup.

VIOLET  
How old is he?

NINA  
He will become nine soon.

VIOLET (CONT'D)  
Any brothers or sisters?

Nina offers a spoonful to Violet's mouth. She drinks it in.

NINA  
He wishes. We all do. But no  
enough dollars, uh, money.

VIOLET  
You're probably a great mother.

Hernando appears in the doorway. He sticks out his tongue at  
Violet.

NINA  
You someday too.

VIOLET  
You don't know me.

NINA  
Because you do not trust very easy.  
That's half of being mother.

Hernando pulls at his ears and bulges his cheeks with breath.

VIOLET  
And the other half?

NINA  
Trusting the right ones.

VIOLET  
Nina, do you know what 'accomplice'  
means?

Nina senses Hernando, turns to him.

NINA  
(in Spanish)  
Hernando! What did I say before!  
Go to the bathroom and wait for me!

Hernando drags himself away.

NINA (CONT'D)  
Excuse me, you had said...

VIOLET  
Nada.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

ON: A TV screen. Its CLOCK changes from 5:29AM to 5:30AM.

The TV flickers on. A news program appears. Loud enough to wake someone up, like...

Francisco, who awakens from sleep on the couch. He looks around for the remote while the Spanish news program displays a photo of Violet. Francisco misses it.

The program cuts a U.S. White House press conference.

W.H. PRESS SECRETARY  
(delay dub in Spanish)  
... is still at large, and is  
considered to be highly danger-

Francisco CLICKS off the TV.

INT. FELICIANO HOME - CONTINUOUS

Francisco ambles through, stops at Violet's bedroom: The door's open, and no one's there. He paces over to the front door, opens it.

PUSH IN - OUTSIDE... FOOTSTEPS trail in the mud leading out from the shack and into the rest of the village.

CUT TO **BLACK**

SUPERIMPOSE ON SCREEN: "9 MONTHS EARLIER"

INT. CLASSROOM - WHITE-GRAVENOR HALL, GEORGETOWN - EVENING

Violet's face envelops the frame. She's 19 now, sitting in a sea of bright-eyed students and dolled up for some occasion after class. And here, decidedly NOT pregnant.

PROFESSOR (O.S.)  
... which is to say - put simply -  
your best assets are each other.

The Professor is a tall, grey-haired sage of neo-conservatism. This is PROFESSOR HARLAN GRAVES (50's).

GRAVES  
And I don't mean that in the same  
way, say, Professor Horne would -  
vague, axiomatic, tragically  
theoretical.  
(laughs)  
I mean, look around.

They all do. Including and especially a lanky nebbish named GABE (21, artsy).

GRAVES (CONT'D)  
These are the people with whom  
you'll shake hands and shape  
legislation. Take Violet, here.  
(to Violet)  
Intern to the White House Deputy  
Communications Director. In the  
case of the Blake Administration,  
Damage Control Extraordinaire.

Violet's phone VIBRATES. A text from "C. Colton": "Sry last min. Need you NOW!!"

GRAVES (CONT'D)  
Duty calling?

VIOLET  
Excuse me.

GRAVES  
Knock 'em dead.

Violet gets up to leave. So does Gabe.

INT./EXT. STARBUCKS - SOMEWHERE IN WASHINGTON, DC - EVENING  
Violet receiving her change...

GABE  
Why can't you just say 'no'?

VIOLET  
This is my *career*, Gabe. I'm not  
risking that for...

GABE  
For what? Say it.

VIOLET  
That's not--Your music's important  
to me.

GABE  
Vi, you said you'd go weeks ago.  
And why do you even ask for time  
off if every time Blake say  
something dumb--

VIOLET  
(reading text)  
FOX? He must've blown it with  
Shepard Smith.

GABE  
Violet.

VIOLET  
How's that even possible?

BARISTA  
Tall Chai, for Violet?

VIOLET  
No, I ordered... whatever.

She grabs the drink and they both make to leave.



GABE  
I don't know what I am to you  
anymore. Someone you just pencil in  
for sex whenever it's convenient?

VIOLET  
Jesus, come on.

GABE  
Fucking feels that way.

VIOLET  
(while she texts)  
Well, maybe that's a 'you' problem.

GABE  
Nice pivot there.

VIOLET  
What do you want me to say, Gabe?  
*I'm sorry you feel that way? Please  
forgive me? Never happen again,  
babe?* I'm not apologizing for--

GABE  
--anything. You're never sorry for  
anything. Because you act like it's  
not a choice. And it is.  
(--)  
What do you want?

Gabe's finally secured Violet's full attention. And off her  
uncertain expression, he STORMS off.

VIOLET  
Gabe...

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

Violet approaches a security gate, on the phone.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Hi, you've reached Shelly on her  
celly! Leave a message!

Violet HANGS UP, flashes her security badge to a GUARD  
manning the gate.

MAN (O.S.)  
Was he drunk?

Violet turns: The man's a slim messenger-bagger wearing baggy  
eyes and five o'clock shadow. "

Journalist" written all over him, but the rougher-edged type not allowed in the press corps. FREDDIE WESTFALL (40's).

VIOLET

I'm sorry, were you speaking to me?

GUARD

Don't, Freddie.

FREDDIE

High? Intoxicated? Something must be up if Colton called in cavalry.

(re: her security pass)

An intern, no less.

VIOLET

I'm not authorized to make a-

FREDDIE

I'm not looking for a statement; I'm looking for the truth. And no one believe anyway, so what's the harm?

GUARD

Right this way, miss.

Freddie steps in front of her...

FREDDIE

Look, you're obviously going places, so let me spare you the surprise of one day losing sleep over your white lies. So you'll start leaking, not because it's right but because you have to.

He offers his business card to Violet.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

For when that day comes.

Violet takes the card and continues on. ON: Her inner jacket pocket, where she slips Freddie's card.

INT. WEST WING OFFICE - WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

A laptop displays video of a suited man in his early fifties boasting boyish good looks and a devilish smile. The video shows him sitting in the Oval Office aside from Fox News's Shepard Smith. This is PRESIDENT DANIEL BLAKE.

BLAKE

Didn't you hear me the first time,  
Shepard?

SMITH

I think so, but frankly... Mr.  
President, are you saying you  
advocate the legalization of  
prostitution?

BLAKE

Yes.

A pause. Blake realizes the implication.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Well, what I said exactly, was that  
on one side of American greatness,  
there's free-market capitalism. On  
the other, there's a long and  
beautiful tradition of Christian  
virtue. And so... when it comes to  
prostitution... who knows?

JOSH (22), a prideful shit-eater always dressed to impress,  
PAUSES the video. Violet paces back and forth.

JOSH

He's sloshed.

VIOLET

We need a victim card.

JOSH

He's on FOX. No enemy but himself.

VIOLET

(voilà!)  
Prostitutes.

JOSH

What about them?

VIOLET

Google what I say.

JOSH

No!

Violet hunches over Josh, types on his laptop.

VIOLET

Prostitutes are much more likely  
to...

She hits 'enter.'

JOSH  
(pointing to screen)  
Contract STD's.

VIOLET  
(reading)  
... 'three times more likely to  
suffer from physical assault.'  
'Twice more likely to have  
children, and more than 70% of  
those who do have children have  
full-time careers aside from  
prostitution.'

JOSH  
Says the Center for Women's  
Liberation.

VIOLET  
These are everyday Americans, Josh.  
Hard-working mothers trying to make  
ends meet, and so are forced into a  
system of easy money and hard  
knocks. The President doesn't  
condone prostitution, but he can't  
turn the other cheek to the  
systemic pain these people -  
(reading again)  
people... the '1 in 20 people'  
who've engaged in it - feel on a  
daily basis.

JOSH  
Hate the sin, not the sinner.

VIOLET  
The hallmark virtue of this  
Christian nation, Josh. Due to the  
reckless agenda of a liberal  
administration, whose consequences  
we never asked for, by the way,  
welfare's dried up and mothers have  
taken matters into their own hands.  
Maybe legalization isn't a  
permanent solution to their  
suffering, but it's a temporary fix  
worth discussing for bootstrapping  
call girls.

JOSH  
'Who knows'?

VIOLET  
Mothers are hurting, and children  
are starving, Josh. What interview  
could possibly matter right now?

JOSH  
Not bad.

VIOLET  
Whew, I need some water.

Violet exits.

INT. SECRETARIAL BULLPEN

Violet GULPS water at the office cooler. She refills, gulps  
again, then TOSSES the cup in the trash. She proceeds back  
towards her office.

En route, she glances around at the enthralling frenzy.  
Political professionals of all shapes and sizes strut their  
focus ala Sorkin's West Wing. This is where Violet belongs.

EXT. VIOLET/JOSH'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Violet reenters the room.

A forty-something man sits feet-up on her desk. His look can  
best described as reptilian. This is CHARLES COLTON. Josh  
stands before Colton.

JOSH  
... Mothers are starving, and  
children are crying, Charles. What  
interview...?

VIOLET  
Josh just finish telling you-

COLTON  
Good work, Josh. Needs a little  
polish, but it'll translate nice  
into talking points.

JOSH  
Thank you.

VIOLET  
I thought we could draw up some  
notes for Judy's next briefing.

COLTON  
This is a hitting strategy, not a  
home run, Violet.

JOSH  
I totally agree, Charles.

VIOLET  
Well, I just thought-

Colton CLAPS his hands, rises to his feet.

COLTON  
That's it, then. Josh, you can go.  
Sorry we called you in on your day  
off.

JOSH  
Not a problem.

Josh grabs his jacket, stuffs his laptop back in its bag.

COLTON  
Vi, I need you to draft this up  
into a press packet. Let's do an  
op-ed, some talking points and  
maybe a letter to major-league  
women's groups. Sound good?

VIOLET  
Sir, I'm wondering if it can wait,  
only because-

COLTON  
You know Vi, half of getting ahead  
in politics is paying your dues.  
Josh fetched coffee before his  
uncle got him this job.

JOSH  
(stops in his tracks)  
It's true.

VIOLET  
I'm sure he did.

COLTON  
Good girl.

JOSH  
Bye, then!

COLTON  
You look nice, by the way.

Colton follows Josh out. He SHUTS the door.

INT. VIOLET/JOSH'S OFFICE

MONTAGE...

- Violet types feverishly on her laptop.
- She plops a finger to the BACKSPACE key, deleting much of what she's written.
- More typing.
- Through her office glass, the number of bullpen staffers FADES to HALF of what it was.
- Violet guzzles coffee, runs her fingers through her hair.
- She paces around the office, talks to herself
- The number of staffers FADES to half a dozen people.
- Violet rubs her eyes, reintroduces them to laptop light.
- She rips off headphones.

END MONTAGE; Violet stares like a zombie at her laptop screen. Through the glass, she watches the last staffer EXIT.

Violet gets up, ambles to her office door and OPENS it. She stumbles back to her desk and PLOPS herself in the chair.

She opens her phone. Time reads: **3:38 AM**.

She dials a number. After a few rings, house music BLARES and chatter rumbles.

SHELLY (O.S.)

Hello?

VIOLET

It's me.

SHELLY (O.S.)

Hey, sweet pea!

(drunken laughter)

I'm out in Dodge uhh, guess what?

VIOLET

Dodge City?

SHELLY (O.S.)

I made a new friend tonight! He's pretty cute in a sorta boyish way.

GUY (O.S.)

Hey!

SHELLY (O.S.)

Oh, he knows I'm just playing!

VIOLET

Shelly, I was hoping we could talk.  
Just to- I missed Gabe's EP release  
and now I feel like-

SHELLY (O.S.)

Oh honey, you think you can...  
right now, I'm-

VIOLET

Yeah. It's just that you sleep all  
day and-

SHELLY (O.S.)

Great! Already looking forward...  
(more laughter)  
Violet?

VIOLET

Bye, Shelly.

SHELLY (O.S.)

I love-

Violet HANGS UP, ambles to the corner. She lets her head fall  
forward against the wall. A **SHADOW** casts over her...

BLAKE (O.S.)

Who might you be?

Violet STARTLES. The visage of President Blake foregrounds an  
empty bullpen.

VIOLET

Jesus, you...

BLAKE

(as though remembering)  
Samantha.

VIOLET

It's uhh Violet, Violet Reed. No  
need to, uhh, no worries uhh, sir.  
I'm just an intern.

Blake strolls in, cupping a glass of RED WINE.



BLAKE

I had a schoolteacher named Violet.  
Or maybe she served lunch. I'm  
picturing a hair net for some  
reason.

Pause.

VIOLET

Well I'm sure-

BLAKE

What are you doing?

VIOLET

Mr. Colton had me prepare a press  
packet for... well in response to  
today's interview.

They both sit.

BLAKE

Thought I'd have till morning to  
gin up excuses. Wishful thinking, I  
guess.

VIOLET

Sorry, sir.

BLAKE

Oh, stop. Gosh, I wish the First  
Lady had some of your humility. She  
just won't let this one go.

He shoots her glossy eyes. His drunkenness is obvious now.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Level with me, Violet. Was it bad?

VIOLET

It wasn't good. But nothing we  
can't handle.

BLAKE

(loves the sound of that)  
How old are you?

VIOLET

Nineteen.

BLAKE

So how'd you land this job?

VIOLET

I'm at Georgetown. Under Dr. Graves.

BLAKE

Wise man, Harlan. He knows how to pick 'em.

He OFFERS the wine glass.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Ever drink wine?

VIOLET

New Year's, I guess.

BLAKE

That's champagne. This is wine.

(off her hesitance)

You can say "No." One of the few times you can to the President of the United States.

Violet takes the glass, sips it. Blake rises and heads for the door.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

I appreciate you getting dolled up for work. Sure Colton does, too.

VIOLET

I actually... my boyfriend, he threw a party tonight for his band's EP.

Blake SHUTS the door.

BLAKE

Boyfriend?

VIOLET

Yes, sir.

BLAKE

You're too young to drop those anchors, Vi.

He returns to his seat.

VIOLET

You and the First Lady. You two met at my age, didn't you? Got married, even.

BLAKE  
Carolyn and I... we had no choice,  
if you know what I mean.

Blake strokes her hair.

BLAKE (CONT'D)  
I think you'll find as you get  
older... some things, unlike that  
wine, aren't up to us. Sometimes we  
have no choice. You have  
breathtaking eyes, by the way.

Violet's shaking, she's so nervous. She sips the wine.

VIOLET  
Thank you.

BLAKE  
Sometimes, Violet, we just have to  
say "Yes."

A long, long beat here. Violet making the decision of her  
life.

VIOLET  
Yes.

Blake palms the back of Violet's head and pulls her forward.  
He throws his lips on hers.

Violet DROPS her glass. Blake TEARS himself off her and puts  
his mouth to her ear.

BLAKE  
Scream. When I tell you to.

VIOLET  
Yes.

Blake THROWS her to the floor - on all fours. He POUNCES  
behind, grabbing her hips in both of his hands. He pulls back  
her hair.

BLAKE  
You like that?

VIOLET  
... Yes.

He rips his pants down. Then her panties. He SHOVES her face  
to the floor.

BLAKE  
Close your eyes.

CUT TO **BLACK**

The sounds of foreplay continue: BODY KISSES, a GRUNT, then a SPANK...

A fly UNZIPS. Then boxers SLIDING off. And finally, a surprised GASP.

Fleshy POUNDING. It starts at a deliberate pace. Violet CRIES, though not in rhythm with the pounding. She's not enjoying this.

Faster, harder THRUSTS. Violet MOANS.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Now! NOW!

INT. VIOLET/JOSH'S OFFICE - MORNING

Violet sits at Josh's desk, across from Josh's. She just sits there, looking lobotomized. Alone.

The office door FLIES open. Josh strolls in, whistling.

JOSH (O.S.)

Whoa, what'd you stay the night?

(sitting)

Coffee'll do the trick. Get me some too, would you?

Violet closes her eyes. Atmospheric sounds begin to FADE.

JOSH (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Violet!

She opens her eyes an entirely new woman. Josh gestures to the door.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Get it.

VIOLET

That's not going to happen anymore.

JOSH

What are you talking about?

VIOLET

I have better things to do.

JOSH

What is this, a joke?

Violet doesn't look like she's joking.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
Well maybe I'll tell Charles. See  
if he thinks it's funny.

VIOLET  
Probably not. He'll fire me,  
leaving you to work all alone.

After a beat, Josh just shakes his head and opens his laptop.

INT. LADIES ROOM - WHITE HOUSE - MORNING

The room is empty. Silence. Stillness.

SUPER: "1 MONTH LATER"

Violet BURSTS through the entrance and into a stall. Where...  
She COLLAPSES to her knees; VOMITS into the toilet.

VIOLET  
Shit.

INT. DORMITORY BATHROOM - GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY - AFTERNOON

Violet pees, her hand tucked under her thigh. After she  
finishes, she raises the testing stick into view.

Her face says it all.

EXT. WICHITA MID-CONTINENT AIRPORT - DAY

A jetliner descends onto the runway.

INT. GROUND TRANSPORTATION TERMINAL

Violet stands in a crowded bustle of travelers. She surveys  
her surroundings, waiting for...

SHELLY (O.S.)  
Violet?

Violet turns - SHELLY (early forties) WAVES from a sedan.  
She's actually quite beautiful, but gets in her own way  
through teeny skirts and too much makeup.

Violet proceeds.

EXT. REED RESIDENCE - AFTERNOON

It's a decent-sized place on a sprawling piece of land. The result of cheap real estate but limited income.

The sedan pulls into the driveway.

INT. REED RESIDENCE

Shelly opens the door and enters. Violet follows.

SHELLY  
Whadaya think?

Shelly gestures to the surroundings. It's indeed immaculate, more so than the exterior would suggest.

VIOLET  
Very nice.

SHELLY  
Right? This man Ricardo from Hugoton, he had this whole-

VIOLET  
Uh huh.

Shelly catches Violet's disengaged; proceeds towards the open kitchen. Violet follows.

INT. KITCHEN

Shelly ambles towards the fridge, Violet towards the table.

SHELLY  
You want a sandwich or something?

VIOLET  
No. Thanks.

Violet puts down her bags, sits down. Shelly opens the fridge. She grabs a BUD LITE LIME-A-RITA.

SHELLY  
Drink?

VIOLET  
Can you just sit, please?

Shelly CLOSES the fridge, approaches the table with her drink.

SHELLY

You are in a mood today.

Shelly sits, CRACKS open the lime-a-rita.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

Well?

VIOLET

I'm pregnant.

Shelly puts down her drink, having not sipped.

SHELLY

How long?

VIOLET

Little over a month.

SHELLY

You have time, then.

Now she sips. Violet gets up, paces back towards the fridge.

VIOLET

I don't know... what I want.

SHELLY

What do you mean?

VIOLET

I mean, I know what I should do,  
but what if...

Shelly gets up, approaches Violet.

SHELLY

Honey, this is your decision a  
hundred percent. Hundred percent.  
But I think we both know what you  
really want.

Violet looks at her inquisitively.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

You're gonna make me say it?...  
Alright. Not to end up like me. And  
you know, I'm not offended. I was  
eighteen, like you. Didn't know  
any better. Plus, it was a  
different time.

She RETREATS back towards the table, GRABS her drink.

VIOLET  
I'm nineteen.

SHELLY  
You know what I mean.

Shelly returns to Violet, SIPPING along the way.

SHELLY (CONT'D)  
You know who the father is?

VIOLET  
Yeah.

SHELLY  
Is it Gary's?

Violet rolls her eyes as though tired of correcting her.

VIOLET  
Gabe, Shelly.

SHELLY  
Well?

VIOLET  
I can't say.

SHELLY  
Can't or-

VIOLET  
Can't.

Shelly visibly doesn't accept that.

SHELLY  
I don't understand why-

VIOLET  
You know, you're right. I'm sorry  
but you're right, I don't want to  
end up like you. And if I give up  
on this child; think only for  
myself; make excuses... that's  
exactly what I'll do.

SHELLY  
Now you're just being cruel. That  
was cruel.

Violet shakes her head - 'so weak, you are.'



VIOLET

I came just to tell you. To tell someone.

SHELLY

This is a big mistake. And frankly, I'm surprised at you. For your sake, I won't support this. I can't.

VIOLET

Now there's a surprise, Shelly.

Violet storms out of the kitchen. Shelly continues drinking.

MONTAGE

- DORM ROOM: Violet reads an online article titled "The First Trimester."
- WHITE HOUSE BATHROOM: Violet pees.
- PHARMACY: Violet discreetly snatches a bottle of prenatal vitamins and dumps it in her basket.
- DORM BATHROOM: Violet inspects her bra-covered breasts through the wall mirror. Swollen.
- WHITE HOUSE BATHROOM: Violet pees again, wearing the same outfit as before.
- FITTING ROOM: Violet checks herself out in the mirror, particularly her tagged shirt. She turns, revealing a big belly. She removes a pillow from under the shirt.
- WHITE HOUSE: Violet leaves her office. Across the secretarial bullpen, Colton sees her from his open office. Violet waves, then COVERS her belly with her files.
- WASHINGTON STREET: Violet strides past a pizza shop ad: "GOT THAT CRAVING?" She exits frame, then immediately reenters in surrender.
- WHITE HOUSE BATHROOM: Violet pees again, still in her same outfit from the last time she did so.
- STARBUCKS: Violet receives a coffee. She grabs it and walks towards the door, then PAUSES to inspect her incorrect drink. She turns back towards the espresso bar.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Colton and Blake sit across from each on opposite couches. A full WINE GLASS sits on the table before each of them. A third sits by an empty chair.

A KNOCK at the door.

BLAKE

Yeah!

Violet appears in the entranceway. A little on the heavy side, but not so much that you'd notice at a glance. She's four months pregnant.

VIOLET

You wanted to see me?

Blake gestures to a chair; Violet sits.

COLTON

Violet, you've been here little under five months. And all that time, your superb talents haven't gone unnoticed.

VIOLET

Thanks, that means a lot.

COLTON

And so, seeing as how you've proven to be so valuable as an intern, the President and I thought it appropriate to let you prove the same as an employee.

VIOLET

Sir?

COLTON

We're offering a job. It's part-time, and won't interfere with school. But even if it does, I'm willing to bet Georgetown will make some exceptions for you.

VIOLET

I uhh, don't know what to say.

BLAKE

Don't say anything, Violet.

(beat)

Or at least, don't feel any pressure to stand on ceremony. Have a drink.

VIOLET

No, that's OK.

COLTON

Don't fret about the drinking age, Vi. It's just a gesture of celebration.

BLAKE

More to the point, it's symbolic. Symbolic of your acceptance. So go ahead.

VIOLET

Excuse me. I need to use the ladies' room.

Violet gets up, heads for the door.

BLAKE

Violet...

(she pauses)

This job, it's... well, it's all I can do for you. Understand? If you turn it down, that's it. here's nothing else I can do.

VIOLET

I'll just be a minute.

Violet leaves.

EXT. LAFAYETTE PARK - AFTERNOON

Violet hurries through the park. She TURNS behind her with every step. The White House looms in the b.g.

INT. GEORGETOWN DORM ROOM

Gabe sits in the chair at his desk, quiet and contemplative -- he's just been dealt the news. Violet sits across...

GABE

You're sure...?

VIOLET

Six pregnancy tests.

GABE

You're sure it's *mine*.

VIOLET

What are you trying to say?

GABE

Well, it's just... you know the timing's off.

VIOLET

I did some research and this kinda thing happens sometimes. It's called a delayed pregnancy, and it's more common than you think. It's basically slow fetal growth, which makes it seem--

GABE

Violet...

VIOLET

What?!

GABE

You can't just bully someone into believing bullshit. We both know you were off birth control back in December. We didn't have sex till you got your prescription in January.

Violet rises to her feet.

VIOLET

So what are you saying, I cheated on you?

GABE

I don't think you would, but... Violet, put yourself in my position. What would you think?

Beat. Violet heads for the door.

GABE (CONT'D)

Vi.

VIOLET

I'm, sorry.

She leaves.

EXT. GRAVES RESIDENCE - WASHINGTON, DC - EVENING

Violet KNOCKS. After a beat, MARILYN (50's) opens up.

MARILYN

Yes?

VIOLET  
Mrs. Graves?

MARILYN  
Ward. Graves is my partner's  
surname.

VIOLET  
You don't know me, but my name is  
Violet Reed. I'm a student of your  
husband's.

GRAVES (O.S.)  
Violet?

Graves ambles into view.

VIOLET  
Professor Graves, I'm so sorry to  
bother you but I'm uhh, well I  
could use your help.

GRAVES  
Say no more, Vi. Come in.

INT. STUDY - GRAVES RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

Just Violet and Graves now.

VIOLET  
I really appreciate the trust and  
support you've given to me. Even  
when I didn't deserve it.

GRAVES  
Oh, please. You know you're  
brilliant. I'm just a fan.

VIOLET  
You're the last person I want to  
put in harm's way.

GRAVES  
Come on...

VIOLET  
I'm pregnant.

Graves considers that.

GRAVES  
Who's is it?

VIOLET

The worst one.

Graves stands up. He paces in contemplation, occasionally glancing Violet's way.

GRAVES

Did you talk to anyone?

VIOLET

No, just you.

GRAVES

And what are you thinking?

VIOLET

That I don't want to cause any trouble. That going public would be the only way for me to protect myself. Cause if I keep this quiet too long...

Violet gets choked up.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

I don't want this child to suffer for my mistakes.

Graves SITS down beside Violet, consoles her...

GRAVES

Hey. Now, look. Here's what you're going to do. Marilyn's made some quiche. Spinach and goat cheese, I think. Anyway, it's delicious. You'll eat that. Then you'll try some leftover Marsala. You're not going to like it. You're going to LOVE it.

Violet cracks a smile.

GRAVES (CONT'D)

Then you'll smile just like that. You'll forget your troubles for now. Stay in our guest room, get a good night's sleep.

Violet opens her mouth to protest.

GRAVES (CONT'D)

And you won't protest because it's no burden at all. Come morning, the world will still be here. We'll face it together. Okay?

Violet, almost overwhelmed...

VIOLET

Thank you.

INT. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Violet sleeps soundly. But after a beat, LIGHT crawls in from the bedroom door. Two pairs of feet STEP inside, accompanied by the JINGLING of keys.

Violet opens her eyes: TWO POLICE OFFICERS loom over her.

OFFICER 1

Ma'am, we're gonna need you to come with us.

VIOLET

Umm, why?

OFFICER 1

I won't ask again.

Violet swings her legs to the side of her bed, then considers her next move. She drops them to the floor. Flanked by the officers, she exits.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The three of them exit the guest room. The two officers turn towards the apartment exit. But Violet DASHES awat.

VIOLET

(aloud)

Professor!

OFFICER 2

HEY!

Violet bolts to the next hallway intersection, hangs a right. To see...

Graves just peeking around a corner. Violet stops right there.

VIOLET

Harlan, they found me.

Graves just nods solemnly. Just then, the officers arrive.

OFFICER 2  
We'll see that she leaves. Thanks  
for calling.

The officers grab Violet's arms and hoist her away.

GRAVES  
You'll get better, Vi. I promise!

INT. PATIENT ROOM - ST. ELIZABETH'S - WASHINGTON, DC - NIGHT

The cops have been replaced by ORDERLIES now. They rush Violet into the room.

VIOLET  
Wait! WAIT! Just listen to me!

The orderlies SHOVE her down to the bed. In the corner of the room, a uniformed man of seemingly governmental authority watches the scene.

A NURSE hangs up Violet's jacket in the closet. But it DROPS.

VIOLET (CONT'D)  
I'm PREGNANT! I need help! Please!

The orderlies tilt her to her side, facing the door. A NURSE enters with a needle.

VIOLET (CONT'D)  
DON'T YOU DARE! I want a lawyer!  
You can't take my child!

AT THE CLOSET, the nurse retrieves the jacket from the floor. Freddie Westfall's business card has fallen out.

The syringe-carrying nurse approaches Violet's buttocks and pulls down Violet's pants. Then her panties.

VIOLET (CONT'D)  
NO! NO, PLEASE!

The nurse inserts the needle. Violet GASPS, tries uttering something. But the sedative takes hold, and she DROPS asleep.

INT. PATIENT ROOM - MORNING

A BLACK SCREEN cracks open from its center. The screen's top and bottom flutter like eyelashes. In no time at all, they completely part, revealing...

The uniformed man from the last scene. He sits on the edge of the bed, facing us and holding a manila envelope.



A PSYCHIATRIC NURSE hovers near Violet's bedside table.

UNIFORMED MAN  
How are you feeling?

Violet takes a moment to really wake up. She looks towards the nurse, who fills out the clipboard.

UNIFORMED MAN (CONT'D)  
I was sent here from the Surgeon General's office. I'll act as your healthcare supervisor.

VIOLET  
No. No, I don't want... government doctors.

UNIFORMED MAN  
It's been decided, Ms. Reed. Decided that your physicians here will treat you in accordance with my medical recommendations.

VIOLET  
No. No, I don't want that.

UNIFORMED MAN  
You're mentally unsuited to make those decisions, Ms. Reed.  
(opening folder)  
Says here... You had an episode in the Oval Office. That you tried to blackmail the President by threatening to publicly accuse him of rape. Says you wanted a job in exchange for silence.

Violet sits up as much as she can, weighed down by residual sedative.

VIOLET  
It was the other way around, and you fucking know it!

UNIFORMED MAN  
Shall I get you another sedative?

She falls back on the bed, helpless.

UNIFORMED MAN (CONT'D)  
Now, tell me... have you ever been treated for any mental illnesses, such as schizophrenia or bipolar disorder?

VIOLET

Why are you doing this? Do you have kids? Family? Someone you wouldn't want to see here in this-

UNIFORMED MAN

This is not about me, Ms. Reed. Now, obviously you're not well enough to answer my questions yet, so I'm recommending we treat you in the meantime with a more general medicinal approach.

The man outstretches his hand, presenting two white PILLS.

VIOLET

What's that?

UNIFORMED MAN

What's it look like?

VIOLET

I have a right.

UNIFORMED MAN

Mifepristone and misoprostol.

The psychiatric nurse stops writing on the clipboard. She shoots a glance to the pills, then returns her attention to the clipboard. Violet catches the whole thing.

VIOLET

What do they do?

UNIFORMED MAN

They make everything normal again. That's all you need to know.

Violet looks to the psychiatric nurse, who's already been inspecting Violet's reaction. She turns away and exits the room.

Violet, alone, considers her options. She grabs the pills and downs them.

The uniformed man opens his mouth wide. Violet does the same and the man peeks inside.

UNIFORMED MAN (CONT'D)

Good girl.

He heads for the door. JUST THEN, Violet shoves her finger down her throat. Guttural gagging, while the Uniformed Man scrambles back to her.

Just as he arrives, she SPEWS out vomit. He backs away from the mess on the floor she's just made; looks at her.

She shoots daggers right back.

INT. PATIENT ROOM - EVENING

Violet sits up in her bed, RUBBING her belly.

ON Freddie's business card again. Violet notices it. Violet drops off the bed, onto her feet. She proceeds to the closet, not so much out of interest but out of boredom.

She picks up the card, an idea emerging.

INT. PATIENT ROOM - AFTERNOON

The psychiatric nurse operates a sonogram machine for Violet's baby. She sits on Violet's bed, the pocket of her loose coat pocket situated on the bed.

She rubs a transducer on her belly, watches the ultrasound image through a MONITOR. Violet tries to see, but can't.

VIOLET  
Can you tell?

The psychiatric nurse shakes her head.

A cell phone RINGS. The pocket of the psychiatric nurse's lab coat lights up. She reaches her hand in, silences it.

VIOLET (CONT'D)  
What's your name?

PSYCHIATRIC NURSE  
Don't worry about it, sweetie.

VIOLET  
You a mother?

Nothing. Until...

PSYCHIATRIC NURSE  
If you keep refusing the food,  
they'll find another way.

An understanding.

VIOLET  
Boy or girl?

CHRISTINA  
Two girls. Twins.

VIOLET  
Pretty, I'm sure.

CHRISTINA  
Yes. Yes, they are.

VIOLET  
You remember when they told you  
it'd be twins?

Christina puts down the transducer.

CHRISTINA  
That completes our sonogram.

Christina turns off the sonogram image, makes to leave. But Violet GRABS Christina's arm.

VIOLET  
Do you?

CHRISTINA  
I can't.

VIOLET  
Please...

Christina quietly debates, finds an answer in Violet's eyes.

CHRISTINA  
It's a boy.

She wheels the sonogram cart out the door. ON Violet's hand, holding Christina's PHONE. Which she slips under her pillow.

INT. PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT

Violet crouches in the corner on the phone.

FREDDIE (O.S.)  
(through phone)  
You've reached the number for  
Freddie Westfall, of The  
Conspirator. I'm not available  
to...

EXT. POLITICO OFFICE - WASHINGTON, DC - MORNING

Freddie THUMPS out of the building, down the street with a manila folder. He passes a trash can, TOSSES the folder -- we see it contains his resume.

PHONE (O.S.)  
First voice message.

JUMP TO:

Freddie on his phone, still trudging along.

EDITOR  
(through phone)  
Hey Freddie, this is Ron from Star Magazine. I know you said you're not a tabloid journalist but I just thought I'd reach out-

Freddie punches a key.

PHONE  
Message erased. Next voice message...

VIOLET (O.S.)  
Mr. Westfall, this is Violet Reed. You probably don't remember me, but I interned at the White House. I'm at St. Elizabeth's, trying to prove I'm not insane.

Freddie completely stops.

VIOLET (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Funny, I don't really care if you do anything about it. I just want someone to believe me.

He turns around completely and RUSHES away.

INT. PATIENT ROOM - MENTAL WARD - WASHINGTON, DC - AFTERNOON

Violet stands facing the window, as an ORDERLY enters.

ORDERLY  
Ms. Reed, you have a visitor.

INT. MESS HALL

The Orderly escorts Violet inside. FREDDIE sits alone at one of the tables.

The Orderly waits by the door while Violet proceeds and sits across from Freddie.

FREDDIE  
You look like shit.

VIOLET  
Yeah thanks.

FREDDIE  
What'd they do to you?

VIOLET (CONT'D)  
Nothing yet.  
(--)  
It's just a matter of time.

Freddie raises his eyebrow.

FREDDIE  
They can't--

VIOLET (CONT'D)  
They've got drugs that can do it for them.

FREDDIE  
Induce miscarriage...?

VIOLET  
(nods)  
So I can't eat a thing.

FREDDIE  
You need a lawyer.

VIOLET  
(shaking head)  
I'm past solutions. I just... I want someone, anyone, to know the truth.

FREDDIE  
But I've got no good reason to believe you.

Violet ponders that.

VIOLET  
I can think of three. Because you're not supposed to. Because I'm asking you to. And because I've got nothing left to lose, for telling the truth.

Freddie seems to really agree with that last part. He shifts his attention to something behind Violet...

FREDDIE  
Nothing left to lose...

...a BASIN heaping with eating utensils.

VIOLET (O.S.)  
I meant my son.

FREDDIE  
That's what being crazy is, isn't it?

VIOLET  
You don't really think I'm crazy, do you?

FREDDIE  
Crazy is what crazy does.

EXT. HALLWAY

The orderly waits just outside the mess hall, sitting across from ORDERLY 2.

ORDERLY 2  
Yeah, but my man Bruce's got some moves. Learned 'em from what's his face.

ORDERLY  
Liam Neeson? Sheeit, Stark would tear him a new Irish asshole.

Violet and Freddie emerge from the mess hall. She brandishes a BUTTER KNIFE over Freddie's throat.

ORDERLY 2  
Nah, what's the dude's name?

VIOLET  
HEY!

The Orderlies finally notice. They JUMP to their feet.

VIOLET (CONT'D)  
DON'T MOVE! AND DON'T FUCKING SPEAK!

ORDERLY  
Alright Ms. Reed... put the knife down.

Violet presses the knife deeper into Freddie's throat.

VIOLET  
Another word and I'll slit his  
fucking throat!

FREDDIE  
(to Orderlies)  
Please...

VIOLET  
Here's what's gonna happen. I count  
to three. And when I get to three,  
you go ahead of us. Lead us  
downstairs and out the exit.

Orderly spots a NURSE rounding the corner at the hallway's  
end. She STOPS, silent.

Orderly nods. The Nurse heads back the way she came.

VIOLET (CONT'D)  
You try to run, try to stop us...  
blood's on your hands.

Freddie's faux fear turns real. Violet's too good at this.

VIOLET (CONT'D)  
One... two...  
(no going back)  
Three.

The Orderlies cross the hallway, Violet and Freddie in tow.

INT. STAIRWELL

Violet and Freddie trail behind the orderlies from the  
hallway.

All four of them descend down the stairs. During one of their  
downward steps, Freddie exits Violet's grasps. He quickly  
lets her catch up before the orderlies notice.

They start down the next flight of stairs. Suddenly, A SIREN  
begins to sound. Everybody stops.

VIOLET  
MOVE! I'LL KILL HIM NOW!

They all rush down the next flight of stairs. At the bottom  
is an EXIT DOOR, requiring a key.

VIOLET (CONT'D)  
OPEN IT!

Offscreen, sounds of hospital workers SHUFFLING downstairs.



The Orderly takes a good long time taking out his keys; sorts through them, trying to find the right one.

The SHUFFLING grows LOUDER.

FREDDIE

Agh, fuck.

Freddie SOCKS the orderly, who falls. Violet RIPS his keys off of their elastic pant-string.

ORDERLY 2 freezes; Freddie GRABS him by the lapels.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

Freddie TOSSES him down the next flight of stairs. Violet tries one of the keys: no dice.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

Hurry up!

Violet tries another: the door doesn't open.

BEHIND THEM: A pack of orderlies and nurses round the bend of the stair-flight immediately above. We can see them now. Violet tries a third key: alas, the lock turns.

ORDERLY 3

Hold it! Stop right there!

They SHOVE the door open, spill out to the outside world.

EXT. EMERGENCY EXIT - CONTINUOUS

Freddie and Violet spin a 180 to re-shut the door.

Just then, a couple of orderlies SMASH into the door from the other end. Violet and Freddie struggle against the door. They're outnumbered, bound to get outmuscled.

An orderly's hand JUTS out from the inside. Violet grabs it, BITES it. Hard enough to draw blood.

The bitten orderly SCREAMS, FALLS BACK in pain. He knocks down colleagues in the process.

The door SLAMS SHUT.

INT. STAIRWELL

A nurse pulls out keys from her pocket.

NURSE  
Which one is it?

EXT. COMMERCIAL DRAG - WASHINGTON, DC - AFTERNOON

Freddie and Violet BOLT towards the road. Freddie hails--

FREDDIE  
Hey!

A CAB pulls over.

INT. CAB

Freddie and Violet enter the cab.

FREDDIE  
Fifth and Newcomb.

The DRIVER clocks Violet's hospital gown in the rear-view. Freddie reaches into his wallet; pulls out a fifty dollar bill.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)  
For your trouble.

Satisfied, the driver pulls away.

EXT. NEWCOMB STREET

The cab pulls beside another vehicle. Freddie and Violet exit the cab and enter the new car.

EXT. ANACOSTIA FREEWAY - AFTERNOON

Freddie drives Violet down the freeway.

VIOLET  
Where are we going?

FREDDIE  
I don't know, I'm thinking.

VIOLET  
Get off the highway.

FREDDIE  
Won't make a difference. Probably  
looking all over for the car.

Violet considers that.

VIOLET  
Get off at Bethesda. Don't speed.

FREDDIE  
What's in Bethesda?

EXT. SANTOS RESIDENCE - BETHESDA, MD - NIGHT

The place is immaculate. So much so that there's considerable room between the actual house and its four-car garage.

Violet and Freddie approach the garage. Violet types in the passcode into its alarm keypad.

FREDDIE  
How are you so sure?

VIOLET  
Gabe's parents never check up on him. They'll think he took it, trust me.

She types the code's last digit. The garage door ASCENDS.

Violet and Freddie duck inside. Violet heads for the Honda Accord, to their left. She hurries over to its passenger-side door and crouches down below the vehicle's body.

She reaches inside its underbelly, pulls out CAR KEYS.

FREDDIE  
You're crafty, you know that?

EXT. GARAGE

Freddie drives their new ride into the driveway. Violet punches in the passcode again, then rushes into the Accord. The garage door CLOSES as they pull away.

INT. WAL-MART - SOMEWHERE IN MARYLAND - NIGHT

Freddie stands in the women's section, checking out the ugliest blouse anyone has ever seen.

He turns to the front entrance. The Accord waits there.

Freddie turns to the nightmare of a blouse. He grabs it.

EXT. MOTEL 6 - SOMEWHERE IN MARYLAND - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

The Accord pulls in.

INT. MOTEL 6 ROOM

Freddie and Violet straggle inside. Violet wears street clothes now, namely that ugly thing Freddie picked out.

Freddie tosses the Honda keys on the coffee table.

VIOLET  
We should talk strategy.

FREDDIE  
Yeah.

Freddie proceeds towards the bathroom.

VIOLET  
No, like we really need to--

FREDDIE  
Yeah. Look, I know you're frazzled - long day and all. But I'm beat to shit. Let's get some shut-eye. World'll still be here tomorrow.

VIOLET  
What if you're not?

FREDDIE  
I guess you can trust me or kill me. Just wait till I go to bed.

Freddie continues into the bathroom.

INT. MOTEL 6 ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Violet sleeps on the only bed in the room. A peaceful beat.

A shadow ENVELOPS her. Violet STARTLES awake, GASPS.

It's Freddie, holding Violet's alarm clock.

FREDDIE  
You forgot to set the alarm.

Violet relaxes.

VIOLET  
Freddie, why are you doing this?  
Why help me?

FREDDIE  
What's it matter?

VIOLET  
I need to know.

FREDDIE  
Right now?

Violet's silence answers his question. Freddie ambles over to the side of the bed, takes a seat.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)  
I was press corps few years back.  
The go-to softball pitcher. Not a  
real journalist.

(--)  
You know the rumor that staffers  
meet in the basement for AA? Well,  
it's true. And one of them is...  
was, a source.

(--)  
I'll leave out his name, but  
suffice it to say that he came to  
me with a story that scared us half  
to death.

VIOLET  
Blake.

FREDDIE  
It's not just that, Vi, we all have  
our vices. When he ordered the air  
strike on Pakistan, he was...

VIOLET  
What?!

FREDDIE  
I had source after source tell me  
the same story. Same details, too.  
I knew they weren't lying.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)  
But before it went to print, they  
turned. Claimed that I threatened  
to expose them as drunks if they  
didn't talk. That I ordered them to  
lie.

(--)  
Thought the cover-up looked  
obvious, but my editors weren't  
having it. In three weeks, I was  
fired, divorced and Natalie...

Violet can tell who it is by the sad look in his eyes.

VIOLET  
Your daughter.

FREDDIE  
Probably wouldn't recognize me now.  
(beat)  
All I wanted, more than anything  
else, was for someone to believe  
me.  
(--)  
Good night.

Freddie heads back towards the adjoining floor, a strewn  
pillow and blanket waiting for him.

BLAKE (O.S.)  
What's our next move?

INT. OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

The President, behind his desk, to Colton...

COLTON  
Only way we'll find her is if  
there's cause for a federal  
investigation. Then FBI, CIA,  
they're at our disposal.

BLAKE  
What if she flees?

COLTON  
She's got no money, no ID--

BLAKE  
She's got Westfall.

COLTON  
I froze his bank account.

BLAKE  
We can do that?

Colton flashes a devilish smile.

VIOLET (O.S.)  
Why Europe?

INT. DINER - SOMEWHERE IN MARYLAND - MORNING

Friendly neighborhood art-deco joint. Freddie and Violet sit  
by the door.

FREDDIE

Blake knows damn well he can't screen at airports. Not unless there's a federal investigation. And an escaped psycho is DC's problem.

VIOLET

Yeah, but why Europe instead of Mexico or something?

FREDDIE

Europe's forty seven countries. That's forty seven-

A WAITRESS arrives with a coffee pot.

WAITRESS

Here you go.

She refills Freddie's mug.

FREDDIE

Thanks.

The waitress LEAVES.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

(whispering now)

Forty seven opportunities to receive amnesty. And its railways - transcontinental - help you stay off the grid till you find home.

VIOLET

What will you do?

FREDDIE

Don't worry about me. Worry about... what's his name?

VIOLET

Haven't decided yet.

FREDDIE

Worry about Freddie...

(off her scowl)

Just throwing that out there.

VIOLET

Even if I fly, I'll need a passport. With a fake name, too, 'cause God knows I'll need one sooner or later.

FREDDIE

Yeah, true.

(--)

Hmm, I guess this where my expertise stops.

VIOLET

(an idea)

And mine begins.

(off Freddie's interest)

Something I learned in college.

EXT. NIGHT CLUB - COLLEGE PARK, MARYLAND - NIGHT

The club has a considerably long line of patrons. Standing at the front of it is a heavysset, mean-faced BOUNCER.

Freddie stands just next to the entrance. He smokes a cigarette, trying to look inconspicuous.

One by one, patrons approach the bouncer, show their IDs, and enter. Until...

A scantily dressed SORORITY GIRL (18/19) approaches him next. She wears an unassuming face she's practiced before.

She hands her ID to the Bouncer, who inspects it. After a moment, he hands it back. Freddie takes notice - there's just no way in hell she's over 21.

BOUNCER

Go ahead.

Freddie puts out his cigarette, heads into the club.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

It's just as dark, loud and crowded as you'd expect of a college night club. Freddie snakes his way through the mass of patrons towards the bar, glancing all around for Sorority Girl.

Soon enough, he reaches the bar. Or at least the wall of people waiting to be served at the bar. He takes a breath, surveys the room again. Still nothing.

Behind him, the sorority girl emerges from the bar crowd with her drink. She BUMPS into Freddie, continues walking.

It takes Freddie a moment to notice.

FREDDIE

Hey!



The sorority girl can't hear him, continues walking.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

Hey!

SORORITY GIRL

(turns, notices)

Uhh, hi...

FREDDIE

Look, I'm not hitting on you. Just tell me where you got your ID.

SORORITY GIRL

Yeah, I'd rather not, thanks!

FREDDIE

Would you say that to a cop?

She STOPS, turns to face him.

SORORITY GIRL

Where's your badge?

FREDDIE

At the station. Wanna come get it with me?

The sorority girl doesn't know if she should call his bluff.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

Nothing's going to happen to your friend. I promise. And trust me, there's no courage in saying nothing. It only makes things worse.

SORORITY GIRL

I have complete gratuity?

FREDDIE

Immunity!

SORORITY GIRL

What?!

FREDDIE

(shakes his head)

Immuni--forget it.

EXT. ATM - SOMEWHERE IN MARYLAND - DAY

Freddie dips his debit card into the ATM, the Honda Accord parked just behind him

IN THE ACCORD, Violet shuffles through the new IDs sitting in her lap: passport, driver's license and Iowa Residency.

She looks to the mirror tucked insides her passenger-side visor. She first tries on her perky personality.

VIOLET  
Nikki. Nikki Nausbaum.

Now her very adult demeanor.

VIOLET (CONT'D)  
Nicole. Nicole Nausbaum.

AT THE ATM, Freddie's debit card suddenly RETURNS from its slot.

On the ATM screen: "Your account has been temporarily disabled. Please speak to a Chase representative for further assistance."

FREDDIE  
Shit.

VIOLET  
(to herself)  
Maine, originally. Ardmore. No, it's a small beach town no one's heard of.

Freddie steps into the driver's seat.

VIOLET (CONT'D)  
I've been thinking... I want a blood test.

FREDDIE  
You know a doctor with nothing to lose?

VIOLET  
I need to vindicate myself before it's too late. Before I get too politicized for people to believe the results. Better if it's an American doctor, too. We can dins someone before I leave.

FREDDIE  
About that...

Freddie doesn't know how to put this.

VIOLET  
What?

INT. MOTEL BEDROOM

Freddie's in the bathroom. Violet's front and center, removing her pants.

FREDDIE (O.S.)  
Got any better ideas, Violet? If  
so, please. Spit 'em out.

She slips on pajama bottoms. Then takes off her shirt, rubs her belly.

VIOLET  
There's a line I can't cross.

She puts on a pajama top, starts BUTTONING it. Her back's to the bathroom door. Which Freddie OPENS.

FREDDIE  
Where is that line exactly? Seems  
it's just past kidnapping and just  
short of petty theft.

VIOLET  
Petty theft? Try armed robbery!

FREDDIE  
Unarmed! What have I been saying!

VIOLET  
There's got to be a better way.

Freddie approaches her now.

FREDDIE  
Listen. No one gets hurt, no one  
goes to jail, and no one loses  
money. All insured. I covered the  
crime beat, Vi, and I know this'll  
work.

VIOLET  
What would I have to do?

INT. JP MORGAN CHASE - ROCKVILLE, MARYLAND - MORNING

A middle-aged BANKER with a homely face and friendly demeanor sits at one of the service desks. His phone RINGS.

BANKER  
(asking)  
This is Richard.

FREDDIE (O.S.)  
 (through phone)  
 Listen to me very carefully,  
 Richard. This is the voice of a man  
 who's about to rob you. And he  
 doesn't repeat himself.

Richard looks around for immediate solutions. He settles on a small red button located on the inner wall of his desk.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)  
 First: Don't you dare sound that  
 alarm.

Richard's finger stops right on the button.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)  
 Good. Now, second thing: Look  
 straight ahead of you.

Richard obliges. Straight ahead of him, a woman dressed in hijab lingers by the receipt station, carrying a large SUITCASE. Her eyes show through the face-covering garb. They're VIOLET'S.

FREDDIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Are you looking?

RICHARD  
 Yes.

FREDDIE  
 That's my partner. In that  
 suitcase, Richard, is a bomb.

Richard GASPS, HUSHES himself, almost sobs.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)  
 Stay with me, Richard. Bomb's not  
 off yet. And it doesn't have to be.

RICHARD  
 What do you want?

FREDDIE  
 You bank with JP Morgan?

RICHARD  
 Yes, sir.

FREDDIE  
 How much?  
 (--)  
 Richard?

RICHARD

Around twenty thousand dollars.  
Sir, that's my entire life.

FREDDIE

Relax. We only want ten. If anyone asks, you tell them something, anything that won't raise any eyebrows. Something boring. In-laws need help on a down payment. You just got a tip about reliable mutual funds. I don't care what you say, Richard, so long as you don't even think about letting them on.

Richard looks around for someone to look scared at.  
Everyone's too busy.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

My partner will watch your every move. If you so much as flinch in getting the money, she will turn that bank into a national tragedy. If all goes smoothly, you exit with my partner. She'll take the money outside. Understand?

RICHARD

Understood.

FREDDIE

I'm going to count to three. On three, you will carry out my instructions exactly as I've explained them. Do you understand?

RICHARD

I understand.

FREDDIE

One... two...

POV OF VIOLET: Richard puts down the receiver, gets up and crosses to a female TELLER.

RICHARD

Hey, Mary.

TELLER

Richard...

Violet can't hear Richard's conversation. She starts approaching, slowly.

Just then, the teller raises cash bundles into view. They're wrapped in ribbons which each denote \$1,000.

Violet backs away.

Richard signs a withdrawal form, then asks for something. In no time at all, he receives a plastic bag. He dumps the money inside and heads towards the door.

Violet follows behind him.

EXT. JP MORGAN CHASE

Richard hands Violet the bag. Violet turns to leave, TRIPS. Richard scurries over to help.

VIOLET  
Don't move!

RICHARD  
(stops)  
So sorry.

VIOLET  
Shut up!

Violet puts down the suitcase and money, kneels to tie her shoe. Richard stands idly by, unsure of what to do.

Her shoe now tied, Violet stands up again, faces Richard. Unsure of herself.

VIOLET (CONT'D)  
(sincerely)  
You're a real gentleman.

She rushes away.

INT. POLICE STATION

Richard sits at the desk of a POLICE CAPTAIN.

POLICE CAPTAIN  
Sir?

Richard snaps out of a daze.

POLICE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)  
These them?

The Captain shows Richard a printout of the same shoes Violet was wearing. Richard nods. The Captain hands the printout to his LIEUTENANT.

POLICE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Run 'em.

The Lieutenant exits.

POLICE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

White girl, huh?

(shakes head)

The world we live in.

INT. MOTEL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Freddie and Violet sit at a table strewn with cartons of mostly-eaten Chinese food. Freddie nurses a beer, and several empty bottles can already be seen. They're both laughing.

FREDDIE

You tripped?

VIOLET

Shut up.

FREDDIE

You're funny.

VIOLET

You're drunk.

Freddie takes another swig of beer.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Your daughter. Natalie.

FREDDIE

Mm.

VIOLET

How old is she?

FREDDIE

Let's not.

A beat. Violet pushes around some of her food.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

She'll be twelve in August.

(realizing)

Jesus, she was five when they left.

VIOLET

She and your wife.

FREDDIE

They went to London, with some hot-shot banker. I bet Julia knew I'd hate his guts.

(beat)

Last time I saw Nat, she called me Fred. Thought it was funny. Like Fred Flintstone.

Violet tries to find the right words.

VIOLET

My father was a one-night stand. Shelly can't even remember his name. And sometimes I think, you know, things would've been different - I would've been different - if he stuck around. But, truthfully, and don't take this the wrong way... I think it's better to choose.

FREDDIE

Choose a father...

Violet shakes her head, trying to articulate...

VIOLET

A Dad.

INT. LIVING ROOM - REED RESIDENCE - ULYSSES, KS - AFTERNOON

Two FBI OFFICERS sit across from Shelly on her living room couch. One of them presents a printout of Violet's shoes to Shelly, who's currently nursing a Vodka Cranberry.

OFFICER 1

You're sure?

Shelly nods. The two Officers rise, head for the exit.

OFFICER 1 (CONT'D)

Thank you for your time.

SHELLY

What's gonna happen to her?

But they're GONE.

INT. GARAGE - ROSADO RESIDENCE - BETHESDA, MARYLAND - NIGHT

The garage door ASCENDS before Gabe. In a moment, it's clear that his Honda Accord is gone.



GABE

What the...

INT. BEDROOM - RED ROOF INN - HARFORD COUNTY, MD - DAY

Freddie absent, Violet sits on the floor alone flipping through TV channels. She stops on CNN.

NEWSCASTER

... has launched its search for the two prime suspects connected to a bank robbery that took place in Rockville, Maryland yesterday. The two people of interest - Violet Reed and Freddie Westfall.

Freddie's and Violet's photos appear on the newscast.

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

... are suspected to have called in a bomb threat that was to be carried out if Chase's Head accountant did not comply with their demands.

Freddie ENTERS, carrying a plastic bag from which he removes a BLONDE WIG.

FREDDIE

Don't be mad; I went with blonde. That's not to say I don't like brunettes - my wife had brown hair - but I couldn't find a brown that-

Freddie sees the CNN broadcast; falls down to the bed.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

Well, shit.

NEWSCASTER

In addition to these photographs, FBI officials urge citizens to stay on the lookout for a 2010 Honda Accord, color Maroon and license plate number below.

Gabe's license plate number appears below the Newscaster.

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

The vehicle was reported to have been stolen from a one Gabriel Rosado, former boyfriend of Violet Reed. We caught up with Gabriel at his Bethesda residence.

The newscast cuts to Gabriel standing in his driveway.

GABE

I'd like to think I'm one of the few people who knows her best. And I just want to say, she doesn't have a malicious bone in her body. She's just sick. Mentally sick.

The Newscaster appears in the newsroom once again.

NEWSCASTER

More on this story as it devel-

Violet clicks off the TV with her remote. Both of them stir in troubled silence.

VIOLET

They're coming. It's done. We're done.

FREDDIE

We'll go to Mexico. Outrun 'em. Stay one step ahead. Chart out every move. And sooner or later, we'll make it.

(Violet skeptical)

Vi, we can get past this. Why give up now?

Violet dips her head to her belly.

VIOLET

He won't suffer. Cause God forbid... God forbid he's born and they catch us.

FREDDIE

I'll take care of the car. Don't leave. Alright?

Freddie heads towards the door. Violet just stands there, marinating in her feelings.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

OK?

Still no answer. Freddie leaves anyway.

DISSOLVE TO:

Violet sitting in front of the TV, watching cartoons with a distant stare.

INT. RECEPTION - RED ROOF INN - AFTERNOON

A lone MOTEL MANAGER stands at the small check-in center. Violet enters, wearing the blonde wig Freddie just bought for her. She approaches the check-in desk.

MOTEL MANAGER

Evening.

VIOLET

Can you call a cab?

MOTEL MANAGER

Sure.

The motel manager picks up the phone, dials a number he knows by heart. Just then, a police officer lets himself in. This is OFFICER GREG SAYLES (early thirties, by-the-book).

The motel manager puts the call on SPEAKER. Cheesy 'holding' music plays.

MOTEL MANAGER (CONT'D)

Evening. Can I help you?

SAYLES

I'm here in connection to the Violet Reed investigation.

MOTEL MANAGER

Right, I saw that on TV.

SAYLES

Locals reported a maroon Accord driving on the highway. Consequently, we're searching all nearby rest stops. With your compliance, I can knock on your tenants' doors?

MOTEL MANAGER

Please... whatever's necessary.

SAYLES

Thank you.

Sayles turns to Violet. He checks her out, smiles.

SAYLES (CONT'D)

Hey sweet pea.

He leaves.

OPERATOR (O.S.)  
 (through phone)  
 Harford Cab Company. How may I help  
 you?

The motel manager picks up the receiver.

MOTEL MANAGER  
 Hi, I need-

VIOLET  
 On second thought, scratch the cab.  
 Thanks anyway.

MOTEL MANAGER  
 You sure?

Violet nods, leaves. The manager hangs up the phone.

EXT. VIOLET'S ROOM - RED ROOF INN - AFTERNOON

It's the corner room on the motel's upper floor. From the parking lot below, stairs lead straight to the room.

Violet's on the other side of the parking lot, as she witnesses...

BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS: Freddie's cab pulls up. Freddie exits, pays the driver and heads for the stairs.

PAN UP TO: Officer Sayles. He knocks on a motel door just three or four away from Freddie's.

BACK TO: Freddie - He's reached his room. He steps inside.

INT. BEDROOM - RED ROOF INN - CONTINUOUS

Freddie sees an empty room.

FREDDIE  
 Violet?

He proceeds to the bathroom. En route, he stops beside the bed: a packed suitcase sits there. He reaches the bathroom door, opens.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)  
 Vi?

Just beside the bathroom, a HANDWRITTEN LETTER. Freddie picks it up, reads...

VIOLET (V.O.)  
 Dear Freddie. Burn this after  
 reading. I'd hate to get you in any  
 more trouble than I already have.  
 I'm turning myself in. I thought  
 about all-

Suddenly, LOUD, DISTURBING KNOCKS

Freddie tip-toes over to the window. He presses down one of  
 the blinds.

Through the window, Sayles GLANCES Freddie's way.

FREDDIE  
 (hushed)  
 Shit!

Sayles KNOCKS some more.

SAYLES (O.S.)  
 Police, sir. Open up!

Freddie rushes the note over to a TRASH CAN sitting just  
 below the marble counter. He tosses it inside.

He immediately takes it out again - 'that won't work.' He  
 starts tearing up the note; rushes into the bathroom as he  
 does so.

SAYLES (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Sir, I'm here on dispatch for a  
 federal investigation. If you  
 don't open up, you'll be charged  
 with obstruction of justice.

Freddie tosses the pieces of paper into the toilet; FLUSHES.

The paper bits just stick to the bottom of the bowl. Some  
 float back up to the surface as the water returns.

SAYLES (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Sir!

FREDDIE  
 Just a second!

Freddie gathers up the paper. He rushes to the microwave;  
 tosses the pieces inside, presses START.

SAYLES (O.S.)  
 Sir, if you do not cooperate, I'll  
 have no choice but enter on grounds  
 of probable cause. Do you  
 understand?

FREDDIE  
(to microwave)  
Come on...

EXT./INT. BEDROOM - RED ROOF INN

Sayles KNOCKS again.

FREDDIE  
Sir!

He jiggles the door handle - locked.

He crouches down in breach position. Then reaches for his gun: nothing there.

The barrel of his pistol enters frame, touches his back.

It's revealed that VIOLET is its holder.

VIOLET  
Don't move. Eyes forward.

Sayles obliges.

**INSIDE**, the stack of paper bits emits several sparks First at an infrequent rate, then to the rhythm of a popcorn maker.

The microwave **IMPLODES**, smoke furling up inside. A small fire is underway.

**OUTSIDE**, Violet's still got Sayles where she wants him. She hands Sayles a room key.

VIOLET (CONT'D)  
Inside. GO!

Sayles inserts the key, then ENTERS.

INT. BEDROOM - RED ROOF INN

Freddie rushes over to the microwave with a cup of water. He throws it on the paper bits.

FREDDIE  
Hey man, it was an accident. Swear to God, look at the... Vi, what are you doing?

VIOLET  
Take over.

Freddie rushes over. Violet scurries to her suitcase.

VIOLET (CONT'D)  
 He'll take us into the ER. Demand a  
 blood sample.

SAYLES  
 Won't work.

FREDDIE  
 (to Sayles)  
 Shut up!  
 (to Violet)  
 But Vi, we need some kind of cover.  
 Whole country's after you.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - HARFORD, MD - EVENING

The automatic doors SLIDE open. Through the middle, Sayles  
 SPRINTS inside. He carries Violet in his arms. Freddie  
 follows right behind him.

ON Freddie's jacket. He grips Sayles's gun in one of the  
 pockets.

SAYLES  
 My pregnant wife drank paint  
 thinner! Someone, please! My  
 pregnant wife drank paint thinner!

A NURSE enters their path, carrying a clipboard.

NURSE  
 When did she ingest it?

SAYLES  
 About an hour ago.

Freddie clears his throat.

SAYLES (CONT'D)  
 We need a fetal blood test.

NURSE  
 Maybe not.

She hands the clipboard to Sayles.

NURSE (CONT'D)  
 Fill this out. We'll take her from  
 here.

FREDDIE  
 Please, ma'am, we want to ensure  
 the baby's health. Fetal blood will  
 tell us everything we need.

NURSE  
Who are you?

FREDDIE  
I'm the father.

NURSE  
I thought you-

FREDDIE  
She's our surrogate mother.

NURSE  
But he said-

FREDDIE  
He did, and look how fast you came.  
What if we told the truth?

Nurse grabs the clipboard from Sayles and hands it to Freddie.

NURSE  
Fill this out, too, then.  
(to Violet)  
Come on, honey.

Sayles lets Violet down to her feet. Nurse escorts her away.

FREDDIE  
Turn right and sit in the corner.

Sayles obliges. Freddie follows.

INT. WARD ROOM

Patients, such as Violet, lie in beds separated by curtains on wheels. The curtains to Violet's PART, revealing a DOCTOR with a reassuring look all his patients appreciate.

DOCTOR  
Mrs. Nausbaum?

INT. WAITING ROOM

As ordered, Sayles sits in the corner chair. Freddie sits right beside him, his gripped handgun poking Sayles through Freddie's jacket pocket.

**ACROSS THE ROOM**, A HARFORD COP (male, 30's) heads for the exit. En route, he spots Sayles.



HARFORD COP

Greg?

The cop approaches Sayles. Alarmed, Freddie leans towards him.

FREDDIE

Don't be stupid.

SAYLES

Hi, Hector.

HARFORD COP

I thought you were working the Reed thing...

SAYLES

I am.

The cop looks around, concerned.

HARFORD COP

(whispering)

Oh, I'm sorry. Didn't mean to blow your spot.

SAYLES

Don't worry about it. Really... backup's always appreciated.

Ever so quickly, Sayles glances in Freddie's direction. The cop seems to understand.

HARFORD COP

Right... well, see you around!

SAYLES

Bye, Hector.

The cop leaves.

FREDDIE

Good job.

INT. PRIVATE PROCEDURE ROOM

Violet's legs are spread on her bed. A sheet stretches from leg to leg, covering the area of procedure.

Her doctor sits at the end of the bed.

DOCTOR

Another deep breath.

Violet breathes in, slowly.

The doctor's needle emerges, containing fetal blood. The doctor rises to exit.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Very good. I'll send this over to our lab. Should take about two weeks for results.

VIOLET

Two weeks?

The doctor pauses.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Doctor, that's a long time.

DOCTOR

Miss Nausbaum, we're fairly certain your baby is perfectly healthy. Our diagnostics say so and paint thinner is only lethal when industrial grade or high in dosage.

VIOLET

But-

DOCTOR

You'll have some certainty in two weeks' time. Till then, try to relax.

VIOLET

Thank you.

The doctor leaves.

Just then, Violet gets UP out of bed. She rushes over to the door and opens it a crack.

OUTSIDE THE ROOM, the doctor's just turned the corner to Violet's left. Violet follows after him.

AROUND THE CORNER, the doctor enters a room labelled "HOSPITAL STAFF ONLY." Violet spends a beat looking around, uncomfortable - nowhere to pretend to go.

The doctor EXITS the room he just entered. Violet waits for him to venture far from the room. Then she proceeds. Just before she reaches it, the NURSE from before spots her.

NURSE

Mrs. Nausbaum, can I help you?

VIOLET  
Yes, umm, bathroom?

Behind the Nurse, a Medic rushes past.

MEDIC  
Jocelyn, ICU!

NURSE  
Yes, Jack.  
(to Violet)  
Round the corner, last door on your  
right. You'll find it, right?

VIOLET  
Yes, thank you....

Nurse Jocelyn dashes away. Violet enters the room.

INT. WAITING ROOM

Sayles and Freddie are right where we left them.

From the hallway, several medics wheel out a man in critical condition. They've strapped an oxygen mask over his face, and have covered everything but his head and feet.

They roll him through the waiting room, in front of Freddie.

ON The man's left foot. It's tagged: **organ donor**. Freddie takes particular notice of this. He then considers it, visibly, and with great excitement. He has an idea.

FREDDIE  
(to Sayles)  
Get up... GET UP.

Sayles gets up. And Freddie gets up with him.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)  
You try anything, I'll blow your  
fucking brains out.

SAYLES  
There's no need for that.

FREDDIE  
Just... let's go.

INT. HALLWAY - HOSPITAL

Freddie and Sayles enter from the waiting area. Behind them, far in the distance, is the entrance door. Several police officers HURRY inside.

Freddie and Sayles TURN the corner, out of their view. The hallway's lined with clipboards beside each door.

FREDDIE  
Look for Nausbaum.

Sayles grabs the clipboard outside the nearest door: not her. They proceed towards the next door.

VIOLET (O.S.)  
Freddie!

They both turn around. Violet stands at the hallway corner, FULLY DRESSED now. She holds a vial of blood.

FREDDIE  
You got it?

VIOLET  
Just the sample.

Freddie removes the hand from his pocketed gun.

FREDDIE  
Give it to me.

He just takes it.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)  
I can make sure it stays with the right people.

Sayles SNATCHES the gun from Freddie's pocket. He points it at the two of them. Any and all hallway bystanders SCRAMBLE.

SAYLES  
Down! Right now! Down! Down!

Freddie and Violet fall to their knees.

SAYLES (CONT'D)  
Hands behind your heads!

They put their hands behind their heads. Freddie still has hold of the vial.

SAYLES (CONT'D)  
Give me the vial... THE VIAL!

Freddie hands the vial towards Sayles. Sayles reaches. Just then, however, Freddie opens his mouth and SWALLOWS it.

That's right, SWALLOWS it.

SAYLES (CONT'D)

Wha...

He gags with his mouth closed, his eyes turning glossy.

SAYLES (CONT'D)

We need a doctor!

Violet charges towards Sayles.

SAYLES (CONT'D)

We need a doct-

She KNOCKS him to the floor, on his back. She scrambles to her feet and rounds the bend.

INT. WAITING ROOM

Violet stumbles into the sight of several POLICE FLEETS guarding the only exits to the room. Several have headed Violet's way in response to Sayles. One of them spots her.

OFFICER

That's her!

Violet turns and BOLTS back into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY

Sayles and a medic lift Freddie into one of the rooms.

Meanwhile, Violet bursts through the door to the...

INT. STAIRWELL - HOSPITAL

Holding her belly, Violet rushes down a flight of stairs.

The door behind her BURSTS open. Cops swarm in, though Violet's just left their sight. They split into two groups: one going up and one going down.

FURTHER DOWN THE STAIRCASE, Violet stays two stair flights ahead of the descending officers, continually out of view.

She reaches the lowest floor, and BURSTS through the door nearest her.

INT. STAFF PARKING LOT

A small auxiliary lot for the hospital's higher-ups. Violet looks around: seems there's nowhere to go.

CUT TO:

INT. STAFF PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

The police crew spills into the lot. They disperse throughout the place.

ON Violet, standing behind one of the pillars holding up the lot. Behind her, a police officer APPROACHES. He brandishes his gun. She hears him coming, CLOSES her eyes.

The officer gets closer, as Violet edges to her left.

Then, SILENCE. Violet can't picture where he might be.

She glances RIGHT - there he is, standing before a door that leads to the opposite stairwell. She's in plain view, but the officer's focused on the door.

He sighs, then BURSTS inside.

INT. OPPOSITE STAIRWELL

The officer points his gun in all directions, searching for her. No dice.

He reenters the parking lot: Violet's moved to the opposite side of the pillar.

The officer heads back towards the original stairwell entrance. He grabs his radio.

OFFICER  
(to radio)  
All clear.

Violet sinks to the floor, takes a breath.

INT. OPERATING ROOM

Sayles and the Medic lift Freddie inside. Other officers clamor about the room. An ANESTHETIST supervises.

FREDDIE  
(to Medic)  
I'm sorry.

Freddie SOCKS him in the face. Sayles redraws his gun. Just then, the Medic regains his hold on Freddie.

ANESTHETIST  
Restrain him on the bed.

An officer and the medic SHOVE Freddie on the bed. They force his hand to the side straps. But Freddie struggles, freeing his left hand to SLAP the officer.

SAYLES  
(to anesthetist)  
Do it now!

The Medic and Officer finally lock Freddie's hands by the straps. The anesthetist approaches with the mask.

FREDDIE  
No no no, you can't sedate me.

The anesthetist stretches out the mask strap so as to secure it on Freddie. Freddie HEAD-BUTTS it to the ground.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)  
You do not have my consent!

The Medic and Officer hold Freddie's head down to his pillow. The anesthetist reapproaches with the mask.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)  
YOU DO NOT HAVE MY CONSENT!

MEDIC  
It's for your own good, asshole.  
We gotta get this shit out of you!

Freddie manages to turn his head and BITE the Medic's hand. The Medic SCREAMS in pain, falls away.

Sayles retakes the medic's place. Except this time he uses his right hand to strangle Freddie and his left hand to clasp his forehead - nothing to bite.

Freddie SPITS on Sayles' face.

A furious beat - he knows he shouldn't but he'll do it anyway... Sayles PUNCHES Freddie in the face.

The whole room is stunned. But then Freddie SHAKES off the punch. Now they're more stunned.





VIOLET  
Ummm... Texas, I guess.

ATTENDANT  
Where?

VIOLET  
San Antonio?

The Attendant types a search in the booth computer.

ATTENDANT  
Next train leaves tomorrow at four.

VIOLET  
No, no. I need to leave tonight.

ATTENDANT  
Sucks.

Violet brushes that off, consider her options.

VIOLET  
Where can I go?

EXT. AMTRAK CAR - NIGHT

Violet stares out her window, wondering about Freddie.

KATE BOLDUAN (V.O.)  
This just in. Violet Reed,  
suspected culprit in last  
week's Rockville Heist...

ANDERSON COOPER (V.O.)  
... was sighted in St. Agnes  
Hospital as she fled a police  
pursuit that's left her still  
at large.

WOLF BLITZER (V.O.)  
Ms. Reed reportedly asked for  
blood testing on her unborn  
child, which, ABC has  
learned, she claims to have  
been conceived with President  
Blake during her White House  
tenure.

TUCKER CARLSON (V.O.)  
Of course, Ms. Reed escaped  
from St. Elizabeth's Mental  
Asylum before anyone could  
diagnose this behavior as  
being part of a mental  
illness, but it's worth  
mentioning that she  
threatened to blow up a  
Maryland bank soon after  
fleeing the asylum, and has  
since been subject to  
allegations of kidnapping a  
police officer. Authorities  
ask that anyone with any  
information to...

INT. FBI DEPARTMENT OF CORONER - WASHINGTON, DC - NIGHT

It's a nondescript room much resembling a kitchen. Stainless steel counters line the walls, each equipped with a sink and its own hose. An operating bed sits parked at the end sink.

A man in full autopsy garb stands beside the bed. He's a meticulous professional who loves these late shifts. But he's foremost a family man. This is MICHAEL KLEIN (40).

ON the toe of the body occupying the bed. It's wrapped in string, which dangles a card - the organ donor symbol.

Written on the card: **WESTFALL**

ON Freddie's dissected torso. His small intestines are spilled out over and on top of the skin. Remaining in the body is the voluminous crescent that is the human stomach.

A pair of medical scissors edges towards a worm-like intestinal tract. It SNIPS the tract open.

Michael gets a better look at what he's snipped. He pulls out a small flashlight, SHINES it down the tract.

A black cap appears in the light. Below that, the slight reflection of glass.

JUMP TO:

The VIAL, on propped up on a steel dissection table. Michael sits across from it, unmasked and conflicted.

INT. AMTRAK CAR - MORNING

Violet blinks herself awake, stretches. She glances over to her neighbor - a middle-aged woman reading the paper.

The front page of the paper features Freddie's photo. The headline: **WESTFALL, ROCKVILLE HEIST CULPRIT, DEAD BY SUICIDE**

Violet can't cry now. She can't even react. Instead, she just breathes. Deeply. Slowly. Suppress.

EXT. CROSSROADS - RURAL KANSAS - MORNING

This is clearly where civilization ends and cow country begins. Before us, a dirt road shoots through a one-horse town and feeds into a highway. Behind us, God knows.

A bus has stopped at the crossroads, from the direction of the town. Out steps Violet, alone.

The bus doors SHUT. It pulls away.

Violet starts walking along the dirt road, glancing back at the departing bus. Which DISAPPEARS by turning out of frame.

Alas, Violet falls to her knees, fists up some dirt and FLAILS like an outraged infant. She flops onto the grass.

She reaps grass leaves between her fingernails, POUNDS the floor. She WAILS. Hopeless. Alone. No one hears her.

INT. LIVING ROOM - ULYSSES, KS - AFTERNOON

Shelly watches FOX news alone, sipping a "Twisted Tea."

Offscreen, we hear the back door SHUT.

Shelly shoots up in her seat. She turns towards the staircase, around which lies the backdoor entrance.

She gets up, tip-toes towards the staircase. There's a small door under the stairs. She opens it; pulls out an automatic SHOTGUN.

Now for the tip-toed journey around the corner... She stays very quiet, save for a few creaks from the floorboards...

RIGHT AT THE STAIRCASE... One more step, and she and her burglar will enter a standoff. A pause to muster nerve.

She WHIPS herself around the corner, barrel pointed forward.

It's Violet.

She stands before the backdoor entrance, holding her finger to her lips. Quietting Shelly before she says anything.

Shelly nods. Violet tip-toes over to a counter holding a radio. She switches it on. No Doubt's "JUST A GIRL" blares.

Violet CRANKS up the volume. LOUD. As in, walls-are-shaking loud. Shelly covers her ears.

VIOLET  
I NEED YOUR HELP!

SHELLY  
WHAT?!

VIOLET  
I NEED YOU!

Beat here.

SHELLY  
REALLY?

VIOLET  
FOURTEEN WEEKS!

Shelly looks at Violet's pregnant belly, understands.

SHELLY  
THEN WHAT?

Violet shakes her head and shrugs.

SHELLY (CONT'D)  
I'M HERE FOR YOU!

VIOLET  
WHAT?!

SHELLY  
I'M HERE!

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Silence.

Violet and Shelly sit at the table, Violet scribbling on a post-it note. She holds it up to Shelly: **WE WILL ASSUME THEY'RE LISTENING.**

Shelly nods. Violet writes another note: **I WILL STAY UPSTAIRS. THEY CAN HEAR MY FOOTSTEPS. NO WALKING WITHOUT YOU.**

Shelly nods. Violet scribbles off another: **ACT NORMAL, LIKE YOU'RE ALONE.**

Shelly nods.

MONTAGE

- FRONT DOOR: Shelly steps out of her home. A white surveillance van sits park in front, along the dirt road.

She spots it, sighs - 'here we go' - and enters her sedan. As the sedan pulls away, so does the surveillance van.

- KITCHEN: Shelly and Violet eat their dinners in sync. When Shelly digs into her food, so does Violet. When Shelly bites, Violet bites. Drink for drink as well.

- STAIRS: Shelly and Violet walk upstairs together. Step for step. Sounds like one person's going up.

- VIOLET'S BEDROOM: Violet lies in bed, reading a pregnancy book. Her bedroom door is open. The staircase lies just outside (remember that).

- KITCHEN: Shelly takes out frozen meat, then closes the freezer door. She reads a note posted on the door, checks her watch, then hurries upstairs.

REVEAL: The note - a detailed schedule of Shelly's responsibilities (8:00 - WALK V. TO SHOWER, STAY STILL 8:30 - WALK V. DOWN FOR BREAKFAST; 9:00 - WALK V. BACK UPSTAIRS; etc.)

- KITCHEN: Violet and Shelly sit silently, scribbling notes to each other on a notepad, shift it back and forth between themselves. Both smiling in delight.

- BEDROOM: Violet lies in bed with a sheet of paper, folding it into an airplane.

- DOWNSTAIRS: Shelly washes some dishes. Next to her, the airplane lands on the staircase. Shelly spots it.

- BEDROOM: Shelly walks Violet to the bathroom. She holds the airplane in her hand.

- FRONT DOOR: Shelly exits, wearing a smile.

- INSIDE THE SURVEILLANCE VAN: A couple of FBI AGENTS stare at her.

- GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT (POV OF VAN AGENTS): Shelly exits the store with HEAPING shopping cart. The FBI agents exchange suspicious looks.

END MONTAGE

INT. REED RESIDENCE - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

Shelly steps inside, carrying four large shopping bags full of groceries.

Violet sits in the living room, the day's mail on her lap. Thirteen weeks have passed. Her belly protrudes accordingly.

Shelly closes the door, waves to Violet. Violet gestures for her to come into the living room. Shelly puts down the groceries and complies, grabbing a notepad and pen along the way.

Violet presents a copy of "American Baby" magazine. There's a post-it written on it. It reads: **WHAT'S THIS?**

Shelly responds on her notepad: **IT'S FOR PREGNANT WOMEN**

Violet writes back: **NO ONE'S PREGNANT!!!**

Shelly scribbles, somewhat annoyed: **YOU'RE PARANOID**

Violet shakes her head in disgust; writes: **DON'T MOVE**

Violet gets up, rushes over to the radio; switches it on.

Over The Go-Gos' *Our Lips Are Sealed...*

VIOLET  
YOU CAN'T DO THIS! KEEP UP  
APPEARANCES!

SHELLY  
IT'S A MAGAZINE!

VIOLET  
WHAT ABOUT THE GROCERIES!

SHELLY  
THEY'RE JUST GROCERIES!

VIOLET  
THEY'RE TOO MUCH!

SHELLY  
THAT'S HOW MUCH I ALWAYS BUY!

VIOLET  
THEY DON'T KNOW THAT! THEY'RE  
LOOKING FOR A REASON.

SHELLY  
I'M SORRY! I LOVE YOU!

VIOLET  
YOU'RE SO FUCKING WEAK!

SHELLY  
I'M TRYING MY BEST!

(--)  
I'M SORRY IF IT'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH,  
BUT THIS IS THE FIRST TIME YOU EVER  
NEEDED ME!

VIOLET  
I NEED YOU TO PRETEND I'M NOT HERE!  
YOU'RE DAUGHTER'S AN ESCAPED  
PSYCHO! GET SAD ABOUT IT!

SHELLY  
WHEN? BUYING GROCERIES?

VIOLET  
 YOU'VE BEEN TOO HAPPY! GO BACK TO  
 LONELY AND DESPERATE! PLEASE!

The song reaches its outro. Shelly trudges over to the kitchen table, sits...

Violet takes a beat; ambles over to the table. She sits across from Shelly.

Violet grabs the notepad and writes something. She slides it over to her mother. Shelly doesn't read it at first. Then she takes a look:

**YOU DIDN'T ASK FOR ANY OF THIS. SORRY, MOM.**

Shelly seems touched. She grabs the pen, CIRCLES the word, "MOM." A smile.

INT. OVAL OFFICE RECEPTION - WASHINGTON, DC - MORNING

Michael sits in the reception room. The RECEPTIONIST's phone rings.

RECEPTIONIST  
 (answering)  
 OK.  
 (hangs up)  
 You can go in now.

He does.

INT. OVAL OFFICE

Blake rises from his desk, circles around to greet Michael.

BLAKE  
 The messenger! Promise not to shoot you. Can't speak for Colton, though.

MICHAEL  
 I'm sure he's just as eager as you to hear the news. You feeling OK? You look hot in the face.

BLAKE  
 Stress, I guess. Have a seat.

The two of them approach the couches, sit opposite each other.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Well, you know me, I can talk up a storm. But I thought I'd spare you that and cut to the chase: did the vial rupture?

MICHAEL

Sir, you should know that, even if the answer's 'Yes,' skeptics who know their stuff can still demand a blood test. In theory, the foreign blood could be extracted from the-

BLAKE

So it's a "yes" then.

MICHAEL

Yes, sir. But like I said-

BLAKE

Oh, don't bother with theories. We just schedule a press conference where you declare the sample untestable. Done.

MICHAEL

The fact is, sir, it is testable.

BLAKE

Says who?

Michael gets the hint.

MICHAEL

Are you sure you're feeling okay? Mind if I take a look at you?

BLAKE

You a physician?

MICHAEL

I did go to med school, if only to deal with dead people.

BLAKE

Be my guest, Doc.

Michael approaches Blake and feels his forehead. He circles around, stands behind him.

MICHAEL

This might sound like a stupid question, but have you undergone a considerable amount of stress lately?



Michael starts clasping skin where Blake's neck meets his shoulders. Gentle pinches.

BLAKE

No more than usual, I guess. The Reed thing's been bothering me, but my head's in Pakistan.

MICHAEL

Been feeling fatigued or achy lately?

BLAKE

Not at all.

MICHAEL

Head back.

Blake dips his head back. Michael places his hand on various spots atop Blake's head, bunching up scalp skin with each placement.

BLAKE

What are you doing, Mike?

MICHAEL

Testing your central nervous system.

BLAKE

Like reflexes?

Michael pulls a HAIR from the President's head. Blake winces.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Exactly.

Michael holds a shoulder pinch for a moment, as though he's actually observing. Then he lets go.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You'll be fine, sir.

Michael heads for the door. Blake follows him out.

BLAKE

Well, thanks for coming in. And stay tuned about that press conference. I'm counting on you to put an end to this mess.

MICHAEL

I won't let the country down.

BLAKE

Attaboy.

Michael leaves.

INT. KLEIN RESIDENCE - ARLINGTON, VA - CONTINUOUS

The place is as high-end as Michael's job. Yet it still feels cozy. Two sisters - ELLIE (5) and GRACE (13) watch TV in the house's front living room. Their mother, CLAIRE (40's, perceptive and graceful) makes pasta in the kitchen.

Michael enters from the front door. Ellie dashes over.

ELLIE

Daddy!

MICHAEL

Hey, Ellie.

Ellie hugs his leg, and Michael bends to reciprocate.

GRACE

You know, you shouldn't encourage the whole 'daddy's girl' thing.

MICHAEL

Thanks for the advice, what with all your parenting experience.

GRACE

Just saying.

From behind the doorway to the living room, a darling little girl emerges into view. This is AMY (8).

AMY

Daddy, I want to dye my hair pink but mommy said 'no.'

MICHAEL

Well, that's that, then.

Michael proceeds ahead. Ellie returns to the living room.

In the OPEN KITCHEN, Claire strains pasta as Michael strolls in.

CLAIRE

Hey.

MICHAEL

Hi.

Michael kisses her on the cheek, ambles over to the counter and grabs an apple.

CLAIRE  
You won't be joining us for dinner.

MICHAEL  
(stops chewing)  
Yeah, well...  
(--)  
What gave it away?

CLAIRE  
You said 'hi' instead of 'hey.'

MICHAEL  
You're too good at this.

ELLIE (O.S.)  
Daddy? Will you eat with us?

Michael looks: Ellie lingers at the kitchen entrance. He walks up to her, crouches down to her level.

MICHAEL  
I can't tonight, sweet pea. But  
I'll be just downstairs if any bad  
guys come.

ELLIE  
There's an alien coming to kidnap  
me.

AMY (O.S.)  
It's an ogre!

MICHAEL  
Ah, Shrek. Don't worry, honey, he's  
one of the good guys.

Michael twiddles her nose; exits the kitchen.

CLAIRE  
Don't be too long!

EXT. REED RESIDENCE - ULYSSES, KS - AFTERNOON

Shelly exits the front, heads into her car. She pulls away.

Just then, FBI Agent 1 steps out of the surveillance van and approaches the front door.

INT. REED RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

FBI Agent 1 opens the door, steps inside.

INT. VIOLET'S BEDROOM

Violet lies in bed wearing headphones with a baby book, **MONTH 9: WHAT TO EXPECT.**

INT. KITCHEN

The agent surveys his surroundings as he strolls through. He makes his way into the...

INT. LIVING ROOM

The "American Baby" magazine sits on a coffee table. The agent picks it up, inspects it.

He glances up the staircase...

INT./EXT. VIOLET'S BEDROOM

Violet continues to read, unaware. Her bedroom door is OPEN, where...

AT THE STAIRCASE, the FBI agent steps to the first stair. Now the second stair. Now the third. Now the fourth...

EXT. REED RESIDENCE

Shelly returns in her sedan, approaching the driveway.

In the surveillance van, FBI Agent 2 scrambles for his radio.

INT. VIOLET'S BEDROOM

Through her doorway, the agent's forehead ascends into view. Just one more step...

EXT. REED RESIDENCE

FBI Agent 2's found his radio.

FBI AGENT 2  
(into radio)  
Abort now. Mother has returned.  
Repeat, mother has returned.

INT. VIOLET'S BEDROOM

Through Violet's doorway, the forehead remains still. Violet continues to read. And after a beat whose tension Violet will never know of, the forehead descends out of sight.

EXT. REED RESIDENCE - AFTERNOON

FBI Agent 1 exits the front, just as Shelly gets out of her car.

SHELLY

Hey!

The agent continues walking towards the van.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

Hey, what were you doing in my house?

(--)

Get a warrant next time!

Agent 1 reenters the van. Shelly rushes into the house.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Shelly holds up a note to Violet: **IT'S TIME TO GO.**

Violet nods, gestures for Shelly to slide the notepad her way. Shelly obliges, and Violet scribbles... **TOMORROW.**

INT. VIOLET'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Violet packs a suitcase, as quietly as possible.

INT. BASEMENT LAB - KLEIN RESIDENCE - NIGHT

This a part chemical, part genetic laboratory that serves as Michael's man cave.

Michael sits at a work station equipped with an electro-microscope. The microscope features a plasma display screen, currently showcasing Blake's hair strand.

Michael focuses. On the screen, Blake's hair grows larger, until it's a mosaic of pink and white contours.

Michael shifts the strand's position on the stage plate, moving it slightly to the left. One or two purplish dots appear in the pinkish desert displayed on screen.

These are skin cells.

Michael adjusts a knob, causing the light beam to NARROW.

On the screen, darkness surrounds the skin cell.

Michael grabs a tiny BLADE from beside the microscope. He places it on the right edge of the light beam, above the strand; SLICES.

Now to the left side - he slices. He pulls away the newly cut pieces. What's left can't be seen by the naked eye.

ANGLE ON: That infinitesimally small piece of hair - cameras can see it for us. It sits in a clear-colored crucible.

In a series of quick cuts....

- Michael places the crucible into a micro oven. He sets the oven to a temperature of 60 degrees Celsius.

- Michael removes the crucible - the strand has changed into the slightest dash of blood.

- Michael opens the door of an incubator. He takes out Violet's fetal blood sample.

- Michael places a pipette above two thermal tubes which each contain a drop of blood. He squirts in some buffer fluid.

- A foot-tall machine that contains two deep loading beds, each columned by placeholders containing twenty or so thermal tubes. This is a thermal cycler. Michael shuts the cycler.

OFFSCREEN, the electrical rev of a machine in use...

EXT. ATM - ULYSSES, KS - MORNING

...an ATM spits out a few hundred dollars. Shelly swipes them, stashes them into an ENVELOPE.

INT. REAR HALLWAY - REED RESIDENCE - MORNING

Violet sits on two suitcases, beside the back door.

She holds a printout featuring a Google Map trail that leads from ULYSSES, KS to SAND DIEGO, CA.

EXT. REED RESIDENCE

Shelly's sedan approaches the driveway. On the dirt road, The FBI Agents' surveillance van is conspicuously absent. Shelly takes notice.

INT. REED RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

Shelly enters and heads into the rear hallway. Violet rises to her feet, as Shelly produces the envelope.

Violet takes it; thanks her mother with her eyes. Shelly picks up one of the suitcases...

KNOCK KNOCK.

Shelly and Violet look towards the door. Shelly considers her next move...

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK... Shelly makes for the--

INT./EXT. FRONT DOOR

Shelly opens up: A JEHOVAH'S WITNESS - skinny tie, pamphlet in one hand and cross in the other - is there to greet her.

JEHOVAH'S WITNESS

Good morning, ma'am. How are you today?

SHELLY

It's six o'clock in the morning.

INT. HALLWAY

Violet listens from the back door, motionless.

JEHOVAH'S WITNESS (O.S.)

Ma'am, if you have just a minute, might I ask you just a few questions about faith and perhaps introduce you to that of Jehovah and his Truth?

Violet shakes her head.

INT./EXT. FRONT DOOR

SHELLY (O.S.)

I was actually on my way out.

Jehovah's Witness  
May I come by later, then?

Shelly  
No, I'll be leaving... you know  
what, go ahead. Briefly, like you  
said.

INT. HALLWAY

Violet glances at the back door's close-blinded window.  
There's something outside.

She ducks and lifts her head; sees past the cracks in the  
blinds.

Jehovah's Witness (O.S.)  
Do you often fear of what your  
afterlife will be?

She catches the sight of white metal, but no contours. An  
object's material but not its overall form.

INT./EXT. FRONT DOOR

Shelly  
I dread Hell, if that's what you  
mean.

Jehovah's Witness  
Well put. I ask because I, myself,  
used to live a crippled, lonely  
life in the shadow of that fear.

The Jehovah's Witness takes a moment, reflects. Cross still  
in hand, he leans against the doorway.

Jehovah's Witness (CONT'D)  
I used to be like everyone else.  
"Normal" is I guess the way you'd  
put it if you weren't so polite.

ON the cross...

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN

Parked behind the house. Miles of verdant pasture lie behind  
it. Nowhere to hide.



FBI Agents 1 and 2 sit in the back of the van, before a MOTION SENSORY IMAGE DISPLAY -- A computerized depiction of the house's interior. Like a sonar map, but strictly tracking motion.

Shelly's breathing and the ceiling fan's spinning mark the only movement/graphic display on screen.

JEHOVAH'S WITNESS (O.S.)

(through radio)

... but one day, you get a knock on the door, and it changes your life. You realize that there's more to life than your suffering. So much more. And you can't help but feel inspired to spread the word far and wide. To show others the Truth.

INT. HALLWAY

Violet breathes a little faster, getting nervous.

SHELLY (O.S.)

Do you have a pamphlet or something? I'm in kind of a rush.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN

The FBI Agents notice faint contours emerging towards the back of the house. They lean in to get a better look.

JEHOVAH'S WITNESS (O.S.)

Where are you going, if you don't mind me asking?

SHELLY (O.S.)

I'd rather not say.

INT./EXT. FRONT DOOR

JEHOVAH'S WITNESS

There are no secrets with Jehovah. Why should there be one between you and his messenger?

SHELLY

Do you have a secret I should know about?

The Jehovah's Witness just smiles; hands Shelly his pamphlet. His cross remains against the doorway.

JEHOVAH'S WITNESS  
 You won't find answers in there,  
 but you will find the keys to  
 unlocking them.

SHELLY  
 Thank you.

Shelly swings the door to close, but the Witness blocks it.

JEHOVAH'S WITNESS  
 Can I ask you one last thing?

INT. HALLWAY

Violet glances down to her belly. We can HEAR the faintest WHIRRING...

INT./EXT. FRONT DOOR

JEHOVAH'S WITNESS  
 What would you say to Him, if he  
 asked for your child? For the  
 ultimate sacrifice?

INT. HALLWAY

Violet eyes BOGGLE in surprise.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN

On the imaging display, a FLASH - Violet's baby KICKS. He and his mother illuminate into view. Then fade away.

ON the stunned FBI Agents.

INT./EXT. REED RESIDENCE

Shelly, after a beat...

SHELLY  
 I'd tell him to go to Hell. And to  
 get off my porch before I take him  
 there.

The Jehovah's Witness finally removes the cross from the doorway. He LEAVES.

Shelly shuts the door. Then she SCURRIES over to the--

HALLWAY, where Violet is NOT.

The front door CREAKS open. Shelly turns: The Jehovah's Witness approaches, brandishes a pistol.

JEHOVAH'S WITNESS

Drop to your knees. Hands behind  
your head. Slowly.

Shelly glances around; *where is she...?*

JEHOVAH'S WITNESS

I won't ask again, Shelly. Drop to  
your knees. Put your hands behind-

Violet suddenly emerges from behind the kitchen wall, holding SHELLY'S SHOTGUN.

She SMASHES it against the Jehovah's Witness's face. He collapses.

Violet waves for Shelly to follow her. Shelly rushes ahead, just when FBI Agent 1 kicks through the back door.

He follows them, as Violet and Shelly DASH outside.

EXT. REED RESIDENCE

Immediately upon exiting, Shelly SLAMS the door behind her and BRACES herself up against it.

FBI AGENT 2 rounds the front corner of the house. Violet points her shotgun and the agent doubles back.

She BLASTS away part of the house.

The front door BANGS open a bit. FBI Agent 1 appears in the opening, thrusting himself against Shelly's meager body weight.

SHELLY

(to Violet)

Go!

Violet RUNS to the sedan. FBI Agent 2 reappears, SHOOTS off a couple shots that strike the hood and windshield.

Violet perches her gun atop the car and FIRES. Agent 2 disappears again.

Meanwhile, Shelly struggles holding Agent 1 back much longer.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

Vi!

Shelly tosses Violet the car keys. They land on the ground beside her feet.

Violet bends down and grabs them. Agent 2 dashes around the corner again, while Violet THRUSTS herself into the sedan's front seat.

Shelly winces in pain from barely holding the door shut.

But she holds it in until Agent 2 reaches the bottom of the porch stairs.

Then finally, Shelly steps away from the door. Agent 1 comes TUMBLING out, down the stairs and into Agent 2. They both fall, drop their guns.

Violet STARTS the car. She throws it in drive and bolts towards the FBI agents. They CRAWL away.

Agent 1 scrambles to the same place his pistol landed.

Violet's stopped at the bottom of the stairs. Shelly rushes down and towards the passenger seat. She opens the car door.

Still on the floor, Agent 1 gets a SHOT off. It SHATTERS the passenger-side window.

Shelly jumps inside and shuts the door. They speed away.

INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

The car speeds down the dirt road.

VIOLET  
You alright?

SHELLY  
Just go. Dodge City. We'll lose the car.

VIOLET  
Wellman Av to Oak?

SHELLY  
Oak turns into 283, right?

VIOLET  
Uhh, yeah. Crap.

SHELLY  
What?

VIOLET  
We're sitting ducks on this road.

Violet SWERVES onto the pasture that sprawls from the road.

VIOLET (CONT'D)  
This'll get us to Wellman Av.

INT. BASEMENT LAB - KLEIN RESIDENCE - MORNING

Darkness. The lights switch ON.

Michael shuffles down the far staircase, dressed for work and holding a coffee mug. He approaches the thermal cyclor...

The PCR printouts sit on the machine's dispenser tray. Michael picks them up.

He inspects one of them: There are twenty columns and twenty rows. A perfect grid of strips which range in color from light gray to dark black.

Michael flips to the next page. He can't believe what he sees. He flips to the data page, skims... The "**MUTUALITY**" section of the data sheet reads: **50%**

Michael's stunned.

EXT. WELLMAN AVENUE - SOMEWHERE IN KANSAS - MORNING

The sedan has reached the pasture's end. A perfectly straight road shoots north into Dodge City. Violet's stopped the car.

SHELLY  
What do you think?

VIOLET  
It's this or nothing, I guess.

SHELLY  
No, no more of that. Make a choice.  
What do you want to do?

After a beat...

VIOLET  
Look straight ahead. Like nothing's wrong.

Shelly nods. Violet pulls onto the road.

ON THE ROAD, they drive the speed limit. In no time at all, a car approaches from the opposite direction.

The cars pass each other. Violet and Shelly keep their cool.

FURTHER DOWN THE ROAD, another car approaches them. They keep their eyes forward.

Far in the distance, Dodge City emerges into view. Violet gazes upon the sight - home free.

ON Shelly's right hip... blood oozes from a WOUND. Shelly considers it, looks to Violet.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Look Mom... we're gonna make it.

Shelly tears, smiles.

SHELLY

Yes you are.

EXT. TRAIN STATION PARK LOT - DODGE CITY, KS - AFTERNOON

A yellow cab sits in the parking lot.

INT. CAB

CAB DRIVER (O.S.)

Because I don't make promises I can't keep.

An unassuming CAB DRIVER sits in the front seat, talking on his cell phone.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)

Well, what... Yeah, but... Honey, I go where people tell me. I'm not going to pretend like I have a choice to be home for dinner.

Outside, Shelly's sedan pulls up beside the cab.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)

And I appreciate that.

Violet and Shelly exit the car. Violet conceals the shotgun behind her leg. She approaches the front passenger seat of the cab.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)

Honey, you're... You're not listening. You're... You're changing the subject.

Violet knocks on the window. Shelly waits at the back door. The cab driver waves both of them in.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)  
I gotta go... alright, yes. Yes, I  
promise! I'll be home for dinner.

Violet and Shelly crawl into the cab.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)  
Alright, bye.

The cab driver hangs up.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)  
Where to, ladies?

Violet reveals her shotgun from her side.

VIOLET  
San Diego. Please and thank you.

The cab driver takes just a moment to process his situation.  
He looks over to Shelly, realizes this is not a joke.

And with a SIGH, he accepts his role as hostage.

CAB DRIVER  
Yes, dear.

He puts the car in reverse.

INT. KITCHEN - KLEIN RESIDENCE - EVENING

Michael sits alone, nursing a beer. Claire ambles in, but  
Michael doesn't even notice her.

CLAIRE  
What's wrong?  
(nothing)  
Anything I can do?

Michael finishes his beer; waves the empty bottle. Claire  
nods, strolls over to the fridge and grabs another one.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
You like these top-secret projects.  
Lets you be all hardboiled.

She hands him the beer. Michael cracks it open.

MICHAEL  
Not this time.

CLAIRE  
(aloud)  
Girls! Come kiss daddy good night!

In no time at all, we hear SCAMPERING. The girls RUSH downstairs, file into the kitchen. Claire watches them.

First is Amy, who scurries up to Michael and kisses his cheek in protocol fashion.

AMY  
Night, daddy.

MICHAEL  
Good night, Amy.

She hurries away, as Grace walks up to him, kisses his cheek.

GRACE  
Good night.

MICHAEL  
Night, Grace.

She exits, just as Ellie LEAPS into her father's arms.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Oh, Ellie. You're getting big.

ELLIE  
Daddy, guess what?

MICHAEL  
What?

ELLIE  
You have to guess!

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Alright, umm... it's your birthday.

ELLIE  
(laughs)  
No....!

MICHAEL  
It's not?  
(to Claire)  
Mom, when's Ellie's birthday?

ELLIE  
You know my birthday!

MICHAEL  
Oh, that's right Yes, you're right. Ok, umm... you got your driver's license.



ELLIE

No....!

MICHAEL

No? Then who's going to drive me to the airport?

ELLIE

I'm married!

MICHAEL

You are? To who?

ELLIE

Prince Shrek.

MICHAEL

Did you say Shrek? Shrek's an ogre!

ELLIE

No! He's a good guy, like you said. YOU said...

Ellie repeatedly points her finger at him. Michael's more affected than playful.

MICHAEL

I did, didn't I?

ELLIE

He rules Duloc, with me, and Donkey, and the Dragon... Oh, because... Donkey likes a Dragon!

Michael contrives a chuckle.

MICHAEL

Kiss me good night, okay?

She obliges. Michael lets her down to the floor.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Love you.

Ellie dashes towards the stairs.

ELLIE

Love you too!

CLAIRE

I'll put 'em to bed.

Claire exits, leaving Michael to stir in thought.

INT. CAB - SOMEWHERE IN NEW MEXICO - EVENING

The cab rolls along a deserted highway.

Violet keeps her gun pointed at the cab driver. Shelly sits in the back, letting out short, weak breaths. She keeps a hand to her wounded area, covering the blood.

CAB DRIVER

So, uhh... you girls know who won the KU-State game?

(--)

No? See, the problem with me is, I get bored easy. If I don't talk or listen to music or sports, I can fall asleep at the wheel.

(--)

Know what I mean? No?

VIOLET

Mom... let's take our naps in shifts. Someone needs to stay awake with the gun.

SHELLY

Sure.

VIOLET

Alright, you mind if I go first?

SHELLY

Uhh...

VIOLET

Alright, you wanna sleep first?

Shelly's breathing strains even more. It's hard to speak.

SHELLY

Oh, honey.

VIOLET

What is it? What's the matter?

Violet scans the back for answers, lands on Shelly's hand.

Violet reaches out towards it - Shelly's too weak to stop her. Violet peels the hand back.

And there it is.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Pull over! Pull over now!

SHELLY  
Violet...

VIOLET  
Wait no, drive to the hospital!

CAB DRIVER  
Ok, but we're not really-

VIOLET  
Pull over!

CAB DRIVER  
Pulling over.

The cab halts beside the road. Violet flies out of the passenger seat with her shotgun. She scurries to the rear left door, throws it open and enters.

VIOLET  
Hospital! Go!

The cab speeds away.

Violet removes her jacket. She presses it to Shelly's wound.

SHELLY  
Violet...

VIOLET  
Save your strength.

Violet surveys Shelly's clothes and the seat below: all painted red. Now Violet's scared.

SHELLY  
Promise me.... you won't go to the hospital.

VIOLET  
Don't start, mom.

Violet presses her jacket harder upon the wound.

SHELLY  
For your boy.

VIOLET  
You're gonna be fine. And we'll meet in Mexico. Everything will be FINE!

SHELLY  
You always had, fighting spirit. When you were a baby, you'd crawl  
(MORE)

SHELLY (CONT'D)  
out from the crib. Always found a way. I couldn't stop you.

VIOLET  
Stop it! I'm not gonna let you die here!

SHELLY  
You never let me stop you, Violet. Don't start now.

VIOLET  
MOM! MOM, STOP! DON'T! DON'T GO ANYWHERE!

She breathes the lightest of breaths. Her eyelashes flutter.

SHELLY  
I'm right here, sweetie...

One last exhale. A fading away. She's gone.

VIOLET (CONT'D)  
Mom... Mom. MOM, WAKE UP! MOM!  
NO! PLEASE, I'M SO SORRY...

She weeps.

EXT. PLATEAUS - DESERT, NM - EVENING

A cluster of plateaus, but two wedge together to form shadowy refuge. In the shadow, the cab driver uses a SHOVEL to scoop some dirt into a body-sized hole.

Behind him in the distance, Violet sits on a boulder facing away from the grave site. She holds the shotgun.

A beat while the cab driver digs. One of resignation, perhaps.

EXT. DICKY FINN'S CHARTER FISHING - SAN DIEGO, CA - DAWN

A crummy little place. Cheap sign, no parking lot. The sun's barely out. No one's up.

The cab pulls in front. Violet exits, sifting through hundred-dollar bills in a wad of cash.

She hands it through the open passenger window.

VIOLET  
For your trouble.

The cab driver considers it, shakes his head.

VIOLET (CONT'D)  
Come on. Otherwise I kidnapped you.

CAB DRIVER  
Got any change?

Violet wears the seed of a smile. She reaches into her pocket and pulls out a quarter. She flips it the cab driver's way.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)  
I can't promise that I won't say anything to the police. But you have a day's head start. OK?

Violet nods.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)  
See ya around.

The driver pulls away.

INT. DICKY FINN'S CHARTER FISHING - SAN DIEGO, CA - MORNING

The blinds are closed and lights are off. We can hear HUMMING, as--

DICKY FINN (40's, overweight, self-romantic drunk) lets himself in, sipping whiskey sheathed by a paper bag.

Dicky FLIPS the lights; halts at what he sees: VIOLET, behind the service counter, pointing her shotgun.

VIOLET  
Good morning.

INT. SMALL SCHOONER - PACIFIC OCEAN - MORNING

Violet sits at the bow, shotgun in hand.

An exhausted Dicky finishes adjusting the jib and lumbers over to the steering wheel. He plops down in front of the wheel, next to a paper bag.

Dicky reaches into the bag and glances at Violet. She NODS, and Dicky takes a swig.

VIOLET  
I didn't catch your name.

DICKY  
Yeah.

VIOLET  
Mine's Nikki. Nikki Nausbaum.

Dicky nods as though he's confirmed a suspicion.

DICKY  
Nausbaum. Jewish.

VIOLET  
Look, for whatever it's worth, I'm  
sorry I dragged you into this. I  
needed a boat to Mexico. Just  
happened to be yours.

DICKY  
You have no idea what I'd like to  
do to you right now.

Violet tightens her grip on the gun.

DICKY (CONT'D)  
First I'd teach you how to shoot  
that thing. You hold it like it  
won't kick you in the face soon as  
you fire. Then I'd put the barrel  
in my mouth, your finger on the  
trigger. You'd do what women always  
do, and fall off your high horse.  
And that's when I'd fuck you in  
your little kyke pussy. I'd tear it  
up, make a woman out of you. Over,  
and over, and over again.

Violet's can't even look at him. But after a beat, she does.  
She places the gun by her side and parts her legs.

VIOLET  
Come and get it, baby.

Dicky heaves in all his fat repugnance for just a moment. He  
SNATCHES up his whiskey and ambles over the stern.

Violet retakes her gun, smiles to herself. This is her first  
satisfaction since Shelly's death. She lets it linger.

Her relaxation gives way to tiredness - twenty hours of  
staying awake. Her eyes droop, then shoot open again. Then  
droop again.

CUT TO BLACK

FADE IN:

INT. SMALL SCHOONER - PACIFIC OCEAN - AFTERNOON

Violet sits asleep right where we left her. She blinks awake, gets her bearings.

DICKY (O.S.)  
Yes, that's right. Half hour tops.

Dicky mans the wheel while using the boat radio. The San Diego Bay lies ahead.

The sky looks ominous. Blackish clouds encircle all within several miles of the bay.

DICKY (CONT'D)  
(to phone)  
No, that won't be necessary.

Violet looks around for the gun: it's in Dicky's lap.

DICKY (CONT'D)  
Great, thank you.

INT. HARBOR MASTER'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

The HARBOR MASTER hangs up his desk phone, dials--

INT. COAST GUARD DISTRICT COMMANDER'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

San Diego's U.S.C.G. DISTRICT COMMANDER hangs up the phone. She dials--

INT. U.S.C.G. COMMANDANT'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

The U.S.C.G.'s COMMANDANT hangs up the phone, dials--

INT. OVAL OFFICE - WASHINGTON, DC - AFTERNOON

Colton stands with the President Blake. He hangs up his cell phone.

COLTON  
We got her.

INT. SMALL SCHOONER - PACIFIC OCEAN - AFTERNOON

Dicky hangs up the phone, remains facing the bay. His whiskey bottle, now empty, sits by his side.

Violet spots it, then tip-toes towards the bottle. After a few paces, Dicky SWIVELS around in his seat.

DICKY

You're awfully cute when you're asleep. Shame we can't spend more time together.

VIOLET

You want money? Get us to Mexico. I'll make you rich.

Dicky rises from his chair, stumbles towards Violet.

DICKY

With what, daddy's money? Nah, I don't think so... But maybe you got something else for me.

Violet looks to the bay: the ports get closer and closer. She rubs her belly.

Finally, she glances to the anchor. Then back at Dicky.

Dicky smiles, proceeds towards the anchor. He drops it.

DICKY (CONT'D)

Come here, bitch.

Dicky approaches Violet, DROPS the gun along the way. He palms the back of her head and thrusts her lips to his.

Violet moves them both towards the captain's seat. Once at the seat, Violet PUSHES Dicky down to sit. She straddles his lap.

Dicky clutches Violet's hips, Violet gnaws at his neck. She reaches her hands under his shirt, spreads her hands through his chest hair, then cups his crotch.

She slides down to her knees, kisses the outside of his pants.

Dicky already closes his eyes for the ecstasy to come.

Violet unbuttons Dicky's jeans, starts unzipping. Soon enough, she pulls them down to the floor.

While she's down there, she grabs the WHISKEY BOTTLE.

Dicky heaves with pre-fellatio anticipation. Eyes closed. Numb face. It's all about to happen.

SMASH! The bottle breaks over his head.



Dicky falls forward, about to go unconscious. But he regains his bearings, CONVULSES from a mixture of pain and full-blown fucking bull rage.

Violet scurries over to the shotgun. Dicky gets up to follow her, then TRIPS to the floor - the pants at his ankles.

Now he's immeasurably pissed. He kicks off the pants and shoots back up to his feet. Violet points the gun at him.

VIOLET

Stop it! Stop it right now!

Dicky charges forward. Violet PULLS the trigger, just as Dicky stops to take it... *click*. Empty.

Dicky SNATCHES away the shotgun and THRUSTS it towards Violet's face. She ducks just in time, then tries scampering away. Dicky PUSHES her forward in the direction she's headed.

She falls flat on her face.

Dicky straddles over her body, flips her to her back. He grabs her throat and BANGS her head to the floor. Then again.

Now he simply strangles her. Violet gags. Her cheeks quickly turn red, and from red to purple.

DICKY

Fucking cunt!

He BANGS her head to the floor again, then RELEASES. Violet inhales the deepest of breaths. Dicky marches back to the gun. He grabs it and reapproaches Violet.

Violet regains composure just in time to notice... DICKY POISED TO HAMMER IN HER FACE.

She turns away. Down comes the shotgun handle - just beside her. She scrambles to her feet.

Violet dashes for the bow. Dicky swings the gun at her. He hits the steering wheel. Splinters of the wheel's wood spill onto the floor.

One of them is a sizable triangle - dagger-esque.

Dicky thumps towards Violet. She's cornered at the bow, glancing around for escape plans. Nothing.

Dicky throws a punch at Violet's belly, but she blocks it.

Dicky SMACKS her across the face. Violet SHRIEKS, collapses to the floor. Dicky remains standing.

**ON THE FLOOR**, Violet's pain suddenly turns into adrenaline. Instincts take over, and she's a mother out to kill for her child.

She GRABS the sharp wood from the steering wheel, shoots up to her feet. And--

STABS the wood through his throat. It pierces his Adam's apple. Blood spills out.

Dicky's frozen in shock. He gasps. Soon enough, he drops to his knees. Violet remains standing, unashamed.

Dicky's eyes go vacant. He flops down like a hooked fish. DEAD. Blood pools around his neck.

Violet feels the quiet loneliness set in; Jekyll awakens from Hyde. She looks out to the docks.

Violet rushes over to the anchor line. She starts pulling.

EXT. SMALL SCHOONER - PACIFIC OCEAN - AFTERNOON

Ocean in all directions. It's pouring rain. The wind ROARS. Waves KICK the schooner about. A fierce storm.

Violet emerges over the edge of the boat, lifting Dicky's dead hands into view. Further down the edge, she lifts his feet over the lip as well.

She props his torso up. Then his legs. His waist hangs into the boat. But Violet pushes it off, sending his entire body into the ocean.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - WASHINGTON, DC - EVENING

Colton just walked in, Blake at his desk.

BLAKE

Where are they?

COLTON

Intelligence tracked Finn's phone to 30 kilometers west of the bay. That was just before the phone died.

BLAKE

Where they headed, Hawaii?

COLTON

I don't believe Finn's on board.  
We saw a sailing pattern  
inconsistent with someone of his  
experience.

BLAKE

As in, the boat was all over the  
place?

COLTON

And even if he was on board, taking  
orders, he wouldn't misdirect the  
boat like that. He'd know a small  
schooner wouldn't hold up and  
they'd both die. The waters are too  
violent.

BLAKE

So she's alone, out in the Pacific,  
with no sailing experience...

COLTON

As far as we know.

Colton waits for Blake to arrive at the same idea he has.  
Blake does, then considers...

BLAKE

Who'd you put on this?

COLTON

A friend in intelligence.

BLAKE

He know how to keep his mouth shut?

COLTON

Why do you think we're friends?

Blake smiles, relieved. He nods to Colton.

Colton pulls out his cell phone a dials...

COLTON (CONT'D)

(into phone)

It's done.

INT. SMALL SCHOONER - PACIFIC OCEAN - EVENING

Violet's boat sways in the raging storm. The jib's GONE.  
Water flows in and out.

Violet, drenched, holds the mainsail to keep her balance. She looks all around her, for something, someone to arrive.

It's cloudy, misty, indifferent.

She trudges over to the stern, crouches against the back wall. Hunched over her knees, protecting the belly.

VIOLET

I'm sorry.

CUT TO BLACK

FADE IN:

INT. HERNANDO'S BEDROOM - EL ESTANCO, MX - MORNING

Hernando, lying asleep, wakes up; stretches out his arms and rubs his eyes.

EXT. EL ESTANCO STREET - MORNING

Hernando walks alone, sporting a bathing suit and his toy airplane.

A SCHOOL BUS passes. Its occupants peer at him through the windows, looking down on the homeschooled kid. Some makes faces at him.

EXT. COASTLINE - EL ESTANCO, MEXICO - MORNING

Hernando, on the beach, tosses his airplane. It glides several yards, then lands on the sand. He chases after it.

HERNANDO

(to plane, in Spanish)

Quick! Before the world explodes!

BEHIND HERNANDO, Violet trudges into view from the shoreline. She collapses to her knees.

Hernando picks up the airplane. He prepares to throw again.

VIOLET

HEEEY!

Hernando turns around. Violet faints.

INT. BEDROOM - FELICIANO HOME - EL ESTANCO, MX - MORNING

Alone, Violet lies asleep in a cocoon of quilts and blankets. Only her face protrudes from linen heap.

She AWAKENS. Slowly at first, then in sudden alarm. She sheds her cocoon, gets up and proceeds towards the door.

Nina and Francisco argue on the other side. In a conversational lull, Violet BOLTS out the door.

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

Violet lies back in bed. Nina sits beside her. She spoonfeeds Violet some soup.

Hernando lingers in the doorway. He pulls at his ears and bulges his cheeks with breath.

VIOLET

Nina, do you know what 'accomplice' means?

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The TV flickers on. A news program appears.

Francisco awakens from sleep on the couch. He stretches, rubs his eyes, looks around for the remote.

W.H. PRESS SECRETARY

(delay dub in Spanish)

... is still at large, and is considered to be highly danger-

Francisco CLICKS off the TV.

INT. FELICIANO HOME - CONTINUOUS

Francisco stands in Violet's bedroom doorway. No one's there.

He paces over to the front door, opens it. FOOTPRINTS.

FRANCISCO

Nina!

EXT. FELICIANO HOME - MORNING

Nina emerges in a robe, exiting with Francisco.

NINA  
 (Spanish, subtitled)  
 You know when she left?

FRANCISCO  
 No idea. Woke up to this.

The two of them follow Violet's footprints, onto the town's main road.

EXT. MAIN ROAD

Nina and Francisco stray several yards from their home. Violet's footprints grow faint, perhaps nonexistent.

NINA  
 You catch her name?

FRANCISCO  
 No.

NINA  
 White girl! White girl, it's Nina!

The two of them continue down the road.

FRANCISCO  
 White girl! It's us, nothing to worry about! White girl!

A MOAN strikes morning's silence. Someone, a girl, experiences tremendous pain.

Nina and Francisco turn towards the sound; nothing but shrubs.

Another MOAN. Nina and Francisco peek around the shrubs.

It's Violet. She sits upright on the ground, wincing in pain. Trying to stay quiet only makes it worse. It's time.

NINA  
 (to Francisco)  
 Go find Pedro. We need the car!

Francisco dashes away. Nina rushes over to Violet, crouches down to the floor.

Violet's real problem stares Nina in the face: hypothermia. Her skin's returned to a bluish color. She quivers uncontrollably.

NINA (CONT'D)  
 You'll be OK. Everything's OK...  
 What is your name?

VIOLET  
 Nico-agh, no!... Violet... Reed.

INT. DELIVERY ROOM - HOSPITAL, MX - MORNING

Two MEXICAN NURSES burst inside with Violet, on a cot. An OBSTETRICIAN already waits for them, slapping on his gloves.

Violet shakes profusely, almost horrifically. She has ghostly skin and purplish lips. The obstetrician notices, as--

Nina BURSTS through the door, followed by two SECURITY GUARDS.

SECURITY GUARD  
 For the last time, family only.

NINA  
 She needs blankets, you idiot! She washed up on the beach!

The guards GRAB her, and drag her towards the door.

OBSTETRICIAN  
 Let her stay!

They release, and Nina approaches Violet.

OBSTETRICIAN (CONT'D)  
 (to Mexican Nurse 2)  
 Get Dr. Alvarado!

Mexican Nurse 2 rushes out. Violet WAILS again. It's coming. The obstetrician turns to Nina.

OBSTETRICIAN (CONT'D)  
 She speak Spanish?

NINA  
 Not enough.

OBSTETRICIAN  
 You speak English?

NINA  
 Enough.

OBSTETRICIAN  
 Tell her she's fully dilated.

NINA  
Uhh, you're completely open.

OBSTETRICIAN  
And that we're past the point of an  
epidural.

NINA  
No epidural.

OBSTETRICIAN  
I know how much this hurts.

Nina refuses to translate - 'no you don't.'

OBSTETRICIAN (CONT'D)  
But we need to start to push.

NINA  
You need to push now.

Violet nods. The obstetrician slides a nearby stool up to Violet's bed. He positions his hands between her legs.

OBSTETRICIAN  
(to Violet)  
One... two... Push!

She does. She immediately cripples. She didn't think the pain could get worse. And it just multiplied exponentially. She rests her head back to her pillow.

NINA  
Violet...

VIOLET  
I can't do it! I can't do it!

NINA  
I know, I know, but you've come so  
far.

Violet considers that, weeps and freezes all at once. Nina cradles her head, SHUSHES her like a mother would. She inhales deeply, as though to demonstrate how it's done.

NINA (CONT'D)  
Breathe... breathe... like last  
breaths and final pushes. Bring a  
child into the world.

Violet liked the sound of 'last breaths.' Something clicks.



NINA (CONT'D)  
 (to Obstetrician)  
 Ok.

OBSTETRICIAN  
 One... two... PUSH!

Violet ROARS now.

INT. ICU - HOSPITAL, MX

A young doctor, DR. ALVARADO, hurries down the hall.

INT. DELIVERY ROOM - HOSPITAL, MX

OBSTETRICIAN  
 The head has crowned. Tell her to  
 stop pushing! The head's crowned!

NINA  
 No pushing! No pushing!

VIOLET  
 What?

Dr. Alvarado pushes through the door. He approaches Violet,  
 stops at what he sees.

ALVARADO  
 (to Obstetrician)  
 Hypothermia. Plain as day.

OBSTETRICIAN  
 She's about to sweat an ocean.

ALVARADO  
 I agree, no quilts or blankets now.  
 But as soon as that baby's born,  
 we'll have to act fast. Last time I  
 saw what I just saw...

OBSTETRICIAN  
 What are you saying?

ALVARADO  
 That the heat of that baby... is  
 the only thing keeping her alive.

VIOLET  
 Doctor...

Both look to her.

VIOLET (CONT'D)  
I'm feeling numb. It's time to go.

The obstetrician nods. Alvarado heads for the door.

OBSTETRICIAN  
One... two... HARD PUSH!

Violet tightens, cringes. Massive amounts of pressure in her most sensitive area. Weightlifters' convulsions.

A slight rest.

OBSTETRICIAN (CONT'D)  
Very good. Now just take a-

Violet cringes, trying to PUSH again.

NINA  
Violet!

Violet SCREAMS in self-inflicted pain.

OBSTETRICIAN  
Here's the waist!

Violet reaches for, CLUTCHES Nina's hand. She takes a few short breaths, then CONTINUES. The obstetrician looks pleased with the result.

OBSTETRICIAN (CONT'D)  
Legs!

Violet vacuums up air, clutches Nina's hand even HARDER. She tightens, cringes, PUSHES for the last time.

This is it!

Violet MOANS in immeasurable pain. It lasts the length of a beat.

Until finally, BABY CRIES are heard.

NINA  
¡Dios mío!

Violet softens, looks to the obstetrician. He pulls up a magnificent little boy. The one we've all been waiting for.

Mexican Nurse 1 enters view, SNIPS off the umbilical cord.

Violet can't take her eyes off him. She gazes at every inch, takes him in.

Alvarado returns to the obstetrician with a blanket. He places the baby inside. Violet extends her arms.

The obstetrician presents her with the baby. Violet takes him in her arms. He bawls like newborns do.

Violet holds him up, kisses his cheek. She shushes him.

VIOLET

I'm here, baby... I'm right here.

Nina wells up. The obstetrician turns to the door: Alvarado and a couple of nurses wait with blankets and quilts.

NINA

What's his name?

VIOLET

(finds answer in his eyes)

Freddie. Freddie Reed.

Violet reveals a SMILE. The happiest moment of her life.

AT THE DOOR, Alvarado's grown impatient. The Obstetrician turns to Mexican Nurse 1 and nods.

MEXICAN NURSE 1

(to Nina, subtitled)

We need to treat her hypothermia.

NINA

(to Violet)

They'll take him while they treat you.

Violet closes her eyes, kisses her son's forehead. She lingers for a moment longer.

VIOLET

Bye for now, my sweet boy.

Mexican Nurse 1 edges a little closer. Then a bit closer. She realizes she'll have to take him from her. And she does.

Alvarado and the nurses finally rush in. One of the nurses wheels in a baby bed; places Freddie inside.

Violet watches the whole thing, then continues to keep her eyes on Freddie. ON her face, settling into a gaze on Freddie like people do to TV just before they fall asleep.

A nurse lays a blanket atop Violet's head; wraps another around her body.

Still gazing at her son, Violet begins to drift to sleep.

Alvarado lifts up Violet's shirt. He places electrodes around her chest. An accompanying heart monitor blinks awake with a slow pulse.

ALVARADO  
(in Spanish, subtitled)  
More blankets!

Violet's heart monitor FLASHES red and sounds an alarm.

ALVARADO (CONT'D)  
Defibrillator!

A nurse reaches under the heart monitor and grabs a defibrillator. Alvarado snatches away the handled electrodes and places them on Violet's body.

The heart monitor reads a FLATLINE.

Alvarado SHOCKS her.

Violet remains frozen in a smile...

He SHOCKS her again. Still nothing...

One last ZAP!

It does nothing but rattle a corpse...

Violet Reed is dead.

INT. WASHINGTON POST - WASHINGTON, DC - MORNING

A female REPORTER (30's) strolls through the bullpen. Her INTERN (20's) approaches with a manila envelope.

INTERN  
Elena, this came for you.

REPORTER  
Who's it from?

INTERN  
Michael Klein's office.

REPORTER  
Department of Coroner?

The intern checks the mailing sticker.

INTERN  
Yes.

REPORTER

I'm about to see him brief.

INTERN

(confused)

You want me to leave it on your desk?

REPORTER

No.

The reporter grabs the envelope.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

Thanks.

The intern turns away. The Reporter inspects the envelope.

INT. LIVING ROOM - FELICIANO HOME - EL ESTANCO, MX - NIGHT

Nina, Francisco and Hernando all sit on the living couch watching TV, Freddie Reed cradled in Nina's arms.

NEWS ANCHOR

(in Spanish, via TV)

Hello and welcome to the show. The United States was rocked to its core by this morning's White House press briefing, when Government Coroner Michael Klein accused the President of impregnating a former White house intern. The intern in question, Violet Reed...

Violet's photo appears on the newscast. The Feliciano family disbelieving...

ANCHOR

... was accused of kidnapping and armed robbery just three months ago. And authorities are currently investigating the possibility of bringing forth murder charges, pending further evidence illustrating how Violet escaped their grasps. In the meantime, press and public alike have shifted their attention to President Blake's alleged misconduct, specifically whether Mr. Klein's accusations carry any truth to them. Here's what he said at the briefing...

The newscast cuts to the briefing. Michael stands at the podium, troubled but resolute.

MICHAEL

Anyone who doubts this story can check my findings. Run another test. Maybe now the veil has been lifted so that the results of such a test won't be tampered with. I hope you prove me wrong, but I know I'm right. And I know that the American people would expect nothing less of me had they known I had this information.

EXT. DIRKSEN SENATE OFFICE BUILDING - WASHINGTON, DC - DAY

The President limo pulls up to the building. Supporters, protesters, tourists in countless numbers watch.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Most importantly, I think my girls expect nothing less. I love them more than I do anything or anybody. It's a privilege to have them and to love them. I'm sure the parents out there know what I mean.

INT. SENATE JUDICIARY COMMITTEE ROOM - WASHINGTON, DC - DAY

The President enters the room with his entourage. Onlookers shake their heads in scorn. In soundless montage...

- Flanked by White House counsel, the President sits down at a table before the Senate Judiciary Committee.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

As far as I can tell, President Blake has tried to deny Violet that privilege.

- The Committee members yell accusations and point fingers.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

And like a good mother, she's seen to it that tyrants don't destroy our children's lives, born or unborn.

EXT. CEMETERY - SOMEWHERE IN MARYLAND - AFTERNOON

A FUNERAL is underway. Freddie Westfall's portrait stands on an easel next to the gravesite.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

I only hope that this small act on my part helps her in her journey. And that those friends of hers who couldn't be here today...

EXT. PLATEAUS - DESERT, NM - EVENING

One last look at Shelly's burial site.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

... will one day receive their due vindication.

INT. SENATE JUDICIARY COMMITTEE ROOM - WASHINGTON, DC - DAY

- The President looks back to Colton, sitting in the audience.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Maybe the enemies, however many and however strong, can receive their due justice.

INT. LIVING ROOM - FELICIANO HOME - EL ESTANCO, MX - NIGHT

Nina, Francisco and Hernando watch the TV with keen interest.

MICHAEL

Violet... I don't know where you are or what you did to get there... but you're not alone. And if you already delivered, you have more company than you'll ever need. Good luck.

The anchor reappears onscreen. Hernando turns to his parents.

HERNANDO

(Spanish, subtitled)  
What happened?

EXT. FELICIANO HOME - AFTERNOON

At the front door, a hand emerges, KNOCKS. Francisco and Nina, carrying Freddie, open up.

The man's revealed to be white, suited and generally important-looking. U.S. Ambassador ANTHONY TRULLO (40's).

They all speak Spanish, with English subtitles.

TRULLO  
Mr. and Mrs. Feliciano?

FRANCISCO  
Francisco. Thanks for coming over.

TRULLO  
Thanks for calling.

NINA  
Please, come in.

INT. KITCHEN

The three of them sit around the table.

TRULLO  
I want you to know, no one knows about this meeting. And everything that's said here is off the record.

NINA  
Violet trusted nobody.

TRULLO  
And you're looking out for her interests, understood. Now let's consider the child: a President's son conceived out of wedlock. A born celebrity, no?

FRANCISCO  
I thought he resigned.

TRULLO  
Not yet. To be honest, nobody really knows who's in charge right now. People are upset, and need to take out their anger on something. Someone.

Trullo looks to Freddie. Nina notices, shakes her head.

NINA  
Blake!



TRULLO

What about the homewrecker? See, conservative groups won't target their own, and with Violet... umm, passed... they'll seek out her next of kin.

Nina and Francisco look to little Freddie, then shoot Trullo looks of disbelief.

TRULLO (CONT'D)

Violet's last known relative died little over a week ago. Her mother.

NINA

So what about Freddie?

TRULLO

That's what I'm driving at. He's a Mexican citizen. No one to parent him in the States. Maybe he can stay.

Nina and Francisco read Trullo's face just right.

FRANCISCO

You're suggesting...

TRULLO

I'm game if you are. It would involve some record-fudging and a few name changes. But it can work.

Nina smiles, almost tears. She glances into the adjoining bedroom. Hernando lies on the bed, reading. Alone.

FRANCISCO

Mr. Trullo... I know what Nina's answer is. And honestly, I want it too. But as far as-

TRULLO

You'll receive all the financial support necessary from our Embassy.

Francisco smiles, turns to his wife.

FRANCISCO

Yeah?

NINA

(to Trullo, in English)

Yes.

INT. CEMETERY - EL ESTANCO, MX - AFTERNOON

From the entrance gate, it's clear that this is a small community graveyard. Quiet, no one around.

**SUPER: 7 YEARS LATER**

A 7 year-old Caucasian boy enters the gate. He approaches a small tombstone that lacks any sort of distinction from the others. Looks-wise, he's definitely his mother's son.

It is, in fact, FREDDIE REED (7).

Freddie kneels before a tombstone reading, **V. REED; 1997 - 2017**

FREDDIE REED

It's my birthday today! I'm seven now. Well, it's also the day you... Sorry.

Freddie plays with his fingers.

FREDDIE REED (CONT'D)

I'm going surfing! Hernando's taking me. Nina didn't let me till now. "Too young," she said. Then we're seeing a movie!

He searches for more news.

FREDDIE REED (CONT'D)

I got A's in English. Cause I'm white, like you were. That's what teacher says. Did you get A's in English?... I wish you could answer.

(beat)

I'm reading grown-up books. I read about you. Well, Nina helped. But I understood.

(beat)

If you hear me now... Thank you. Lots. I'm sorry, I don't know the words...

He grows a bit upset, then discovers the magic words.

FREDDIE REED (CONT'D)

I love you. I love you, mommy. And I'm sorry you are away.

A bicycle bell RINGS from around the corner. Freddie turns.

It's Hernando, now 15. He rides a pegged bike with a surf board under his arm. The bike rounds the nearest street corner, parks in front of the cemetery.

FREDDIE REED (CONT'D)  
I should go now.

Freddie crawls over to the tombstone; kisses it.

FREDDIE REED (CONT'D)  
I'll see you next time I come.  
You're always here.

Freddie sprints away; exits through the gate. He hops on the pegs of Hernando's bike. They ride away.

PAN, THEN PUSH IN ON...

Violet's tombstone. Her name slowly but surely envelops the frame. And just when it does, we--

CUT TO BLACK

THE END

ROCCO GIAMATTEO