

OF SOUND AND FURY

Written by

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*ALL MUSIC FEATURED IN THIS SCRIPT ARE FOR DRAMATIC PURPOSES ONLY.

Blackness

FEMALE VOICES, lush and sensual float out of the darkness.

WYNOLA (V.O.)

Man stands center stage...Spends time fussing over his look, while fools tell the tale delighting in the boisterousness of his display.

LULA (V.O.)

Yeah, but it don't mean nothin' no how... So why bother?

FADE IN

INT-BEDROOM-DAY:JUST BEFORE SUNRISE

The sun begins to creep in through the spaces between the heavy drapes covering what appears to be a wall of glass. In the dim light, a deep, almost purple brown lipstick is artfully applied to a set of small, but full lips. A small CLICK is heard and the lips begin to lip-synch Annie Lennox's version of "No More I Love You's"*.

SONG

*I used to be lunatic. From the
gracious days...*

Black silk stockings are pulled onto a set of shapely cafe au lait legs.

SONG (CONT'D)

*I used to be weebegone, and have
restless nights...*

A shiny black trench coat is slipped over a petite frame and belted.

SONG (CONT'D)

*My aching heart would bleed for you
to see...*

Small feet slip into black patent leather pumps with three-inch stiletto heels.

SONG (CONT'D)

*Oh but now, I don't find myself
bouncing home whistling my
conscience to make Me cry...No more
I love yous...The language is
leaving me...*

A black chiffon scarf is tied over dark brown curls tinged with copper and gold. Large, grayish brown eyes check out their image in a mirrored compact before turning their attention to the NAKED WHITE MALE in his early 30's handcuffed to chair just a few feet away, a small circle of light surrounding him. His blue eyes wide with distress, STEVEN BECKETT struggles to breathe with his mouth and nose taped over.

SONG (CONT'D)

*No more I love you's; the language
is leaving me in silence.*

Picking up a nine millimeter Barretta from the dresser, MELIA attaches a silencer to it and approaches Steven.

She climbs onto his lap, playfully kissing his nose and cheeks as she lowers the gun.

SONG (CONT'D)

*No one ever speaks about the
monsters...*

She shoots out his left kneecap. Steven's eyes fill with tears as he desperately tries to get free.

SONG (CONT'D)

*I used to have demons in my moonlit
nights... Desire... Despair... Desire,
so many monsters. Oh but now...*

Melia begins to stroke herself as she runs the gun over Steven's body. Becoming highly aroused by his fear and pain.

SONG (CONT'D)

*No more I love you's; the language
is leaving me... No more I love
yous. The language is leaving me in
silence...*

She shoots out the other kneecap. Steven GROANS PITEOUSLY as Melia covers his face in kisses, smearing him with lipstick.

SONG (CONT'D)

***No more I love you's; changes are
shifting outside the world...***

One last kiss and she's off his lap. Skipping over to the bed, she picks up a shiny black hatbox from the floor, heads to the stereo.

She sets the hatbox on the floor, opens it and sets the timer on the crudely made explosive device for 5 minutes. Turning the box to face Steven, Melia repairs her lipstick, smiling sweetly, she presses the "on" button.

She takes a pair of black cats eye sunglasses from her coat pocket, puts them on, blows Steven a kiss, then leaves.

SONG (CONT'D)

***Everybody was being really crazy
Mummy... They were being really
crazy...And there were monsters
outside...***

Skipping her way through the house, Melia appears to have no interest in the fine art and rich furnishings that fill the house, or the views of the lake and woods that surround the house from the walls of glass that dominate the first floor.

SONG (CONT'D)

***No more I love you's; the language
is leaving me in silence...***

Once outside the door, Melia takes a small plaque from her coat pocket, places it in the mailbox set at the end of the small footbridge that leads back to the house. On closer inspection it is easy to see that the plaque reads "Vengeance is Mine".

Melia gets into the red convertible sitting in the driveway. Once settled behind the wheel, she begins to masturbate in earnest. Her BREATH coming out in FRANTIC GASPS as she nears her climax.

There is an EXPLOSION FROM INSIDE THE HOUSE as Melia reaches her orgasm. Shards of glass fly everywhere, and begin to rain down.

The house begins to burn; Melia quickly collects herself before driving off as the sun rises over the lake.

CUT TO:

INT-BEDROOM-NIGHT

JAMES MARWOOD lies in bed. Propped up by pillows as he swigs beer and watches television. He BELCHES LOUDLY as he scratches the huge belly which mars the shape of what was once a rather handsome Black man.

Using the remote, he turns the SOUND UP as he sees the photo of Steven Beckett on the NEWS.

REPORTER

Again, actor Steven Beckett is dead... His body was found by firefighters putting out the blaze that nearly destroyed his Crystal Lake home yesterday morning. He'd apparently been shot and then handcuffed to a chair before his house was set on fire... While several neighbors recall hearing the explosion. Which took out the rear end of the house. No one saw or heard anything before, or after the blast. Police are asking that if anyone has any information that they call the follo-

James turns the SOUND DOWN when he hears the SOUND OF HIS FRONT DOOR BEING OPENED.

JAMES

Louise?... You home a mite early ain't ya?... I guess you heard about Steven Beckett gettin' whacked... Guess your precious Reverend Tom is feeling a little sorry for himself right about now... Not like he didn't have this comin'... Louise?. Where the hell-

There is total silence from the other side of the closed door. James shifts uneasily on the bed, but he does not get up.

JAMES (CONT'D)

LOUISE?...Bitch don't-

James' mouth drops open as Melia, dressed in a black satin bra and thong slowly makes her way into the room.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Melia?... I thought you weren't
 comin' round here no more...

Melia takes a tentative step back as James Hungrily looks her over.

JAMES (CONT'D)
 Ain't no sense in actin' all shy...
 Not when you walk up in here
 lookin' like that. ... Now come on
 over here... Let me get a **good** look
 at you.

Melia smiles shyly as she slowly makes her way to the bed.

JAMES (CONT'D)
 That's it, come show James the one
 thing you're good for.

James LAUGHES WOLFISHLY as Melia comes closer. He reaches out for her, totally unaware of the taser she's holding behind her back.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT-APT BUILDING: ENGLEWOOD-NIGHT

The city street; a depressing patchwork of dilapidated gray stone buildings and vacant lots is dark and foreboding as a small car drives up the street, stopping at the building sitting in the middle of the block.

GOSPEL MUSIC drifts out into the night as a HEAVY SET BLACK WOMAN in her early 50's gets out of the passenger side of the car.

She walks with a slight limp as she comes around to the driver's side of the car to hug the HEAVY SET BLACK WOMAN sitting behind the wheel.

DRIVER
 You take care now sister Marwood,
 tell James we're praying for him.

LOUISE MARWOOD hugs the driver before heading to the building's basement entrance.

Half waddling, half limping, she makes her way down the stairs, opens the door and steps into darkness.

LOUISE
James?!... Why are all-

The door SLAMS SHUT behind her as Louise is thrown to the floor.

LOUISE (CONT'D)
Please!... Don't hurt me!

The light comes on and Louise finds herself looking up at Melia now dressed in a shiny black catsuit, gun in hand.

LOUISE (CONT'D)
Sweet Jesus!... Melia.

Melia motions for Louise to get up. The older woman complies as best she can.

LOUISE (CONT'D)
Melia Honey, where's James?

Melia signals for Louise to be quiet as she turns on the stereo and the apartment is filled with the sound of Proco Harem's "Whiter Shade Of Pale"

Using the gun, Melia herds Louise towards the rear of the apartment as she begins to lip-sync.

SONG
*We skipped the light fandango,
 turned cartwheels 'round the
 floor... I was feelin' kind of
 seasick, but the crowd yelled out
 for more...*

Louise' eyes go wide as she opens the bedroom door only to see James lying unconscious and tied to the bed.

She begins to cry when her eyes fall on the huge bloody gash where his genitals used to be.

LOUISE
My God Melia, what have you done?

SONG
*The room was haulin' harder, as the
 ceiling flew away... And
 when we called out for another
 drink, well the waiter brought
 a tray...*

Louise tries to turn and get out of the room. Melia hits her on the head with the butt of the gun, stunning her.

SONG (CONT'D)
*So it was why./Later, as the Miller
 told his tale...*

She drags the unconscious Louise to the bed.

SONG (CONT'D)
*That her face at first just
 ghostly, turned a whiter
 shade of pale...*

Though it takes a bit of effort on her part. Melia succeeds in getting Louise face down and on top of James.

SONG (CONT'D)
*She said there was no reason, and
 the truth was plain to see...*

After handcuffing her to James, she slaps Louise once or twice to bring her to.

SONG (CONT'D)
*But, I'd wandered through my
 playing cards and would not let her
 be... One of sixteen Vestal Virgins,
 who were heading for the coast.*

LOUISE
 Melia, for the love of God!

Melia takes a baseball bat from beneath the bed.

She slides her tongue along the length of the bat, paying extra attention to the tip before lifting it over her head and bringing it down with all her might on Louise's back.

CUT TO:

INT-CATHEDRAL-DAWN

Early morning light filtering in through stained glass windows mingling with the glow of hundreds of candles gives the interior of the cathedral a very peaceful, yet surreal feeling, as if it were a place set apart from the harsh reality of day-to-day life.

Kneeling at a pew near the altar, DET SGT WYNOLA GREY bows her head and begins to finger a small pearl rosary.

WYNOLA
 Hail Mary full of grace. The Lord
 is with Thee....Blessed art Thou
 among women and Blessed is the
 fruit of Thy womb, Jesus. Holy
 Mary, mother of God. Pray for us
 sinners now and at the moment
 of our death.

She repeats the prayer over and over again, drawing strength with each repetition.

CUT TO:

EXT-YARD-DAWN

DET SGT LULA MAE LOWE breaks the pre-dawn hush as she picks up a quarterstaff and begins to practice a precise series of blocks and lunges.

Sweat pours off her smooth olive skin as she enthusiastically goes through her workout.

The clock on the porch begins to CHIME, she takes a moment to calm herself before putting away her staff and heading inside.

CUT TO:

INT-BEDROOM-DAY

In the last few silent moments of the morning, Wynola slips a gray blazer over matching slacks and a cream colored shell. Her husband JONATHAN kisses her on the cheek as she puts on her lipstick.

She presses her head against his before unlocking a plain metal box and removing her 9mm Beretta and putting it into her shoulder holster.

Jonathan is visibly uneasy, Wynola squeezes his hand. The moment quickly passes as TWO CHILDREN, CHARLES 10 and TABITHA 8 rush in and give their parents enthusiastic hugs.

TABITHA

You forgot to put your phone on the charger Mama. I did it for you, though.

CHARLES

I put a fresh screen protector on it!

WYNOLA

You two take such good care of me.

JONATHAN

Geeks, the lot of you.

TABITHA

You still mad 'cause I beat you
playing "Call of Duty" last night,
Daddy?

Wynola GIGGLES as she gets her wallet and puts it into the
breast pocket of her coat. She then starts herding everyone
towards the living room and the front door.

WYNOLA

Time for Mom and Dad to go earn
their paychecks.

The kids get their jackets and schoolbags; Jonathan picks up
his briefcase at the door.

WYNOLA (CONT'D)

Jon, you remember to take that
lasagna out of the freezer?

JONATHAN

It's thawing as we speak-Did you
remember to pay the cable and drop
off the dry cleaning?

WYNOLA

Sho'nuff!

JONATHAN

We are **so** good.

They share a quick kiss as everyone heads to the family car:
an orange Volvo.

TABITHA-CHARLES

Bye Mama! **Get the bad guys!**

Wynola smiles as she puts them into the car.

WYNOLA

You're the only bad guys I see.

JONATHAN

Be careful Baby, come home.

He gives her one last kiss before getting into the car and
starting it up.

As Jonathan pulls away from the curb, Lula pulls up in a
black Prius and waves at the family as Wynola gets in and
takes the cup of coffee from the door tray.

INT-CAR

Wynola checks out Lula's outfit of cobalt blue blazer, cream shirt, black stretch pants and low-heeled black leather ankle boots.

WYNOLA
 Lookin' good Girlie... What's on the agenda for today?

Lula pulls out, heads down the street.

LULA
 Not much... Folks got killed and it's up to us to find the guilty party.

Wynola turns on the radio. A rich, POUNDING MAMBO BEAT fills the car. She cocks an eyebrow at Lula who merely shrugs.

LULA (CONT'D)
 You need prayers and coffee, I need Tito Puente.

WYNOLA
 Fine by me, just don't sing.

LULA
 Now you **know** that wasn't nice... I guess it's time to learn you some manners.

WYNOLA
 Don't go there Lula.

Lula TAPS A COMMAND on her phone which then syncs up with the car's stereo.

WYNOLA (CONT'D)
 Don't make me hurt you.

Lula makes a selection from her phone's "Music Folder, taps "play" and the car stereo now blasts out "Sugar, Sugar" by The Archies*.

Wynola puts her head in her hands and GROANS as Lula sings along LOUD AND OFFKEY.

LULA-SONG
 Sugar... Ah, honey honey...You are my candy girl, and you got me wanting you!

Wynola presses her face against the glass and mouths "Call the police" to Passers By as Lula LAUGHS MANIACALLY.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT-HOUSE-DAY

DR PETER SUSSKIND WHISTLES A HAPPY TUNE as he enters his neat and quiet West Side home, his blue eyes sparkling.

He casually throws his jacket onto a chair and stops dead at the sight of the older, taller version of himself standing in the middle of the room.

DR. REGINALD SUSSKIND stands still and straight, his blue eyes cloudy.

PETER

Okay dad, I give up....How'd I screw up this time?

DR. SUSSKIND

You were gone all weekend.... You did not return any of my messages.

PETER

Well it's kind of hard to talk on the phone when you've got your head between someone's legs Dad...
'Course, you'd have to be human to-

DR. SUSSKIND

Peter!!!.... Steven Beckett is dead... Executed.

PETER

And, you think I did it?

DR. SUSSKIND

Peter, I want you to take some time off.... Come stay with me.

PETER

Excuse me?

DR. SUSSKIND

You live all alone in this-

PETER

What drug are you on?

Dr. Susskind wordlessly stares at his son.

Peter picks up his jacket from the chair.

PETER (CONT'D)
I've gotta shower and then get to
work... If you decide to tell me
what's going on before the end of
this century, call me.

Peter STOMPS to his bedroom, SLAMS the door. Dr. Susskind
maintains his silence as he lights a cigarette.

CUT TO:

INT-STUDY-DAY

PASTOR THOMAS BECKETT, his thick brown hair graying at the
temples, sits at his large mahogany desk. His eyes fill with
tears as he stares up at the rough-hewn cross nailed to wall
opposite him.

He absently runs his finger over a small stack of letters in
front of him.

He nearly jumps out of his chair as his son WILLIAM, a carbon
copy of his father and his DAUGHTER-IN-LAW VIRGINIA; 8 months
pregnant come to stand behind him.

Virginia's grey eyes take in the letters before Rev. Beckett
can place them into a small basket on the desk.

WILLIAM
We need to make arrangements for
Steven's-

PASTOR BECKETT
God forgive me!

William takes his father in his arms as he begins to cry. He
motions for Virginia to leave.

PASTOR BECKETT (CONT'D)
Sins of the father!... I've killed
him Bill, I've damned us all!

Virginia manages to take the letters as she leaves without
either man noticing.

Rev. Beckett CRIES LIKE A SMALL CHILD as William cradles him
in his arms, rocking him gently.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT-APT BUILDING:ENGLEWOOD-DAY

Lula flashes her badge as she and Wynola make their way past CURIOUS ONLOOKERS and a VERY NERVOUS MAN standing next to a UNIFORMED OFFICER and enter the building's basement apartment.

INT-LIVING ROOM

Inside, a FORENSICS TEAM combs the apartment for clues. Lula and Wynola carefully make their way inside, acknowledging the greetings from the team.

NORMAN RIDLEY, A BLACK MALE UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICER IN HIS EARLY 40's approaches them, his attitude jovial.

OFFICER RIDLEY

Ladies... Sweet ladies, have we got a show for you today.

LULA

Norman, anybody ever tell you that you enjoy your job just a bit too much?

Norman LAUGHS GOOD-NATUREDLY as he leads them to the bedroom.

Wynola takes out her tablet, begins inputting data. The UNIFORMED OFFICERS, all male look upon the women with either awe or distain. Lula and Wynola appear not to notice.

OFFICER RIDLEY

The victims are James and Louise Maywood, 57 and 53 respectively. No sign of forced entry-Or theft.

WYNOLA

So the killer was either let in, or had a key. He knew them.

OFFICER RIDLEY

Well, he might have known them, but he sure didn't like 'em.

Norman steps aside so that the two women can enter the bedroom.

Lula stops in the doorway. Wynola crosses herself as they each get a look of what's left of the two bodies on the bed.

THE MEDICAL EXAMINER takes the gore-splattered baseball bat and places it into an evidence bag.

The MEDICAL EXAMINER waves them over as Louise's handcuffs are removed.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Mrs. Marwood here was used for batting practice... There isn't a single limb in this woman's body that hasn't been broken several times.

LULA

You think Mr. Marwood was alive while his wife was beaten?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

I hope not.

Louise' body is lifted from James' and placed in a body bag. All the men shift uneasily when they see James. Lula for her part looks at Louise as an EXAMINER carefully removes the tape from her mouth.

OFFICER RIDLEY

I'm not taking my butt out to some field to look for-

LULA

Perhaps that's Mr. Marwood's penis in Mrs. Marwood's mouth?

Norman and the other men seem to pale a bit as James' genitals are taken from Louise' mouth and put into an evidence bag.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

I don't think they were trying to spice up their love life-How about the rest of you?

Lula and Wynola roll their eyes and stifle giggles as the men squirm.

The ME begins to take a look at James.

MEDICAL EXAMINER (CONT'D)

Mr. Marwood's got several burn marks and contusions on his abdomen and chest. My guess is someone used a taser on him.

LULA

So, the killer gets into the apartment.

(MORE)

LULA (CONT'D)

Comes in here, stuns James, several times, ties him to the bed. Does him in, and then, waits for Louise.

OFFICER RIDLEY

How do you know the killer had to wait?

WYNOLA

No serious signs of struggle outside the bed, and there was a church bulletin and a program for evening services sitting on the coffee table next to Louise' handbag.

Lula goes into the bathroom.

WYNOLA (CONT'D)

Norman, did anyone hear or see anything?

OFFICER RIDLEY

Not a thing-at least, nothing anyone is willing to talk about.

LULA (O.S.)

The bathroom's clean-In fact, it's a little **too** clean... Who called this in?

OFFICER RIDLEY

Landlord called it in after he came by to collect the rent and no one answered the door.

LULA

So, he just let himself in did he? I take it he's that skittish-looking gentleman we passed on our way in?

OFFICER RIDLEY

Name's Sol Adjawri, owns this and the only other building on this side of the block as well.

Lula comes out of the bathroom, Wynola jots a quick note on her tablet.

The Medical Examiner and their CREW get James' body off the bed.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Uh, Wynola, Lu, I think you better have a look at this.

They turn James over, taped to his back is a laminated sheet of paper that reads, "Vengeance is Mine", with two sets of names and addresses underneath.

The ME takes the sheet, places it in a bag and hands it to Wynola. Lula looks over her shoulder

LULA

Beckett?... Wasn't that guy that got whacked on Saturday named Beckett?

WYNOLA

Uh huh, Steven Beckett. He's an actor.

LULA

And this Reverend Thomas Beckett?

WYNOLA

Father, or brother perhaps-but what connection could he possibly have with the Marwood's-And who is Dr. Reginald Susskind? Has anyone found an address book-any indication of next of kin?

Everyone begins to carefully look around.

Lula goes over to the dresser, finds a small flowered book taped to the back of the mirror.

LULA

I take it someone's trying to tell us something.

WYNOLA

Tell me you've got something of value there.

Lula flips through the book.

LULA

How about Trevor Marwood-According to this, he lives in Chatham.

Lula takes down the address, hands the book over to Norman, who puts it into an evidence bag.

Wynola makes a final entry on her tablet before turning it off.

LULA (CONT'D)
 Why don't we head over to Trevor
 Marwood's. Tell him what's
 happened?

WYNOLA
 Sounds like a plan.

They leave the apartment, stopping to speak to SOL ADJAWRI,
 who stands nervously beside a UNIFORMED OFFICER, doing his
 best to look inconspicuous.

WYNOLA (CONT'D)
 (Flashes her badge)
 Mr. Adjawri? I'm Detective Grey,
 this is my partner, detective
 Lowe, we'd like to ask you a few-

SOL ADJAWRI
 Look, I tell you the same thing I
 told the Officer. I came to
 get the rent check-like I always
 do. I ring the bell, she-

LULA
 Mrs. Marwood?

SOL ADJAWRI
 Yes, she doesn't answer, but I hear
 this loud music playing. I think
 maybe he is there, drinking again-
 He's always drinking...He wasn't a
 very friendly man-even at the best
 of times. But she, she was a nice
 lady. She never bothered anyone.
 Just spent all her time taking care
 of him and going to church-Who
 could...

WYNOLA
 Do you know of anyone who might
 have wanted to hurt the Marwoods
 for any reason?

SOL ADJAWRI
 No one, she was a sweet lady-Never
 had anything bad to say about
 anyone. She just went to church and
 took care of **him** all day.

LULA
 Well, maybe there was someone in
 the neighborhood that didn't
 like Mr. Marwood?

SOL ADJAWRI

He never spoke to anybody that I know of. He didn't even like to answer the door-Made her do everything...She was such a sweet lady..

Lula turns to Wynola.

LULA

I have a feeling that we've gotten as much out of Mr. Adjawri as we're ever going to get.

Wynola nods, hands Mr. Adjawri her card.

WYNOLA

Thank you very much for your assistance Mr. Adjawri. Feel free to call me if you think of anything else.

They make their way to the car being very careful to avoid the NEWS CREW and ONLOOKERS who stay a discreet distance from the crime scene.

INT-CAR

Wynola goes back to checking her data as Lula drives.

WYNOLA

The news reports said Steven Beckett was handcuffed naked to a chair and was shot in both kneecaps before he got blown up.

LULA

Yeah, the detective involved said it looked like an execution of some sort.

WYNOLA

He wasn't executed, he was punished... So were the Marwoods.

LULA

"Vengeance is Mine", the killer thinks he's God?

WYNOLA

Acting on God's behalf more likely.

LULA

So, a Black couple in Englewood, a rich, White actor living On the North Shore, his minister father and a Michigan Avenue Psychiatrist share something in common.... Some guilt or sin they're being punished for...Any ideas on what that could be?

WYNOLA

No, but the killer's bettin' we're smart enough to find out.

LULA

I've got this sick feeling that the more we find out about this case, the less we're gonna want to know.

INT-LOFT-DAY

Bright light pours in through the skylights of the huge loft space with its red brick walls and hardwood floors. The loft though small has neatly defined areas for working out, photography, drawing and dress-making.

Ravel's "Pavane For A Dead Princess" plays on the stereo system as Melia, dressed simply in a black leotard, chemise skirt and ballet shoes stands at the small bar set into a wall on the far side of the loft.

As the music begins, it's melody slow, meditative, she begins to move hesitantly, as if she's unsure of herself.

Melia stops for a moment to calm herself. Her eyes scan the many large-scale charcoal drawings hanging banner-like from the ceiling.

Closer inspection reveals the subject of each of each piece is Melia herself. Her image done in a photo realistic style is mutilated over and over again.

Gripping the bar tightly, Melia closes her eyes, allowing herself to focus on the deceptively simple, yet haunting melody. She settles herself into the classic "First Position pose for ballet: Body straight and tall, heels together toes pointed outward. She lifts her left arm and begins to move, taking small, tentative steps, she goes from simple exercises to actual dance moves. Never venturing too far from the comforting solidity of the bar.

Soon enough, she begins to lose herself in the music, moving further from the bar until she seems to no longer be aware of it.

Melia performs a series of elegant spins that move her to the center of the small dance area she's laid out for herself in the loft. Swept away by the melody, delighting in the strength of her body, Melia executes a perfect arabesque. Her face aglow, the very air around her seems electric as she leaps and spins about the room no longer worrying about the confines of one small area.

The loft appears bathed in light until Melia stops in front of one piece, her eyes drawn to the tiny drawing in her left eye of Louise and James Marwood.

The world around Melia seems to dim as she is suddenly assaulted by "VOICES" from another time, another place.

JAMES (V.O.)

Ya little ho', I'll teach you to try and tell something.

LOUISE (V.O.)

Please James just her be!.... Why'd you have to touch her anyway?

JAMES (V.O.)

Touch her? I'll do more than touch her! Where the hell are you? Get back over here woman and bring me that tape!

YOUNG MELIA

Mama please!.... **Don't let him do this!.... God, God!**

The Child's SCREAMS ECHOING in her head, tears streaming down her cheeks. Melia tears the picture to shreds, covering herself in charcoal.

CUT TO:

INT-TREVOR MARWOOD'S HOME-DAY

In the neat living room of his house, filled with old, but well-cared for furnishings, TREVOR MARWOOD sits staring at the image on his television screen of his brother's building.

TELEVISION REPORTER

Neighbors of the couple say that James Marwood stayed home most days and kept to himself.

(MORE)

TELEVISION REPORTER (CONT'D)

His wife Louise is a retired psychiatric nurse who was active in her church-

Trevor jumps at the SOUND of the DOORBELL. He quickly calms himself as he gets up and goes to the door to let Lula and Wynola in as they show their badges.

WYNOLA

Mr. Marwood, I'm Detective Grey, this is my partner-

She stops when she catches sight of the newscast.

WYNOLA (CONT'D)

We ... Had hoped to tell you ourselves.

Turning off the television via the remote control, Trevor motions for the two women to sit down. Defeated, he settles down on the sofa.

Wynola sits down across from him while Lula checks out the numerous pictures of Trevor, James, Louise and others in younger, happier days.

TREVOR

Will I need to go and identify them?

He begins to choke up.

LULA

My partner and I can go with you if you'd like... Right now, though we need to ask you a few questions... Do you know of anyone who might have a reason to blame your brother and his wife for anything?

Trevor hesitates before answering.

TREVOR

Blame them?

WYNOLA

We believe the killer may feel he was punishing them.

TREVOR

Punishing?-Do you have any idea what for?

LULA

We were hoping you might be able to help with that.

Trevor looks down, shakes his head.

WYNOLA

Did your brother or his wife know Steven Beckett, or **Reverend** Thomas Beckett?

Trevor looks up.

LULA

Steven Beckett was killed the day before your brother and his wife.

WYNOLA

We think their murders are connected. We found Reverend Beckett's name and address at your brother's apartment. Along with that of a Dr. Reginald Susskind-Do you know either of these men, Mr. Marwood?

TREVOR

No, I don't.... Have you talked to them?

WYNOLA

Not yet.

Lula picks up a photo of Louise and a very pretty 7YEAR OLD BLACK GIRL with sad eyes.

LULA

Who's the little girl with Louise in this picture?

Trevor looks at the picture. His eyes troubled.

TREVOR

Th... that's Melia... Louise' daughter.

Lula passes the picture to Wynola.

WYNOLA

How long ago was that picture taken?

She offers the picture to Trevor; he refuses to take it.

TREVOR
Over 20 years ago.

WYNOLA
Where is Melia now?

TREVOR
She's been gone a long time now.

WYNOLA
Oh, I'm sorry...

She takes a card from her coat pocket.

WYNOLA (CONT'D)
Please call me if you need
anything.

She places the picture on the coffee table in front of Trevor as she and Lula move towards the front door.

Trevor stares sadly at the photo for a moment before getting to his feet. Lula stops and turns towards him.

LULA
Mr. Marwood, how long were James
and Louise married?

TREVOR
35 years. Why?

LULA
Nothing. Just. Curious.

She turns and follows Wynola out to the car.

Trevor closes the door, goes back to the photo of Louise and Melia. He knocks it to the floor, shattering the glass.

CUT TO:

INT-CAR

Lula pulls away from the curb.

LULA
He didn't tell us half of what he
knew.

WYNOLA
As in: If the Marwoods were married
35 years, how come he said Melia
was **Louise**' daughter?

LULA

Among other things... I got a bad feeling about this one.

She taps a command on her phone. The car is soon filled with the voice of Tina Turner singing "Private Dancer".

SONG

*The men come in these places, and
the men are all the same...
You don't look at their faces, and
you don't ask their names...*

Wynola pulls out her tablet and begins inputting data.

SONG (CONT'D)

*You don't think of them as human,
you don't think of them at
all... You keep your mind on the
money... Keeping your eyes
on the wall...*

CUT TO:

EXT-BECKETT HOME-DAY

Lula edges her car through the THRONG OF REPORTERS AND ONLOOKERS who've gathered outside the gates of Reverend Beckett's North Kenwood home.

SONG

*Deutsche marks, a dollar. American
Express will do nicely thank you...
Let me loosen up your collar. Tell
me, do you wanna see me do the
shimmy again?*

Wynola shows her badge to the OFFICER at the gate and is waved through.

Lula parks her car in front of the sprawling Victorian grey stone mansion

SONG (CONT'D)

*Well, the men come in these places,
and the men are all the same.*

They get out of the car, head for the door.

LULA

God has been good to this man.

WYNOLA

Check that okay?... Besides, Steven Beckett bought this house.

LULA

Well, we **all** know what God thought of him don't we?

WYNOLA

Didn't your Mama ever tell you God'll get you when you're ugly?

LULA

You'll notice I took **extra** care with my makeup this morning.

Wynola shakes her head, smiles as she RINGS the DOORBELL. Moments later, a DOOR FACED WOMAN in her late 50s answers.

Lula shows her badge.

WYNOLA

Good afternoon, I'm Detective Low. This is my partner, Detective Grey. Is Reverend Beckett in?

The woman draws herself up to her full height. Her Irish accent tinged with disdain.

WOMAN

The Reverend has **already** given his statement, thank you.

Lula takes DEEP BREATH before speaking again.

LULA

Yes and we are sorry for his loss, but, **we** need to speak with him.

WOMAN

My concern is with the needs of the Reverend, not-

William Beckett steps into the doorway. Though he moves the woman aside, he still blocks entry to the house.

WILLIAM

We're not prepared to make any statements to the press.

LULA

I'll remember to pass that along... **We**, are here on police business.

They show their badges again.

WYNOLA

You have our deepest sympathies Mr. Beckett, but there's been another murder. In Englewood.

WILLIAM

And that has what to do with us?

LULA

Reverend Beckett's name and address were found at the crime scene.

William slowly steps back and allows them to enter.

INT-BECKETT HOME

William leads them to the living room. Lula appreciatively looks over the simple, yet elegant furnishings.

LULA

Shaker... Antique by the look of it.

The woman scowls at Lula, she pretends not to notice.

Virginia peeks in from the hallway as Reverend Beckett gets up to greet them.

WYNOLA

Reverend Beckett, I'm Detective Grey. This is my partner, Detective Lowe.

They shake hands. William turns and notices the woman hovering in the background.

WILLIAM

Maureen, why don't you get us some coffee-Or would you and your partner prefer tea, Detective Grey?

WYNOLA

Nothing for me, thank you.

Maureen turns to go.

LULA

I'll have coffee, with cream and sugar...Thank you, Maureen.

Miffed, Maureen leaves.

Everyone sits down except Lula, who looks around at the furniture, artwork and family photos.

WILLIAM

Is everything alright Detective?

LULA

Oh, don't mind me... I'm considering redecorating my apartment, and this place is just giving me all **sorts** of ideas.

WYNOLA

Reverend, I don't want to take up any more of your time than I have to...A couple was found dead in Englewood this morning... James and Louise Marwood.

REVEREND BECKETT

Louise? How, who?

WYNOLA

She was beaten to death with a baseball bat.

LULA

Her husband didn't do much better... He was castrated...Bled to death.

William shifts uneasily, Reverend Beckett looks dismayed.

WYNOLA

Your name and address was taped to Mr. Marwood's back... How well did you know them Reverend?

REVEREND BECKETT

I didn't really know James... Louise used to be a member of our church...She left us over 10 years ago.

WYNOLA

Did they have any connection to your son besides yourself or the church?

REVEREND BECKETT

No.

LULA

What about Dr. Reginald Susskind?

WILLIAM

What does my brother's therapist have to do with all this?

WYNOLA

His name was found along with your father's.... Reverend, do you know if either James or Louise Marwood were patients of his?

WILLIAM

Dr. Susskind charges over 300 dollars an hour, Detective.

LULA

In other words Wynola, he don't take Medicaid.

Just then, Maureen enters pushing a cart laden with coffee cups and petit fours.

Lula takes a cup and a petit four from the tray, continues to look around. She sees Virginia staring at her.

Lula smiles, but says nothing.

Once he and his father have been served, William motions for Maureen to leave.

WYNOLA

Reverend, did they find any sort of message on, or near your son's body?

Reverend Beckett nearly drops his cup, William places a protective arm around his father's shoulders.

WILLIAM

They found a small plaque in the mailbox.... It read, "vengeance is mine".

Reverend Beckett MOANS and puts his head in his hands.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Can't we do this some other time?

LULA

No, we can't.... I'm sorry to upset your father, but we've got a killer out there who thinks he's dispensing some sort of holy retribution. Your brother is dead ... The Marwoods are dead...

(MORE)

LULA (CONT'D)

This Dr. Susskind, or someone in his family-Or, one of you could be next.

Wynola kneels down in front of Reverend Beckett, puts her hand on his arm.

WYNOLA

Who killed the Marwoods and your son Reverend?... **Why** are you being punished?

William jumps up, Lula is next to him in a flash, blocking his access to Wynola and his father.

WILLIAM

What are you accusing him of

LULA

Besides not telling us **everything** he knows?

WILLIAM

My brother is dead Detective, **murdered!** And you treat my father like he's a **criminal!**

As Lula and William continue to argue, Reverend Beckett puts his head close to Wynola's, WHISPERS, then pulls away. His eyes filled with tears and pain.

Wynola quickly gets to her feet.

WYNOLA

I think we've taken up enough of the Reverend's time.

LULA

Excuse, you?

Wynola takes a card, hands it to Reverend Beckett.

WYNOLA

If you think of anything that might prove **useful** Reverend, call me.

As she turns to go, Maureen begins to hurry them out. Wynola turns and comes back.

WYNOLA (CONT'D)

Reverend, did you baptize Melia Marwood?

Reverend Beckett goes pale.

REVEREND BECKETT

Melia! My God, is she dead as well?

LULA

According to Trevor Marwood, she's been gone for some time now...Y'all have a good one.

She and Wynola leave, much to Maureen's relief.

CUT TO:

EXT-BECKETT HOME-DAY

Neither woman speaks until they reach the car.

LULA

So, either Trevor Marwood lied about Melia, or the Rev's not up to date.

They get into the car.

WYNOLA

Dead or alive, Melia Marwood is the key to this whole thing.

Lula starts up the car, slowly makes her way off the property.

LULA

I got a feelin' you might be right-
By the way, what sweet nothing did the Rev whisper in your ear?

WYNOLA

He quoted scripture: Job 3:25-26.

Lula stops the car just short of the gate.

LULA

Hello? Some of us didn't major in theology.

WYNOLA

"What I feared has come upon me; what I dreaded has happened to me. I have no peace, no quietness; I have no rest, but only turmoil."

Lula drives through the gate.

LULA
I'd like to go on record as saying
I'm not having any fun here.

Wynola stays silent as they make their way through the crowd.

CUT TO:

INT-BECKETT HOME

Virginia watches the car leave from an upstairs bedroom. She settles in among the frilly pillows on the window seat, pulls the packet of letters from her dress pocket, opens them up and begins to read.

Her eyes widen and her jaw drops open.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT-WAITING ROOM, DR. SUSSKIND'S OFFICE-DAY

Lula and Wynola enter the waiting room. Lula lets out a WHISTLE as she admires the sleek furnishings and artwork. Wynola pokes her in the ribs.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Can I help you?

They turn in unison, taking in the VERY ATTRACTIVE BLOND RECEPTIONIST. Wynola shows her badge as they approach the desk.

WYNOLA
Detectives Grey and Lowe... We'd
like to speak with Dr. Susskind.

The receptionist doesn't bother to look at Wynola's badge.

RECEPTIONIST
Do you have an appointment?

Lula and Wynola exchange looks.

LULA
Maybe you didn't hear my partner...
We're **Detectives!**

Lula leans forward on the desk. The receptionist does her best to back away.

RECEPTIONIST
I'll see if the Dr. can fit you in.

Lula straightens up, flashes her best smile.

LULA
Why, thank you.

Lula and Wynola sit down and begin thumbing through the magazines on the coffee table as the Receptionist WHISPERS into the phone.

A moment later, Dr. Reginald Susskind comes out. His ice blue eyes scan both women as they show their badges.

WYNOLA
Dr. Susskind, we're Detectives Grey and Lowe.

DR. SUSSKIND
I've already said everything I have to say about Steven Beckett to Detective Shima.

LULA
And I'm sure he's grateful, but this is in regards to the murders of James and Louise Marwood.

The receptionist drops her pen, Dr. Susskind doesn't react one way or the other.

DR. SUSSKIND
Should I know those names?

LULA
I don't know, **should** you?

WYNOLA
Why don't we discuss this in your office, Doctor.

DR. SUSSKIND
Are you accusing me of something, Detective?

WYNOLA
Not at all, we're just hoping you might be able to shed some light on a few things.

DR. SUSSKIND
I don't really see how I could help you.

LULA

That's **interesting**. You see, your name and address were found taped to James Marwood's body along with a message.

DR. SUSSKIND

Felicia, go into my office, please.

Felicia gets up and goes into the office without a single word of protest.

DR. SUSSKIND (CONT'D)

What message?

LULA

Vengeance is mine.

DR. SUSSKIND

The murderer obviously believes that she-

LULA

She?

DR. SUSSKIND

Women are every bit as capable of murder as men, Detective.

WYNOLA

So. You believe the murderer to be a woman then?

DR. SUSSKIND

I don't particularly **believe** anything, Detective.... Now, if you don't mind, I have a patient coming shortly and I'd appreciate the two of you being gone when he gets here.

LULA

Beg pardon?

DR. SUSSKIND

Unless you have a search warrant, or are actually here to charge me with a crime **ladies**, I believe you're out of your **jurisdiction**.

Lula takes a step forward, Wynola pulls her back.

WYNOLA

We wouldn't dream of taking up another minute of your time... Thank you for seeing us-Though, just to clear things up: As Detectives working a Homicide investigation, our...**jurisdiction** is anywhere we need to be.

Wynola pulls a wickedly grinning Lula out of the office.

Once he's sure they've gone, Dr. Susskind goes to his receptionist's desk, picks up the phone.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT-POLICE STATION: DETECTIVE'S DIVISION-DAY

White walls, beige carpeting and grey walled cubicles. Filled with DETECTIVES, UNIFORMED OFFICERS and OTHERS coming and going, answering phone calls, talking with each other or just working at their desks gives Chicago PD's Detective's Division a beehive-like atmosphere of productivity.

Carrying smoothies, Lula and Wynola enter. They wave, or trade pleasantries with people as they head towards their cubicle.

WYNOLA

Come over tonight-We're having lasagna.

LULA

Can't, got practice tonight.

WYNOLA

When's the playoff?

LULA

Two weeks, and you are expected to cheer us on.

As they pass a glass enclosed office, CAPT SERENIA COPELAND KNOCKS on the glass, signals for them to come in and join her and the TWO MEN already in her office.

LULA (CONT'D)

This can't be good.

WYNOLA

Stop being so negative.

INT-CAPT COPELAND'S OFFICE

Lula SLURPS her smoothie as they enter.

Capt. Copeland
 Detectives Grey and Lowe, this is
 Detective Shima and Dr. Peter
 Susskind.

Wynola shakes hands with the two men.

LULA
 You related to Dr. Reginald
 Susskind, Pete?

PETER
 Through no fault of my own, I
 assure you.

Peter extends his hand to Lula who turns to Detective Shima.

LULA
 We need to talk.

DETECTIVE TETSUO SHIMA shifts uncomfortably, looks to Capt.
 Copeland.

CAPT. COPELAND
 Dr. Susskind is here because his
 father expressed a great deal of
 displeasure in your questioning him
 today-He's **asking** that you be taken
 off this case.

LULA
 Well, I love him too.

WYNOLA
 And, you intend to do **what**, Ma'am?

CAPT. COPELAND
 I **intend** to find out if the doctor
 has sufficient cause.

WYNOLA
 We have evidence that links him to
 our case.

PETER
What evidence?

LULA
 You mean Daddy sent you off **half**
 cocked?

Peter moves to stand face to face with Lula.

PETER
Do you hate psychiatrists in
general? Or, White men in
particular?

Lula pokes Peter sharply in the chest, causing him to back up
slightly.

LULA
Give you three guesses and the
first two don't count.

DET. SHIMA
It is **my** understanding that our
cases overlap.

WYNOLA
Captain, I'd like to ask Dr.
Susskind to leave at this point.

PETER
I'm a **Police Psychiatrist**,
Detective.

WYNOLA
And I'll be sure to call you should
I ever feel suicidal.

LULA
BURN!

CAPT. COPELAND
Lu!... I've made note of your
father's complaint, Dr. Susskind.
But, we **are** in the middle of a case
here-Or do **you** have some infor-
mation for us?

Peter looks to Detective Shima who makes a great show of
looking down at his shoes.

PETER
I'll tell my father his complaint
has been noted.

He leaves.

LULA
He's a bit on the gutless side, but
I'll take him over
his old man any day.

CAPT. COPELAND
He's that bad?

WYNOLA
Let's just say he's about as much
fun as Sir Anthony Hopkins, fava
beans, and a **really** nice Chianti.

Det. Shima smiles.

CAPT. COPELAND
Is Dr. Susskind a suspect?

LULA
No, but he **is** tied to both murders...
As is Reverend Beckett.

WYNOLA
Their names and addresses were
taped to James Marwood's body along
with the message, vengeance is
mine.

CAPT. COPELAND
Which one did Dr. Susskind treat?

LULA
He claimed **not** to know the
Marwoods.

CAPT. COPELAND
You think he's lying?

LULA
Like a rug.

WYNOLA
Louise Marwood had been a member of
Reverend Beckett's church....She left
over ten years ago—Over what, we
don't know... But we believe it has
to do with her daughter, Melia.

LULA
But first, we have to determine
whether or not she's dead.

WYNOLA
Trevor Marwood, James' brother
suggested she **was**... Reverend
Beckett **thought** she wasn't.

LULA

And Dr. Susskind **suggested** the killer could be a woman.

DET. SHIMA

Traces of lipstick were found on Steven Beckett's body...We also found five used condoms in his bathroom.

Lula WHISTLES appreciatively.

WYNOLA

Melia Marwood is the key... We find **her**, we find out what this is all about.

CAPT. COPELAND

You think she's the killer?

LULA

Providing she's still alive.

WYNOLA

We're **certain** Dr. Susskind knows all the answers-Otherwise, he'd have no reason to try and get us off this case.

LULA

Uh.....We are **still** on this case?

Capt. Copeland looks down at her desk for a moment.

CAPT. COPELAND

Susskind pulls a **lot** of weight. This could get **ugly**.

DET. SHIMA

What if **I** deal with Susskind?

LULA

Think he'll tell you anything?

DET. SHIMA

Probably not, but I don't seem to piss him off as much as you do.

LULA

His secretary probably likes you better too.

WYNOLA

Captain, there's a reason these people are dead.... Something no one wants to talk about.

CAPT. COPELAND

Fine!...But I want you two to stay clear of Susskind **unless** you find something that directly links him to the Marwoods, or the killer.

They nod their consent, Wynola takes a card from her pants pocket, hands it to Det. Shima.

WYNOLA

My email address is on the back, along with my phone number.

Det. Shima hands her a card of his own.

DET. SHIMA

Do you prefer to be called by your first or last name?

Lula gets between them.

LULA

I prefer to be called Detective Lowe. Her **husband**, prefers you call her, **Mrs.** Grey.

Wynola GIGGLES, but stops the minute she sees Trevor Marwood looking in at them. His shoulders slumped, eyes red and tired.

WYNOLA

If you don't need us anymore Ma'am, I think someone's here to see us.

DET. SHIMA

Is that Trevor Marwood?

LULA

Uh huh, and from the look of him. I think he's just been to the morgue.

WYNOLA

Let's hope he's actually ready to tell us something.

They turn to go, Lula places a finger on Det. Shima's chest.

LULA

He likes **us**, better.

They leave with Det. Shima hanging back a bit.

CUT TO:

INT-DETECTIVES DIVISION

WYNOLA

Mr. Marwood. Over here, if you please.

They all head to Lula and Wynola's cubicle.

WYNOLA (CONT'D)

This is Detective Shima Mr. Marwood. We're going to be working with him.

The two men nod at each other.

Once at the cubicle, no one is willing to speak first.

LULA

How was your trip to the morgue?

Trevor tries to speak, but can't manage to find the words.

Wynola takes a box of tissues from her desk, hands it to him.

WYNOLA

I know this is hard. But, it's getting late and I'd like to go home.

TREVOR

I saw what.... James wasn't a good man, but he didn't deserve...

WYNOLA

Where is Melia Marwood-**Why** did you try to make us believe she was dead?

TREVOR

They had her.... **Put away**, when she was 14.

LULA

What had she done?

TREVOR

She was a **difficult** child.... James.

He stops, calms himself.

Crossing her arms, Wynola leans against her desk.

WYNOLA

Where, is Melia Marwood?

TREVOR

She got out four years ago, no one's seen her since then.

LULA

What facility was she placed in?

TREVOR

It's a small place-Private... Set over on the West Side.

He goes silent, Lula SLAMS her hand down on the desk in front of him, making Trevor jump.

LULA

Give us a **name**.

WYNOLA

Dr. Reginald Susskind treated Melia didn't he?

TREVOR

I don't know if he did or not.

WYNOLA

Why was Melia committed?

LULA

What did James do to her?

TREVOR

My brother's **dead**, Detective!

LULA

So is your sister in law. But I don't see you shedding any tears on **her** behalf.

TREVOR

It ain't right to speak ill of the dead.

LULA

There's a lot of shit in the world that **ain't** right. That's **why**, we do **what** we do.

DET. SHIMA
 Wouldn't you like to see your
 brother's killer brought to
 justice?

Trevor sets his jaw, holds his peace.

WYNOLA
 We **will** find out what's going on
 here, and where **you** fit into this
 mess... And when we **do**...Go home Mr.
 Marwood, get some sleep... Next time
 you see us, be prepared to talk.

She takes out her cell phone, makes a call.

WYNOLA (CONT'D)
 Hi... Yeah, sorry... Look, can you
 pick me up?... Lu's got practice...
 Great, see you then.

She puts the phone away.

LULA
 Can I drop you anywhere Shima?

DET. SHIMA
 Thanks, but I've got my own car...
 I'll call you, **Detective** Grey as
 soon as I know anything.

He leaves without another look at Trevor.

LULA
 Mr. Marwood, you're free to leave
 unless you have something more to
 say.

She and Wynola get their things as Trevor gets to his feet,
 and slowly walks away.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT-CATHEDRAL

Now wearing a skirt. Wynola gets up from the pew, waves at an
 ELDERLY NUN, then heads for the exit where Jonathan and her
 children wait patiently.

CUT TO:

EXT-PLAYGROUND-EARLY EVENING

Wearing protective headgear and pads, Lula acts as a one-woman defense team as a rather ROWDY GROUP OF 12 YEAR OLD GIRLS play an even rowdier game of roller hockey.

Lula wields her stick like a samurai warrior as she does her best to block shot after shot. Try as she might, she can only keep about half the girls from scoring.

So focused is she on the game that Lula fails to notice a black sedan parked beneath a tree nearby, or the SHADOWY FIGURE that sits within.

CUT TO:

INT-MELIA'S LOFT-NIGHT

Barefoot, dressed in a black tank top and leggings, Melia crosses to the huge stereo system. She selects a CD, pops it in. In moments, the loft is filled with the sweet tones of Marvin Gaye singing "Trouble Man".

SONG

*I come up hard, now I'm cool. I
didn't make it Sugar, playin'
by the rules....*

She crosses to a pile of black and white photographs of herself and a shoebox containing matches, razor blades and tape.

SONG (CONT'D)

*I come up hard baby, but now I'm
fine. I'm checking trouble
Sugar, movin' down the line....*

She picks out a photo and begins to slice it up using the razor blades.

Either not noticing, or not caring Melia doesn't react one way or the other to the many cuts she receives as she works.

The only concern she shows is to carefully wipe the blood from the photo as she lays it on a sheet of black construction paper. Putting it back together like an ill-fitting jigsaw puzzle.

SONG (CONT'D)

*I come up hard Baby, I'm being for
real Baby, gonna keep movin,
goin' to go to town.... I've come up
hard, but Mama I'm getting*

(MORE)

SONG (CONT'D)
*down. There's only three things
 that for sure: Taxes, Death and
 Trouble.*

Once the pieces are in a configuration that pleases her,
 Melia tapes them to the paper.

SONG (CONT'D)
*There's only three things that for
 sure: Taxes, Death and Trouble,
 these things I know....*

As she looks upon her handiwork, the loft seems to disappear
 and Melia now finds her to be a CHILD OF 9 sitting on a bed.
 A small gold cross clutched in her tiny, trembling hands.

SONG (CONT'D)
*Come up hard Baby, I had to fight...
 Took care of business
 with all my might...*

The door of her bedroom BURSTS OPEN as James Marwood,
 younger, his body tight and muscular, staggers in.

Louise follows, her eyes filled with tears as the child
 desperately tries to crawl beneath the bed, only to be
 dragged out by James.

LOUISE
 Close your eyes Baby, don't fight.....
 It'll be over soon.

James tears at the terrified child like some deranged jungle
 beast devouring its prey.

JAMES
 Shut up Bitch, and get the tape!

As James' face presses in on her, blotting out the world,
 Melia hears the VOICE OF Reverend Beckett.

REVEREND BECKETT (V.O.)
 Honor thy father and Mother so that
 thou mayest live long on the earth.

James clamps his hand down on little Melia's mouth and nose
 to keep her quiet.

The Adult Melia curls into a tight ball on the floor of the
 loft, no sound coming from her mouth no matter how hard she
 tries to scream.

SONG

*I come up hard, but that's okay
'cause Trouble Man, he don't
get in my way...*

Melia gets up on her knees. Shedding silent tears, she places her head on the floor and rocks herself.

CUT TO:

INT-BECKETT HOME

Pastor Beckett drops his coffee cup as Virginia throws his office door open. Her eyes dark with fury, she throws the letters in his face.

VIRGINIA

You **Hypocrite!**... You're a man of
God-How did this happen?!

Pastor Beckett doesn't speak, nor does he try to protect himself as a SCREAMING Virginia beats on him with her fists until William comes and pulls her away.

VIRGINIA (CONT'D)

The sins of the Father shall be
visited upon the sons-Do you
realize what you've done? **How-**

She stops and crumbles to the floor, HOWLING IN PAIN.

William picks her up, carries her into the living room, gently placing her on the sofa.

WILLIAM

She's in **labor!**... Dad, call the
hospital!

VIRGINIA

This is God's **punishment!** Your sins
Thomas Beckett have murdered my
child!

Reverend Beckett picks up the phone. His hands shake so violently he can barely dial.

CUT TO:

EXT-BECKETT HOME

The CROWD moves to follow an ambulance its SIREN WAILING to the exit of the estate with Reverend Beckett following in his own car.

As the vehicles round a corner, ANOTHER CAR pulls out from a side street and follows at a discreet distance.

CUT TO:

INT-HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

Virginia is still SCREAMING as the MEDICAL STAFF rushes her to the OR.

VIRGINIA

A voice was heard in Ramah, **wailing** and loud lamentation... Rachel **weeping** for her children and could not be comforted, for they were **not!**

Virginia is taken away, William turns to look at his father, his pain all-too evident as he tosses a letter at his feet and heads for the OR.

Standing alone, Reverend Beckett can only stare first at the letter, then at the door that leads to the surgical suite.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT-PETER SUSSKIND'S HOUSE

Peter and a very pretty REDHEADED FRIEND come in GIGGLING LOUDLY until they see Dr. Susskind standing patiently in the middle of the living room.

PETER

You know dad, I'm really, **not** liking you right now.

DR. SUSSKIND

Peter, give your friend cab fare and let her be on her way.

PETER

I've got a better idea. Why don't **you** leave?

Peter takes the girl by the hand, heads for the bedroom. Dr. Susskind blocks the way. He takes money from his pocket and offers it to the girl.

DR. SUSSKIND
Peter thanks you for your time.

Peter's friend hesitates only for a second before taking the money and taking off.

PETER
You're a real piece of work.

DR. SUSSKIND
You need to come home. It's not safe here.

PETER
Not safe from **what**?

DR. SUSSKIND
Peter, there are things which you don't-

PETER
Understand? Of course, I don't **understand** Dad. I don't even know what's going on!

DR. SUSSKIND
I **can't** protect you if you continue to stay here and live-

PETER
This has **nothing** to do with how I live... This is about something you've done. **Something** that involves Steven Beckett and a **dead** Black couple in Englewood.

Dr. Susskind actually appears to be uncomfortable, yet he manages to maintain his silence.

PETER (CONT'D)
You want to play high and mighty- **Fine**. You don't want to tell me what's going on. **No problem!**... Just remember, there are two Black, female **Detectives** out there who could care less about your pride, or your **reputation**.

He heads for the bedroom SLAMMING the door.

Dr. Susskind stares at his son's bedroom door for a long time before turning and leaving the house.

INT-PETER'S BEDROOM

Peter listens for his father's exit before sitting down at his computer.

PETER

Okay, let's see what we've got here.

He types out code on the keyboard, on the monitor the words, "Case Files of Dr. Reginald Susskind" come up.

Peter types in the name "Marwood".

A few moments later, Melia's face appears on the screen along with a ton of text.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT-DETECTIVES DIVISION-DAY

Lula enjoys a coffee and sticky bun as she looks over several documents while Wynola works at the computer.

LULA

Melia Marwood's birth certificate doesn't list anyone as the father.

WYNOLA

Meaning, either Louise did anything with anyone, or the father is someone who'd rather not be known.

LULA

Betcha James Marwood knew, probably ticked him off **big** time.

WYNOLA

... And Melia suffered for it.

LULA

Her school records stop at 8th grade... So do her medical and dental records--such as they are.

WYNOLA

Like someone wants her to disappear... There is a sanitarium

(MORE)

WYNOLA (CONT'D)
 just west of Western on Walnut.
 It's called Wellspring.

LULA
 If she got out 4 years ago,
 shouldn't there be some record
 of her in their database?

Wynola types in a series of commands.

WYNOLA
 Yeah, but they're sealed.

LULA
 Can you hack in?

WYNOLA
 Before, or after I turn in my
 badge?

LULA
 Well, I might have the next best
 thing—I found the records for
 Christ Unity Church located at 5542
 West Van Buren.

WYNOLA
 And you were looking for that,
 because?

LULA
Because, up until about 6 years
 ago, one Pastor Thomas Beckett
 was playing shepherd to their
 flock.

WYNOLA
Hey! Show some respect... Anyhoo, you
 find anything else that might
 actually prove useful?

Lula pulls out her tablet. Begins to tap in commands.

LULA
 Let's see... Well, there's an
 announcement from 6 years about how
 The church celebrated Pastor
 Beckett's retirement and then...
 (she taps)
 (out a)
 (command)
 And, hello!

(MORE)

LULA (CONT'D)

A bulletin on the funeral of one Alyse Beckett, beloved wife of Pastor Thomas Beckett, mother of sons William and Steven, dear Sister in Christ, etc., etc.,.

WYNOLA

Does it say what she died of?

LULA

No, just that she'd died and that the funeral was being held at Bekins funeral Home in Oak Park... The wake was there as well.

WYNOLA

That's not that unusual... Any chance of finding a listing of Church members who were around at that time who might still-

LULA

Katherine Lynch, who served as church secretary during most of The good Reverend's tenure and retired herself about five years ago...

The phone RINGS Lula answers it.

LULA (CONT'D)

Detective Lowe...Really?...Is she alright?... And the baby?...Okay, do you need us there?... Then we're heading over to the West Side... Yeah, we found it and a little bit more. Talk to you later.

She hangs up, starts getting her things together.

WYNOLA

Shima?

LULA

Virginia Beckett went into labor last night.

Wynola begins downloading data into her tablet.

WYNOLA

She didn't look ready to pop when we saw her yesterday.

LULA

She had another 5 weeks to go...
Baby's in an incubator, but she's
stable.

WYNOLA

Thank you God, for small favors...
What brought on her labor?

LULA

Shima wasn't clear on that part,
but the hospital staff claims she
was screaming scripture.

WYNOLA

Anyone know which ones?

LULA

No. You think she found out
something she wasn't **supposed**
to know?

WYNOLA

Most likely.

LULA

So, we're off to Wellspring?

WYNOLA

Uh huh-and if you behave yourself,
I'll take you somewhere nice for
lunch.

They shut down their equipment and lock their desks.

LULA

By nice, you mean someplace other
than White Castle, right?

Wynola smiles, walks away.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT-WELLSPRING SANITARIUM-DAY

Set in center of an industrial section of the West Side,
Wellspring is a sprawling complex of four low buildings
bordered by incredibly thick hedges.

Lula parks in the lot on the side of the main building. She
and Wynola get out of the car and head for the entrance.

LULA

It obviously ain't that great to be crazy.

WYNOLA

There is no way the Marwoods could afford this place-not for ten years or more.

LULA

I guess the Doc takes Medicaid after all.

They enter the building.

CUT TO:

INT-BUILDING: RECEPTION AREA

Despite the stark industrial exterior, the inside of Wellspring is more like an upscale spa. Statues of Buddha, orchids and Asian furnishings offset beige walls.

The YOUNG STYLISH RECEPTIONIST eyes them suspiciously until they show their badges.

RECEPTIONIST

Do you ladies have an appointment?

LULA

This badge, says I don't need one.

RECEPTIONIST

Who, are you here to see?

WYNOLA

We're **here**, to get some information on a former patient of this facility.

RECEPTIONIST

Then you need to see Sid in Records-Down the hall to your left.

WYNOLA

Thanks.... Is Dr. Susskind due in today?

The Receptionist checks her computer.

RECEPTIONIST

Yes, but not until late this afternoon.

Lula taps the side of her nose.

WYNOLA
Thanks again.

The two maintain their silence as they make their way down the hall.

INT-PATIENT RECORDS OFFICE

Lula and Wynola walk in, taking note of the almost total absence of paper. Just a massive front desk, two cubicles behind it with a laser printer sitting between them.

A PLEASANT FACED YOUNG MAN of 32 sitting at the desk looks up from his computer.

LULA
Sid?

SID
Yes, and you are?

They flash their badges, Sid looks impressed.

LULA
Detectives Lowe and Grey-CPD.

SID
What can I do for you?

WYNOLA
How about getting us some info on Melia Marwood... We understand she was a patient here until four years ago.

He types in Melia's name.

SID
Uhhhhhhhhh... I can't give you any info on that person.

LULA
Oh, **really?**

SID
Her records have been **sealed..**
You'll have to talk with her therapist.

WYNOLA
Dr. Reginald Susskind.

SID
Yeah, do you need his number?

LULA
No thank you. We've **already** got his number.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT-CAR

Heading back, Lula and Wynola sip bubble teas.

Wynola checks her email as Lula checks her rearview mirror, occasionally changing lanes.

WYNOLA
Shima's on his way to the Beckett house to speak with the housekeeper...He's going over to Dr. Susskind's after that.

Lula speeds up a bit then slows down.

She puts in a tape, and Sweet Honey In The Rock sings "Your Worries Ain't Like Mine".

SONG
*Ah, your worries ain't like mine...
You talk about your worries
I bet You I got mine...*

WYNOLA
Are you high?

LULA
Somebody's tailing us.

WYNOLA
Tell me this isn't some disgruntled ex of yours.

Wynola looks back at the BLACK SEDAN WITH NO PLATES speeding up as it tries to get along side them.

Lula speeds up, pulling ahead of the sedan. She turns onto a side street, the sedan following close behind.

SONG
*My Mama died and left me when I was
five years old... I lost my Daddy
when I got six years old...*

LULA

Good thing the traffic's light
right now... Why don't you
see if we can't get a little
backup?

Wynola draws her gun as she gets on the radio.

WYNOLA

This is unit 53, we're heading east
on Lake towards Damen.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

What's the problem 53?

Lula presses hard on the accelerator as their PURSUERS gain
on them.

SONG

*I didn't have nobody show me right
for wrong... Say girl you good
For nothin', Now my Mama she's
gone...*

WYNOLA

We got a black Buick Sedan, no
plates.... Can't tell how many are
in the vehicle, but they seem
intent on staying with us.

Swinging around a truck, Lula pulls into the right lane.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

53, there are two units on their
way to intercept.

WYNOLA

Good. 'cause-

The rear windshield EXPLODES, shattering into a million
pieces. The car swerves a bit, but Lula maintains control of
the car.

SONG

*One night I got drunk, and I lost
my head...*

LULA

Son of a-Wynola are you ok?

Wynola shakes glass fragments from her hair, rolls down her
window.

WYNOLA

I think so... Dispatch... We are under
fire...**Repeat**, we are **under fire!**

The sedan pulls up alongside them, tries to force them off
the road, Lula manages to pull ahead.

SONG

*Come 'round that gambling table, I
shot my poor man dead...*

LULA

This fool is getting on my **last**
nerve!

Wynola climbs into the back seat, rolls down a side window
and begins firing back.

The bullets bounce harmlessly off the sedan's windshield.

WYNOLA

It's bulletproof glass Lu... Stay
ahead of him and I'll take out the
tires.

The sedan rams them from behind, Wynola is thrown off
balance.

LULA

Wynola!

SONG

*I'm like a piece of wood, floating
in the deep blue sea.*

SHOTS are FIRED from the passenger side of the sedan. Wynola
calmly takes aim and RETURNS FIRE.

Her first two shots miss.

LULA

You're gonna have to do better than
that.

WYNOLA

You wanna get back here and do
this?

A bullet WHIZZES past Wynola's head as she aims again.

This time she succeeds, but it does little to slow down their
pursuers.

SONG

*I'm drifting and worryin' 'cause
nobody cares for me...*

LULA

Screw **this!**...Wynola get back up
here **now!**

Wynola gets back into the front seat and puts on her seat belt. Lula SLAMS on the brakes, the sedan CRASHES into them.

Lula barely manages to bring the car to a halt without injuring themselves or any of the OTHER MOTORISTS who slow to get a better look.

The sedan flips over as it slams into one of the support beams for the El tracks overhead.

Lula and Wynola get out, guns drawn. They cautiously approach the vehicle as two squad cars pull up behind them.

LULA (CONT'D)

Where the hell have you been?

Wynola shows her badge.

WYNOLA

Seems like its open season on
female detectives-these guys
tried to do us in.

The DRIVER, and his ACCOMPLICE both WHITE MALES IN THEIR LATE 30's struggle out of the car as MORE POLICE arrive on the scene.

LULA

Police. **Freeze!**

The DRIVER pulls out a semi-automatic from beneath his jacket and OPENS FIRE.

Everyone jumps out of the way except Wynola, who FIRES wounding him.

The OTHER MALE takes aim at Wynola only to be shot by Lula.

Wynola approaches the Driver as he struggles to reach his weapon. She puts her foot down on his hand, causing him to CRY OUT in pain.

WYNOLA

We can do this the hard way if
you'd like.

Realizing he's licked, the Driver gives up. Lula makes short work of cuffing him.

WYNOLA (CONT'D)
Who, hired you?

The Driver clamps his mouth shut as Lula hands him over to one of the Uniformed Officers.

LULA
 Read him his rights, and have a paramedic check him. Then get him to the Third District.

UNIFORMED OFFICER
 Sure thing, you guys ok?

LULA
 Considering someone just tried to kill us, we're fine.

She and Wynola walk back to what's left of her car.

LULA (CONT'D)
 Some one out there ain't lovin' us much today.

WYNOLA
 That's okay, someone up there does.

LULA
 Well, next time you pray, tell him I said thank you... And then ask for a little common sense.

WYNOLA
 Excuse me?

LULA
 Faith is for moving **mountains**
 Wynola, **not** stopping bullets.

They get their gear out of the wrecked car as the tow truck arrives.

CUT TO:

INT-CAPT COPELAND'S OFFICE

Lula and Wynola STORM IN to find Det. Shima with the Captain.

LULA
 Well, ain't this cozy.

DET. SHIMA
I came as soon as I-

LULA
Shut up!... Captain we need a search warrant-Dr. Susskind hired those two who tried to do us in today... And all the proof we **need** is in his computer.

CAPT. COPELAND
The surviving gunman tell you that?

WYNOLA
He hasn't said **anything**.

She drops into a chair.

DET. SHIMA
You look tired.

LULA
No wonder you made Detective... **We just got shot at on Lake Street in the middle of the damned day!**

Lula takes a step towards Shima, Wynola places a restraining hand on her arm.

WYNOLA
This was a **professional** job.

LULA
They had **bulletproof** glass.

WYNOLA
Someone hired them Captain... Someone with a lot to lose when we crack this case.

DET. SHIMA
And, you **think** it was Susskind?

CAPT. COPELAND
Unless you've got something that directly links Susskind to the guy in lock up I say no.... We can't go after Susskind without **hard** evidence.

WYNOLA
Fine! How about the fact that he claims not to know the
(MORE)

WYNOLA (CONT'D)

Marwoods, yet the Receptionist and the Records Clerk at the Wellspring psychiatric facility confirmed He treats there **and** that he was Melia Marwood's therapist.

CAPT. COPELAND

I'll get the DA.

CUT TO:

INT-DR. SUSSKIND'S OFFICE-DAY

Lula kicks the door wide open as she, Wynola and Shima enter the office.

WYNOLA

We have a warrant to search the premises, call The Dr. Ask him to come out.

Felicia gets up and bars their way to Dr. Susskind's office.

Lula places her gun beneath Felicia's chin.

LULA

One... Two... **Three...**

Felicia steps aside. Lula tries the door, finds it's locked.

WYNOLA

We have a search warrant Dr., I'd advise you to **cooperate**.

There's no answer from the other side of the door though MUSIC can be heard.

LULA

Guess he missed that episode of Sesame Street.

Felicia tries to sneak out, Shima grabs her.

DET. SHIMA

You're not leaving before the floor show are you?

LULA

Step back guys... Dr. I advise you to get away from the door **now!**

She SHOTS OUT the lock.

The door opens and Dr. Susskind is sitting at his desk, his back turned to them. His eyes calmly set on the view of Michigan Avenue outside his window.

DR. SUSSKIND

Is there something I can do for **you people?**

DISSOLVE TO:

INT-DETECTIVES DIVISION-DAY

Lula and Wynola sit in their cubicle, their eyes intent on the closed shutters of Capt. Copeland's office.

LULA

I don't know which is worse: the fact that Susskind demanded **only** Shima be allowed to question him in the Captain's office, **or** that Copeland actually agreed.

WYNOLA

Susskind's best buds with the Chief and the DA.

LULA

He managed to wipe his hard drive before we got there. Some body's giving him info.

WYNOLA

He knew we'd make the connection sooner or later.

LULA

You figure he sent those guys simply to slow us down?

WYNOLA

I don't know.... Susskind has made it clear that he wants us gone. The question is how far is he willing to go?

Peter Susskind goes into the Captain's office.

LULA

And, the plot thickens.

Shima comes out of the office, his face tense as he comes to the cubicle and sits on the edge of Wynola's desk.

LULA (CONT'D)
 You didn't get a thing out of him,
 did you?

DET. SHIMA
 DA says without some sort of
physical evidence, we can't
 touch him...You know, my uncle
 Kineda had a saying to describe
 Guys like him.

LULA
 Really, what?

Dr. Susskind and his FEMALE ATTORNEY walk out followed by
 Peter who looks exceptionally uncomfortable.

Dr. Susskind gives them a little wave as he leaves.

DET. SHIMA
 Slicker than shit, and twice as
 stinky.

LULA
 Yay, Kineda-San.

CUT TO:

INT-HOSPITAL: NURSERY

Dressed in scrubs, a wig, glasses and a lab coat, Melia
 quietly enters the nursery. Looking to make sure no one sees
 here, she heads to an incubator in which lies a tiny BABY
 GIRL.

She looks down at the tiny wristband that reads "Beckett".
 Looking at the baby Melia begins to cry. Her head fills with
 OTHER VOICES, other times as she removes a small gun from her
 pocket.

JAMES (V.O.)
 How much longer is this gonna take?

LOUISE (V.O.)
 Baby's almost out!

SOUND OF BABY CRYING

YOUNG MELIA (V.O.)
 What is it?!... Mama please let me-
Don't give him my baby!

LOUISE (V.O.)
JAMES!...Noooooooo!

Melia takes a small gold cross from her pocket, places it on the incubator. She returns the gun to her pocket.

CUT TO:

INT-HOSPITAL: VIRGINIA BECKETT'S ROOM-DAY

Virginia lies sleeping. William sits at her side holding her hand, a small Bible in his lap.

Melia comes in pushing a laundry cart with cleaning supplies.

WILLIAM
(looking up)
She's finally asleep... Do you have
to wake her?

Melia smiles, shakes her head.

CUT TO:

INT-HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

Melia quietly exits Virginia's room. She calmly makes her way down the corridor to the elevator, pushes the call button and waits patiently.

There is a small DING as the elevator doors open and she gets in. As the doors begin to close, Reverend Beckett rushes in.

REVEREND BECKETT
A **friendly** face... Thank God.

Melia smiles, nods her head.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT-MELIA'S LOFT-DAY: EARLY EVENING

Reverend Beckett wakes up to find himself tied to a chair, his mouth taped shut.

Lying face down and naked on a metal table set directly across from his father, William Beckett comes to and tries to get up only to find he's been handcuffed to the table.

Pastor Beckett frantically looks around the loft, most of which is cloaked in darkness except for the pools of light surrounding William and himself.

Suddenly, the loft is filled with the DRIVING BEAT of the song "Missionary Man" by the Eurythmics.

Dressed in black, Melia enters the circle of light next to William, her head bowed.

Keeping her right hand behind her back, she begins a spirited bump-and-grind. She lifts her head to reveal her face is made up geisha-style.

SONG

*I was born an original sinner, I
was born from original sin... If I
had a dollar bill for everything
I've done, there'd be a mountain of
money piled up to my chin.*

She takes her hand from behind her back. Each of her fingers is encased in metal tips ending in long, sharp spikes.

She blows a kiss to Reverend Beckett as she digs her "fingers" into William's left thigh.

SONG (CONT'D)

*My Mama taught me good, my Mama
taught me strong... She said "Be
true to yourself and you can't go
wrong... But there is just one
thing you must understand...*

She rakes her fingers down William's back.

SONG (CONT'D)

*You can fool with your brother...
But don't mess with a Missionary
Man"...*

Reverend Beckett struggles to free himself as he is forced to watch his son deal with an attacker from which he has neither escape, nor defense.

SONG (CONT'D)

Don't mess with a Missionary Man...

Keeping tie with the beat. She struts over to Reverend Beckett, straddling him.

SONG (CONT'D)

*The Missionary Man he's got God on
his side. He's got the*

(MORE)

SONG (CONT'D)

*Saints and Apostles back him up
from behind... Black eyed looks from
those Bible books. He's a man with
a mission, got a serious mind..*

She runs her hand down his body, smearing him with blood.

SONG (CONT'D)

*There was a woman in the jungle and
a monkey up a tree. The Missionary
Man he was following me...*

She slides down his body, forcing his knees apart.

SONG (CONT'D)

*He said, "Stop what you're doin',
get down upon your knees,
I've got a message for you that you
better believe, believe, believe...*

She buries her head in his crotch, digging her fingers into his thighs.

Reverend Beckett's head goes back, his eyes filled with tears.

CUT TO:

INT-CATHEDRAL

Wynola kneels in front of the pew. She looks tired as she takes her rosary beads from her pocket, but try as she might, she can't seem to focus.

Two wrinkled, but strong female hands settle onto her shoulders and stay until Wynola is able to calm herself and begins to pray.

CUT TO:

EXT-YARD-NIGHT

The stillness of the night is broken as Lula viciously kicks and pounds away at the punching bag set at the far end of her yard. So caught up is she in doing that that it takes SEVERAL RINGS from her cell phone sitting on a small table nearby to get her attention.

LULA

Yeah?... Okay, where?.... Yeah, I think
I can find that...

(MORE)

LULA (CONT'D)

Well I'm not dressed at the moment... Look, I'll be there when I get there... Bye.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT-WYNOLA'S HOME

Shrouded by light, Wynola stands in a doorway looking at her daughter Tabitha as she sleeps.

Jonathan Grey comes behind his wife, putting his arms around her waist and kissing her neck.

Wynola stiffens at first, then relaxes.

JONATHAN

What's wrong?

WYNOLA

Nothing!... I mean, I'm ok... It's just that we have this case.

She shudders, he pulls her closer.

WYNOLA (CONT'D)

The world can be such an **ugly** place.

JONATHAN

Yeah, but I feel a lot better knowing you're out there makin' it a little easier to deal with.

Wynola pulls away.

WYNOLA

I know you're not... **Comfortable** with what I do...

He turns her around to face him, Wynola keeps her head down.

JONATHAN

Something's happened.

WYNOLA

Nothing we couldn't handle.

He lets her go, steps back from the doorway.

JONATHAN

Every day, I pray to God to keep you safe... **Every day**, I
(MORE)

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
 find myself doubting if my prayers
 have been heard... Until you get
 home.

WYNOLA
 I **can't** be anything other than who
 I am. **What** I am.

They stand looking at each other for a few minutes before
 melting into each other's arms.

JONATHAN
 I just need you to understand that
 it's **hard**...

WYNOLA
 If it helps you to know... It's hard
 for me too.

Wynola buries herself in his arms.

The moment is broken when the doorbell RINGS.

JONATHAN
 That woman's got radar.

WYNOLA
 How do you know it's her?

JONATHAN
 At this time of night, who else
 could it be?

Wynola goes to the door, opens it. Lula, wearing black jeans,
 shirt and jacket comes in bearing coffee and sticky buns.

LULA
 I'm not interrupting something
important am I?

JONATHAN
 Yes you **are**, but I'll overlook it
 if you've brought me something.

She hands him the bag. Jonathan opens it, looks inside.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
 Only one?

LULA
 Just helping you look after your
 figure.

Wynola takes a cup of coffee from Lula.

WYNOLA

I could be having **sex** right now.

LULA

Oooooooooooooo, she so **cranky**. How do you put up with her?

JONATHAN

I'm on a mission from God.

WYNOLA

Are you here for a **reason**, Lu?

LULA

Peter Susskind called... Seems he feels a need to unburden his soul.

WYNOLA

Maybe we should pick up a priest on the way.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT-LULA'S RENTAL CAR

Dressed in indigo pig suede jeans, white shirt, and black leather jacket, Wynola thoughtfully sips at her coffee while staring out at the bungalows and buildings that line Austin Blvd.

Lula pops a salsa CD in. She lightly drums her fingers on the steering wheel.

LULA

You know, I was just thinking, what's to say Baby Doc's invitation is just another plan by Papa Doc to get us out of the way?

WYNOLA

I doubt it.

LULA

So, you think Jr's on the level? He's really ready to turn Daddy in?

WYNOLA

Looks that way.

LULA

Uh huh.... Wynola did I tell you I found another head growing on my butt this morning?

Wynola doesn't answer.

LULA (CONT'D)
Danged if it didn't look like the
Pope...**Earth to Wynola are you
there?**

Wynola looks over at Lula, switches off the music.

WYNOLA
I was **sixteen**.... My boyfriend and a
friend of his....

Her hands tightening on the wheel, Lula never takes her eyes
off the road.

LULA
They got away with it?

WYNOLA
I decided to become a nun, just
hide from the world.

LULA
What changed your mind?

She turns onto a side street.

WYNOLA
A couple of months later, another
girl-She was fourteen...There were
all these people around... No one
would help her.

She wipes away a tear.

LULA
You stepped in.

WYNOLA
I bit, clawed, kicked and screamed
until the cops came...They didn't
get away with it that time.

Lula EXHALES LOUDLY.

LULA
I was **ten**.... My Mama had gone to
some women's thing at church...I
never even heard my father come
in... My Aunt Abigail found us. She
got 20 years for his murder.

Both women set their eyes on the road ahead. The SILENCE wrecked by the RINGING of Wynola's cell phone.

WYNOLA

Grey,... I figured as much... You talk to him yet?... Damn!!... do you need us?... Peter Suss-kind's... **He** called us... Soon as we do, you do...Yeah catch you later.

LULA

Shima?

WYNOLA

He went to Beckett's, the housekeeper gave him a stack of letters.

LULA

From Louise Marwood?

WYNOLA

And, Melia Marwood, Beckett's her father.

LULA

Figures... So James took his anger out on **her** instead of Louise or the Rev... That still doesn't explain what Papa Doc's got to do with all this.

WYNOLA

Guess that's what we're here to find out.

Lula pulls up in front of a small, unassuming bungalow.

LULA

Lives a bit **poorly** for the son of a Michigan Avenue psychiatrist.

WYNOLA

In case you haven't heard, this neighborhood's being gentrified.

They get out of the car.

CUT TO:

INT-PETER SUSSKIND'S HOUSE

Peter opens the door, Lula and Wynola slowly walk in, looking the place over.

While their faces are pleasant, neither woman speaks.

PETER

Can I offer you anything-Coffee?

Wynola lifts her hand, showing her coffee cup.

PETER (CONT'D)

Okay,... Why don't you two sit down?

They sit on the sofa, crossing their legs in unison. Peter begins to fidget as neither woman does anything but sit quietly, their full attention on him.

PETER (CONT'D)

I believe Melia Marwood is your killer.

Lula and Wynola look at each other, mouth agape. A second later and they shut their mouths and look at Peter.

PETER (CONT'D)

She's taking revenge.... James Marwood, her father-

WYNOLA

Reverend Thomas Beckett is Melia's father-He and Louise had an affair.

PETER

I guess you also know that James Marwood got Melia pregnant when she was thirteen.... Took her out of school and kept her locked away until the baby was born.

LULA

What happened to the baby?

PETER

Dead. The official report states that the baby was stillborn... James Marwood tore that baby apart with his bare hands.

They uncross their legs, sit forward.

WYNOLA

We **know** your father arranged for Melia's being committed... We **also** know that he treated her at Wellspring... What we don't know is **why**.

Peter becomes agitated, begins to pace the floor.

LULA

I feel a PMS attack coming on.

Wynola gets up, grabs Peter.

WYNOLA

In for a penny Peter.

PETER

My... father...**Liked** to...

Lula comes to stand behind Peter, giving him no avenue of escape.

LULA

Time's a wastin' Petey.

Peter begins to sweat.

PETER

He... **Plays** with people... What he refers to as **research**.

LULA

You saying Daddy's got a thing for "Patty Cake"?

Peter manages to pull away from Wynola and get some breathing room, but not much.

PETER

He sets up... **Situations**-He's made people believe they were witnessing a murder or some other crime... And he'd set it up so his subject would end up being a part of the event in such a way that they'd appear to be the guilty party-**Or** an accomplice to the act.

LULA

So, no one ever came forward... And he used what he knew against people.

PETER

There are a lot of people in **very high** places that are just waiting for my father to **fall**.

WYNOLA

They're just not willing to help.

LULA

James Marwood helped your father with his **research**?

Peter tries to back away.

PETER

He'd portray, pimps, drug dealers, **whatever** Dad needed.

LULA

How'd they get connected?

Peter wipes sweat from his brow.

PETER

Louise Marwood was a nurse at one of the first hospitals my father worked in... She found out he was... **Sleeping** with several **young**, female patients.

WYNOLA

And, she used **that** to blackmail him.

PETER

My father gave James work in return for her silence.

LULA

So, when the time came for James to hide his **own** dirty little secret, he used what he knew-How do **you** know all this?

PETER

My father writes everything down... He keeps **meticulous** notes.

WYNOLA

So, you just read through his journals from the past 20 years?

PETER
No, I hacked into his computer files.

LULA
Your father wiped his hard drive earlier today.

PETER
I got into his home computer last night.

Lula punches Peter in the jaw, knocking him to the floor.

LULA
But you walked your ass into the station today and didn't say a **fucking** word!

She gets ready to kick him when Wynola steps in, gets Peter to his feet.

WYNOLA
Where is Melia, Peter?

PETER
You know, she hits pretty hard for a wo-

Wynola grabs Peter, shakes him.

WYNOLA
Where... Is she?!

She throws him to the floor, but keeps Lula back.

PETER
The **only** address my father had listed was her uncle's house in Chatham.

LULA
Son of a Bi-

WYNOLA
We need copies of your files and any paper documents you have.

Peter takes a folder crammed full of papers and a DVD jewel case from a book case, hands them over to Wynola.

She glances at them quickly.

WYNOLA (CONT'D)

Do you have **anywhere** you can go for the next few days or so?

PETER

I guess so. Why?

WYNOLA

Steven Beckett is **dead...** His father **and** brother have gone missing.

LULA

You **know**, sins of the fathers being visited on the sons, **shit** like that.

They turn and make their way to the door.

LULA (CONT'D)

Be sure to lock your door.

CUT TO:

EXT-PETER SUSSKIND'S HOME

Lula reaches the car, opens the door, and SLAMS it shut.

WYNOLA

Something bothering you?

LULA

These... Bastards have all gotten together and wrecked this girl's life! And now, we're supposed to go and find this child and lock her up and what-hope **God** will sort it all out in the end?

WYNOLA

People are **dead**, Lula Mae... More'll die if we don't find that girl.

LULA

James and Louise Marwood **deserved** to die!

WYNOLA

Steven Beckett **didn't**.

Lula calms down a bit.

LULA
There's **no way** that girl's gonna
get justice.

WYNOLA
God, will-

LULA
Not do a damned thing!

WYNOLA
Who, are **you** to **question** God?

LULA
Who the **hell** do I have to be?...
Where was **God** when **we** were
suffering?... Where was **God** when
Melia Marwood **needed** him?

WYNOLA
People **choose** to do evil Lu. And
when they **do**, other people get
hurt....Now we have a **job** to do here.

LULA
Right now, the job **stinks**.

WYNOLA
Tell me something I **don't** know!....
Lu, if we sit here and say, "I
won't take this case 'cause it
makes me feel bad", or "I'll take
this case because I don't care
about the folks involved" then we
might just as well hang it up....

Suddenly tired, Lula leans against the car.

LULA
I just wish there was **something**....

She wipes a tear from her eye as she opens the door. Wynola
comes around to Lula's side of the car.

WYNOLA
There is.

CUT TO:

INT-TREVOR MARWOOD'S-NIGHT

The INCESSANT POUNDING on his front door ECHOES through the
darkness of Trevor's home.

Dressed in robe and slippers, Trevor makes it to the door.

TREVOR
 Alright, **alright!** Who is it?

LULA
 (Through the door)
 Well, it sho' ain't the plumber
 come to fix the sink! Open the door
 Trevor!

Lula and Wynola burst in before Trevor can fully unlock the door, almost tearing it from its hinges.

Wynola takes crime scene photos of the Marwoods and Steven Beckett and throws them in Trevor's face.

WYNOLA
 Reverend Beckett and his son are
 missing and we have **no** time!

Trevor begins to shake as he looks at the photos of his brother's body.

TREVOR
 I ... **Don't** know...

WYNOLA
 There are **no** innocents here. We
know that, but any chance Melia had
 for justice is **gone**. The best we
 can offer is that we get to her
 first.

Trevor lowers his head. Lula draws her gun.

LULA
 You so much as shed one tear and
 I'll blow it off.

TREVOR
 Girl ain't no blood of mine, but
 she didn't deserve what was
 done to her.

LULA
 No, she didn't, but two wrongs
 don't make a right Trev.

Wynola's cell phone RINGS.

WYNOLA
 Grey...Where?... Did any-Ah, man!!!...
 We're in Chatham... He
 (MORE)

WYNOLA (CONT'D)
claims not to know... Like a **rug**...
 Yeah, soon as we can.

She turns to Trevor as she puts her phone away.

WYNOLA (CONT'D)
 They just found Reverend Beckett
 and his son.

She smashes her fist into Trevor's jaw, he CRASHES to the floor. Lula takes a pen and paper from her jacket pocket. Trevor takes them and begins to write.

CUT TO:

EXT-CHURCH-NIGHT

Lula and Wynola pull up alongside a squad car and get out. They Spot Det. Shima, who waves them over to the front lawn of a large church.

DET. SHIMA
 Seems our girl did the deed
 elsewhere, then dropped them off
 here. A uniformed officer found
 them on the lawn. Hope neither of
 you are the **squeamish** type.

WYNOLA
 We don't spook that-

Wynola stops dead as she gets a clear view of William's body now covered in bloody claw marks and gouges.

What makes both women wince is the sight of Williams's spine, which has been partially pulled from his body.

LULA
 Melia Marwood couldn't-

DET. SHIMA
 Yes, she did.

LULA
 But, **how?**

DET. SHIMA
 The M.E. says it looks like she
 used some sort of knife to
 expose his spine and separate it
 from his rib cage, then pulled it
 out using pliers or some such.

WYNOLA

Tell me he was dead when she did that.

DET. SHIMA

M.E. doesn't think so... Thinks that's probably what killed him.

LULA

Sweet, Jesus!

WYNOLA

She leave any messages?

DET. SHIMA

Here, **NO**... But, she left a cross on the incubator of the Beckett baby and a note on Virginia Beckett's pillow: "Under the hand of God, ye little children shall never be alone".

LULA

The girl is nothing if not poetic.

WYNOLA

Especially when she's using Scripture... Shima, **where's** Reverend Beckett?

DET. SHIMA

He's on his way to Saint Elizabeth's... Doubt if you'll get much out of him for a while.

WYNOLA

Why?

DET. SHIMA

She split his tongue down the middle.

Lula begins to GIGGLE, Wynola and Shima look puzzled.

LULA

White man speak with **forked tongue!**

WYNOLA

(To Shima)

Have you heard from Dr. Susskind?

DET. SHIMA

Which one?

LULA

Either.

DET. SHIMA

The father called **earlier**, wanted to know if you two were still on the case.

WYNOLA

And, you **said?**

DET. SHIMA

That, the matter was outside my **jurisdiction.**

LULA

We have Melia's address, she's living in a loft in the West Loop.

DET. SHIMA

You want backup?

Lula and Wynola look at each other as if wordlessly discussing the situation.

WYNOLA

You drive your own car, we share the collar. And afterward, **you** buy the sticky buns.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT-MELIA'S LOFT-NIGHT

All is dark and quiet, a metal door SLIDES open.

Wynola enters quickly, her gun at the ready. She, Lula, Shima and the OTHER POLICE OFFICERS make not a sound as they make their way through the loft.

Lula finds a light switch, flooding the space with light.

Shima almost bumps into the table where William was held earlier, Lula motions for him to keep moving.

Finally, everyone calls out CLEAR as their sweep of the loft is finished and Melia is nowhere to be found.

Lula and Wynola join Shima at the bloodied metal table.

DET. SHIMA

Wanna guess what happened here?

LULA
Any ideas as to where our girl
might be?

DET. SHIMA
Who's not dead yet?

Wynola turns and heads for the door, Lula right behind her.

DET. SHIMA (CONT'D)
Where are **you** going?

LULA
We, are going to place Peter
Susskind in protective
custody.

DET. SHIMA
Why not the father?

LULA
Sins of the fathers being visited
upon the **sons**, Darlin'-**Pay**
attention.

CUT TO:

INT-PETER SUSSKIND'S HOUSE

The door slowly opens. Lula and Wynola cautiously make their way inside, quickly checking everything.

WYNOLA
Peter?-**Dr.Susskind?**

She heads into the bedroom, finds the computer still on.

Lula comes in as Wynola sits down and begins to work at accessing Peter's harddrive.

LULA
Tell me somethin' good.

WYNOLA
Someone's wiped the memory clean...
You find anything?

LULA
Nada, if she's snatched him, she's
done a good job of covering her
tracks.

She heads into the bathroom.

LULA (CONT'D)
It's clean, Girlie. **Too** clean.

WYNOLA
Just like at the Marwood's...

She picks up her phone. Inputs a number.

WYNOLA (CONT'D)
... Dr. Susskind?... This is
Detective Grey... Well, I hadn't
planned on talking to you either....
Look, we could get into a royal
pissing contest if you **really** want
to, but that's not why I called...
Your son is **missing**, we thi-... Lu,
he hung up.

Lula comes out of the bathroom.

LULA
Or, he was cut off.

She takes out her phone.

WYNOLA
Who are you calling?

LULA
Who's left?

CUT TO:

INT-TREVOR MARWOOD'S HOME

Trevor Marwood sits at his dining room table, his eyes
vacant, his throat slit.

There is a SOFTER RINGING coming from inside the coat pocket
of Det. Shima who lies unconscious at Trevor's feet.

Melia comes out of the kitchen with a sandwich, blows a kiss
to Trevor and kicks Shima in the ribs before leaving.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT-HOSPITAL WAITING AREA

Tired, still dressed in clothes from the night before, Lula and Wynola anxiously await the DOCTOR.

Wynola talks QUIETLY on her phone, refusing Lula's offer of a cup of coffee.

WYNOLA

We're fine... No, it was another Detective that got hit in the head...Well, remember you can't trust **everything** you hear on TV.... Don't know... Why don't I call you later today?... Love you too. Kiss your Daddy and Charles for me...
Bye.

She turns off the phone and puts it away as the Doctor approaches.

WYNOLA (CONT'D)

How's Detective Shima?

DOCTOR

He's got a nasty concussion and a few cracked ribs, but he'll live.

WYNOLA

Can we see him?

DOCTOR

Sure, just don't take too long. He needs his rest.

LULA

He's not the only one.

They enter a curtained area and find Det. Shima lying in bed, his head bandaged.

LULA (CONT'D)

Looks like Girlfriend got the drop on you.

Shima smiles sheepishly.

WYNOLA

You were told to **call** Trevor Marwood's not **go** there.

DET. SHIMA

I played a hunch that Melia might go there if she felt the loft had been compromised.

LULA

Lucky for you, she's currently only interested in payback.

DET. SHIMA

I never even heard her coming.

WYNOLA

According to Dr. Susskind's records, Melia hasn't uttered a word since she was 15... Oh yeah, Peter Susskind's gone missing.

DET. SHIMA

You talk to his father?

LULA

Papa Doc wasn't much in the mood for conversation.

WYNOLA

We sent a squad car to his house. Should be hearing-

A phone RINGS, Lula and Wynola check theirs, but no luck.

DET. SHIMA

In my coat pocket.

Lula finds Shima's phone, hands it to him.

DET. SHIMA (CONT'D)

Shima... Yes, they're here with me... Are you sure?... Okay... Why don't I put Detective Grey on... I'm in the hospital with a concussion, you-
Damn!

Wynola's phone RINGS, she answers it, keeping her voice low.

LULA

Papa Doc?

DET. SHIMA

He just got a call from Peter... Melia has him at his house.

WYNOLA

Impossible!... Dr. Susskind's housekeeper says he just left and no one else is there.

DET. SHIMA

Well, it seems the good doctor has a second home in Wheaton.

Wynola whips out her tablet.

WYNOLA

The only address I have listed is the condo on Marine Drive.

Lula takes a small black book from her jacket pocket, flips through it.

LULA

Bingo!

WYNOLA

What's that?

LULA

Baby doc's little black book... I found it sticking out from under his bed. He's one busy little-

WYNOLA

You have his father's address?

Lula hands the book to Wynola.

LULA

Time to saddle up!

They turn to leave without a word to Shima.

DET. SHIMA

You two **will** remember to tell me how this all works out?

They turn as if suddenly remembering him.

LULA

Sho' nuff!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT-DR. REGINALD SUSSKIND'S SUBURBAN HOME-DAY

Melia sits still as a statue as from the shadows, she watches through the window.

A sleek, black, Mercedes sedan makes its way up the street, stopping in front of the house.

She picks up the taser sitting next to her, SHUSHING Peter who sits tied to a chair. Naked, bruised and battered thanks no doubt to the brass knuckles worn by Melia.

Dr. Susskind rushes from his car to the house, Melia slips behind a sofa.

Dr. Susskind enters, finds Peter and tries to quietly calm him as Melia sneaks up from behind.

With surprising swiftness, Dr. Susskind spins and lashes out, knocking the taser from her hand.

He grapples with her, using his greater height and weight to overpower the smaller Melia.

It almost works until Melia manages to knee him in the groin and head butt him.

Dr. Susskind CRASHES to the floor.

Melia takes a pair of handcuffs from her pocket. She puts them on Dr. Susskind, kicking him in the head for good measure.

She drags him to the sofa, clumsily propping him up, placing a second pair of cuffs on his ankles.

Face contorted into a mask of rage, Melia rains blows on Dr. Susskind's head and shoulders until she is able to calm down.

Once she's regained composure, she slowly crosses over to Peter, picking up a barbed andiron from the fireplace.

Dr. Susskind tries to get up as he comes to. He only manages to fall off the sofa and writhe impotently on the floor.

As she reaches Peter's side, Melia takes out a remote control unit, but drops it the minute she hears GLASS SHATTERING from the back of the house.

As Wynola makes her way in, catching sight of first Dr. Susskind and then Peter, she fails to react fast enough to keep from being hit with the andiron which rips open her right shoulder.

Wynola CRIES OUT as Lula SHOOTS OUT the lock and rushes in.
Melia grabs Wynola by the throat, using her as a shield.

LULA

Melia!... Melia that woman you've got hold of... Her name is Wynola. She has family, people who love her... She's also my partner, and **friend.**

Melia looks down at Wynola, loosens her grip just enough to allow her to breathe.

LULA (CONT'D)

That's a start... Now, Melia we **know** what happened, and we know **why**.... **It wasn't your fault**... You were just a **little girl** in a bad place... But, **this is wrong**... And killing Peter over there **won't** make anything any better.

Keeping the three women in view, Dr. Susskind begins to slowly wriggle his way to where Wynola's gun lies on the floor.

Melia begins to calm down as Lula continues.

LULA (CONT'D)

You **have** to let this go... Let Wynola and Peter **go**... Just like you did Virginia Beckett and her baby.

WYNOLA

I know how hard this is... I know how alone you feel... God has not abandoned you Melia... No matter how much it **feels** like he has... Let us help you Melia... Let God help you.

Melia begins to cry as she looks first to Lula, then to Peter and Wynola.

Suddenly tired, she sinks to the floor taking Wynola with her.

Lula lowers her gun as Melia loosens her grip, allowing Wynola to pull away as the SIRENS of several approaching police cars can be heard in the distance.

DR. SUSSKIND

You **pathetic little bitch**, I'll teach you to threaten me!

Time seems to slow down as Dr' Susskind gets hold of Wynola's gun.

Wynola tries to get in front of Melia as he fires and is hit in the arm.

Peter CRASHES to the floor as he too tries to provide cover for Melia who seems unwilling to move.

Lula takes aim and hits Dr. Susskind in the shoulder, but not fast enough to keep his final shot from hitting Melia dead between the eyes. The impact of the shot throws the girl back a few feet where she lands in a heap like some broken doll.

Wynola SCREAMS as Lula rushes over to kick the gun away from Dr. Susskind as he reaches for it again.

She checks Melia's pulse and then makes her way to Wynola as UNIFORMED OFFICERS rush in.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT-DR. SUSSKIND'S SUBURBAN HOME-DAY

Lula stays close to Wynola as a PARAMEDIC checks and bandages her wounds.

Peter Susskind refuses any and all attempts at communication from his father as they put each into separate ambulances.

Dr. Susskind for his part is stoic as he is placed under guard.

Once Wynola is in the ambulance and it pulls out, Lula goes to her car. She stops only to watch the black plastic body bag containing Melia Marwood's body being loaded into a CORONER'S VAN and taken away.

Lula gets into the car, connects her phone to it, pulls up her "music" folder, makes a selection.

She starts to drive away while listening to "Drinking of The Wine" by Sweet Honey In The Rock.

SONG

*If my Pastor ask for me, tell him
Death done silenced me... Oughta
been there. Ten thousand years,
drinking of the wine.*

CUT TO:

INT-FUNERAL HOME-DAY

Virginia Beckett enters pushing a baby carriage. She stops dead the moment she sees Reverend Thomas Beckett kneeling at William's coffin.

SONG

*Drinking of the wine, wine, wine.
Drinking of the wine, oh my Lord!
Oughta been there ten thousand
years, drinking of the wine.*

The BABY begins to FUSS, Reverend Beckett turns and see Virginia, who suddenly looks trapped as she tries to soothe the baby.

SONG (CONT'D)

*If my mother ask for me, tell her
Death done silenced me... Oughta
been there ten thousand years,
drinking of the wine.*

His eyes red and swollen from crying, Pastor Beckett raises his hands to Virginia as if begging for forgiveness.

Virginia cries bitter tears as her eyes fall on her husband's coffin. She slowly approaches, her face registering pain, anger and finally an acceptance of sorts.

Shifting the baby to one arm, Virginia kneels next to her father-in-law, tentatively taking his hand in hers.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT-HOSPITAL:PETER SUSSKIND'S ROOM

His mind elsewhere, Peter stares at a blank TV screen. He keeps his eyes on the screen as his father enters with a large over coat over his hands and Det. Shima as his escort.

After a few moments, Dr. Susskind leaves. Peter remains staring at the screen as a single tear rolls down his cheek.

EXT-HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

Dr. Susskind exits Peter's room. He and Det. Shima are met by two more POLICE OFFICERS. Dr. Susskind trips slightly and the coat falls from his hands to reveal that he is in cuffs as a PHOTOGRAPHER takes his picture.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT-CHURCH-DAY

On her knees in front of a shrine of the Virgin, a sling on her arm, Wynola does her best to pray. Try as she might, she can't get the words to come.

SONG

*Satan wears a slippered shoe, if
you don't mind he'll slip it on
you...Oughta been here ten thousand
years, drinking of the wine...*

As an ELDERLY NUN comes to stand beside her, Wynola crumples into the older woman's arms, WAILING.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT-CEMETARY

Carrying a huge bouquet of blood-red roses and a small urn, Lula approaches a grave with a simple headstone that reads, "Abigail Lowe 1934-2014".

SONG

*Drinking of the wine, wine, wine.
Drinking of the wine, oh my
Lord. Oughta been there ten
thousand years, drinking of the
wine...*

She kneels, gently placing the roses on the grave. Smiling through her tears, she kisses the headstone.

LULA

Thank you.

She gets to her feet, wipes her eyes, picking up the urn, she leaves.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT-CHICAGO RIVER, JUST ACROSS FROM GOOSE ISLAND-DAY

The shore of the river, covered in wild flowers and brush where various ducks, geese and other birds come to nest serves as an abrupt contrast to Goose Island which is basically a complex of warehouses small factories and breweries. Dressed simply in a tunic and slacks, Lula takes a handful of ashes from the urn in her arms. She opens her fingers and lets them scatter in the wind.

Wynola comes up behind her. Neither woman speaks, they merely look each other in the eye before turning to face the silence of the riverbank.

SONG

Mind my sister how you walk on the cross.... Your foot might slip and your Soul be lost....Oughta been here ten thousand years, drinking of the wine...

They wipe away their tears as they each take a handful of ashes.

LULA

May whatever place you've gone on to Little One be **better** than this one.

WYNOLA

Hear my prayer, O Lord, **listen** to my cry for help, be not deaf to my weeping. For I dwell with you as an **alien**, a **stranger**, as all my fathers were....Look away from me, that I may rejoice **again**.... Before I depart and am no more.

The wind picks up, causing the ashes to swirl around them before blowing away.

FADE TO BLACK.