

MILLER'S CHAPEL

by

Kevin Montgomery

Kevin Montgomery
1716 Stewart Ave
Chicago, IL 60068-3865
(847) 825-8867
kevinmont@minisolve.com

FADE IN:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Three TEENAGE boys speed down a long, straight, deserted road. BEN Bradshaw sits in the passenger's seat.

BEN

Slow down. It's going to be to the left up there.

The car slows.

TEENAGER 1

Lighten up, Benny. Where you taking us, anyway?

BEN

Up here. Miller's Chapel.

TEENAGER 1

Aw, come on, not again. That place doesn't even exist.

BEN

Yes, it does. I talked to Joe Mullen in algebra. He's been there. There's a dirt road off here somewhere.

TEENAGER 2

Yeah. Come on. Let's get out of here.

BEN

There it is. Stop.

The car stops.

BEN

Back up.

The car backs up to a narrow dirt road off to the left, obscured by trees and underbrush. They proceed down the road slowly. Headlights penetrate the pitch blackness of the woods.

The car comes to an overturned tree.

The boys get out of the car. The full moon barely illuminates the ground through the thick canopy of trees.

TEENAGER 2

Come on, Ben, this is nuts.

They walk down the dark, dirt road. Ben shines his flashlight on the ground.

BEN

This has to be it. Joe said you can't drive that far. You have to walk.

TEENAGER 1

Ow. Ow. I hurt my foot.

Ben shines his flashlight on the boy's foot, then at the ground. It's a headstone. He spies another one nearby.

BEN

This is it. Miller's Chapel. The lost graveyard.

TEENAGER 2

Can't be too lost, here's a beer can.

BEN

I can't believe we found it.

Ben turns off his flashlight. A dozen headstones appear as his eyes get accustomed to the bright moonlight.

TEENAGER 1

Come on, Benny, let's go. This is really weird.

TEENAGER 2

Yeah, come on. OK, we did this for you, now let's go.

BEN

Look here. This guy died n 1894. Wow. Do you know what life was like in 1894? Only like (calculating) 49 years old.

TEENAGER 2

Come on, Ben. That's enough.

BEN

Only 49 years old. How did he die? (looking up) How? Don't you see?

TEENAGER 1

Yeah, so he died. So what? Come on. We gotta get out of here.

Ben walks around quickly. The other kids stand silently.

BEN

Wait. What about this lady?

TEENAGER 2

Come on, Ben.

BEN

Wait a minute.

Ben looks at another grave.

BEN

Molly Childress. 1950-1975. Wow.
She was 25.

Ben stares at the grave for a minute. The other boys head for the car.

TEENAGER 1

See ya, Ben. We're leaving.

BEN

(to himself)

Only 25 years old. Why did you
die, Molly? I'm sorry. Very sorry.

The headstone sinks into the ground, but Ben notices two letters carved into it, bottom left, near the ground, "M.C."

BEN

Hey. Hey, guys, come here. Look at
this. Somebody carved her initials
in here, MC, Molly Childress. See?

Ben looks at the grave, and the initials, and the grave again.

BEN

Or "Miller's Chapel."

The boys walk away toward their car.

BEN

Hey, guys. Wait. Come back.

Ben shines the flashlight on Molly's grave and stares at it.

BEN

Sorry, Molly. Very sorry. I gotta
go. Sorry, Molly.

Ben catches up to his friends. They all get in the car and drive off.

SUPER: TWENTY YEARS LATER, CHICAGO, IL.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

There's a drizzling rain.

Ben stoops down next to a headstone. He holds a piece of waxed paper over the stone and rubs it with a soft object.

The image of the gravestone appears through the paper as he rubs.

Behind him, a security guard creeps up.

SECURITY GUARD
Hey, what're you doing?

Ben turns around.

BEN
Nothing, just taking, like, you know, a picture of this.

SECURITY GUARD
That don't look like no camera. You're defacing private property.

The guard pulls out his radio and calls.

SECURITY GUARD
Yeah, I've got that wacko here.

Ben gathers up his stuff quickly and sprints to the cemetery gates.

SECURITY GUARD
Hey you, get back here.
(into the radio)
He's getting away.

Ben slips in the mud and plows headfirst into a headstone. His documents fall in the mud. He recovers and looks behind him.

The guard slips, gets up, and limps toward Ben.

Ben looks at the headstone. "Antisha Dunne 1980-2004." He sees the initials "M.C." in the lower corner.

Ben stares at the initials, but the security guard is getting closer. Ben gets up, gets his "stuff," and runs, dodging headstones.

He slams into the arm of a statue.

BEN

Ooowww!

Ben holds his shoulder as he disappears through the gates and into the street.

INT. APT BUILDING - DAY

Ben trudges up the stairs of a low-rent apartment building. Graffiti adorns the walls. Shouts of "You Whore," and "Hey, Mama," faintly drift through the hallway.

He carries several papers, coiled like historical documents.

He gets to the top step, but he's expecting another step. He can't see. He falls face down onto the landing. His documents spew onto the floor.

BEN

Ooowww!

A neighbor at the end of the hall opens the door slightly. Ben looks up. Nobody's there.

BEN

Sorry.

Ben gathers the documents and opens the door to his apartment with a key. He drops some of the cemetery duplicates on the floor and stoops to pick them up.

His neighbor appears.

ANGELA

Stupid white boy. Should have known.

BEN

What?

Ben looks up and sees ANGELA Monroe (34), a strikingly beautiful dark-skinned girl.

ANGELA

What's a white boy doing here?

BEN

I live here.

ANGELA

What? You live here? A white boy? In this building? Are you nuts?

BEN
Yeah, well, I don't have any
money. I'm getting a divorce.

ANGELA
They all say that.

BEN
No, really. I can show you the
summons.

ANGELA
You hitting on me?

BEN
No, no. I swear. I'm not. I
wouldn't do that.

Angela walks past him. Ben gets up.

ANGELA
Pull yourself together before I
have to call the police, OK?

Angela walks down the stairs. Before she exits, she looks
at the mailboxes, "Ben Bradshaw, 206."

INT. BEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ben goes into his apartment. He sits at a table. He lays
out the few scrolled gravestone duplicates. He carefully
rolls them backward to straighten them out.

BEN
(to himself)
"M.C." What the hell? In Chicago?

He gets a pad and pencil and writes.

BEN
Miller's Chapel. Mandi Christian.
Mary Chandler. Morey Chaefer. No,
that's "S." What the hell am I
doing?

He shakes his head, searching for some combination that
would make him remember the name.

BEN
Mighty Cute.

Ben smiles.

BEN

No, that's her.

He writes: Minnie, Mercy, Mary, Maggie, Mandi, Money, Monkey, Maybe... he crosses them out as he goes.

BEN

What am I doing?

He looks in the air, searching his memory for the name of the girl at Miller's Chapel 20 years ago, but he can't remember.

BANG BANG BANG. Loud knocks on Angela's door. JAKE is a large black man, 35, 250 pounds.

JAKE

Angela!

Ben listens.

JAKE

Angela, I have to talk to you.
Open up.

Ben opens his door gingerly.

BANG BANG BANG.

Ben goes out into the hallway.

BEN

She's not home. You can't make any noise here. You should go. I don't want to have to call the police.

Jake rushes over to Ben and shoves his fist in Ben's face.

JAKE

What? Who are you? Where is she?

Ben looks at the fist inches from his face.

Jake grabs Ben's shirt and stares menacingly at him.

BEN

I don't know. I don't even know her.

JAKE

Don't piss me off, boy. If you know she's not home, then you know where she is. Or you're fucking her.

BEN

No. I'm not. I told you, I don't know her. I just talked to her for a second. I don't know her.

JAKE

She say anything about me?

BEN

Who are you?

JAKE

Jake.

Ben thinks.

BEN

Yeah, I think she said you were her boyfriend.

JAKE

You see her tonight, you tell her I'll be back. I need her to do something.

Jake walks away, down the hall. Ben sits on the hallway floor for a minute. Jake turns back.

Ben gets up, scared.

JAKE

And just in case you're thinking of fucking her...

Jake strides toward Ben.

Ben turns violently to get away and SMASHES his nose into the door jam of his apartment.

BEN

Ooowww!

JAKE

Let that be a lesson to you. In advance.

Ben falls to the floor. Blood streams out of his mouth and nose. Jake leaves.

Ben sits up against the dirty wall. He tries to get up, gets dizzy, and sinks back against the wall.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Jake stops outside the building in the rain.

Jake breathes deeply.

JAKE

Hey, Jude... two... three... Don't make
it bad... two... three...

INT. APT BUILDING - DAY

Jake's shoes STOMP heavily up the stairs. Ben gets scared again. Jake stops.

JAKE

Sorry, boy, but you pissed me off.
You OK? Tell Angela I'm looking
for her. Sorry. Take care of that
nose.

Jake leaves the building. He doesn't see Angela coming.

Angela walks slowly up the steps with groceries in her arms.

ANGELA

Oh, my God. What happened to you?

She drops some groceries on the floor and tries to comfort Ben. Ben searches in his pocket for his keys. His hands shake. He gives his keys to Angela.

BEN

Can you open it?

Angela turns the lock and they go in.

Ben's apartment is one large room with a bed and an open kitchen behind an eating counter. The only furniture is a large table next to the bed. Both the table and bed are covered with wax-paper images of headstones.

Angela looks around, astonished. She turns back to Ben.

Ben falls into the bed. He holds his nose. He bleeds all over the sheets. Angela goes into the kitchen area and wets some towels. She holds them against Ben's nose and mouth.

BEN

Hi. Nice to meet you. I'm Ben, Ben
Bradshaw.

ANGELA

I know. I'm Angela. What happened?

BEN

You know a guy named Jake?

Angela freezes.

ANGELA

Oh, no, Jake's back? Oh no. Oh, my God.

Angela looks around for the phone, hard to find.

ANGELA

We've got to call the police.

She finds the phone on the floor and dials.

Ben gently takes it away from her.

BEN

He didn't hit me. It was an accident. My fault. I'll be OK. I should have stood up to him. Jeez, I'm such a wimp.

Ben holds the towel to his nose.

ANGELA

I have a restraining order on him. And you're not a wimp. He's 250 pounds. I'm calling the police.

BEN

God. Why did you ... How could you know a guy like that?

ANGELA

I know. He wasn't that bad at first. I swear. Then he like, just turned. He got really mean.

BEN

OK. Call the police. You're in danger. Call.

Ben hands Angela the phone.

Angela looks around again as she dials, then she puts the phone down.

ANGELA

What is all this stuff?

BEN

I collect headstones. Well, not exactly.

Ben's nose bleeds again. He wipes it and cringes in pain. Angela comes over and wipes it more tenderly.

BEN

I, like, I make an image of them.
Call the police. Come on.

ANGELA

No. They'll think you're a nut,
which you are.

BEN

Then give me the phone.

Angela holds it away from him.

ANGELA

No. Not yet. I have to find out
what Jake wants.

BEN

Angela, he'll hurt you.

ANGELA

Why do you collect this creepy
stuff?

BEN

I don't know. Neither does my
soon-to-be-ex wife. She thinks I'm
nuts, too.

ANGELA

You are, you know.

BEN

Yeah, I know. I just sit here some
evenings and look at them. I think
about who they were, when they
died, why they died.

ANGELA

Let me wet that towel again.

She does.

BEN

So why aren't we calling the
police?

ANGELA

They'll never believe you. You're
too crazy. They'll probably arrest
you. Can you afford a lawyer?

Ben's eyebrows go up.

BEN

Damn. That security guard. They'll probably find out about that.

Angela looks at him.

BEN

No, I can't afford another lawyer. I can't even afford the one I've got. Jeez. You think they'd put me in jail?

ANGELA

Ben, look at this place.

Angela looks at the apartment.

ANGELA

What security guard?

BEN

What do you mean?

ANGELA

You said, "That security guard."
You said, "They'll probably find out about that."

BEN

Well, no, probably not.

ANGELA

Tell me, Mister.

BEN

OK. Well, I usually do very obscure graveyards. You know, overgrown, nobody takes care of them.

ANGELA

What?

BEN

It's something about the people being forgotten. It bothers me. People with nobody to come by and do flowers, you know.

Angela frowns at him.

BEN

That's the people I usually do.

ANGELA

And the security guard? God, Ben, no wonder you're getting a divorce.

BEN

I know. I'm not usually this rambling. I'm a computer programmer.

ANGELA

The security guard?

BEN

OK. So tonight I wanted to get Marshal Field. He's buried at Graceland on Montrose. I have a lot of famous people. Over there, in my archives.

Ben motions toward a closet. Angela goes over and opens it. Shelves display "Famous," "Died Old," "Died long ago."

BEN

I'm still processing them. Like, "Died Old" could also be "Died Long Ago," or "Famous." I'm working on that.

Angela closes the door.

BEN

OK. So I was doing Marshal Field, and this security guard caught me.

Angela stares at him.

BEN

He scared the hell out of me. I had to jump over a little fence, where I wasn't exactly supposed to be.

ANGELA

And?

BEN

Well, I sort of knocked an arm off of somebody.

ANGELA

You what?

BEN

Well, not somebody, but a statue
or something.

Angela scowls.

BEN

So I had to high-tail it out of
there. But I got Marshal Field.

Ben smiles.

ANGELA

You're insane. So now the police
are after you for destroying
property? Is that it?

BEN

Yeah, well, more or less.

Ben chuckles.

ANGELA

I'm afraid Jake will come back.

BEN

Not tonight. Of course, you can
stay here if you'd like. Maybe you
should. You know, he might --

ANGELA

Hitting on me again, aren't you?
You just can't help yourself, can
you, Mister?

BEN

I wasn't. I swear.

ANGELA

I have to go to work tomorrow. I
have to get home.

BEN

Where do you work?

Angela glares at him suspiciously.

BEN

Aw, come on. I'm not doing it.
Hey, look, I work at the Tribune
Tower, downtown. Tenth floor.

He wipes a little more blood from his nose.

BEN

But I'm calling in sick tomorrow.
Give my nose time to heal by
Monday, I hope.

ANGELA

I work at the library on Foster.

Angela opens the door and walks out. Ben follows her. She walks down the hallway to her own apartment.

BEN

I'm a light sleeper. I'll hear if
anybody comes up here.

Angela goes in.

BEN

Hey, can I get your phone number?

Angela comes out with a piece of paper.

CLICK, CLANG, CHAIN SCREECH sounds of doors locking tight echo through the silent hallway.

BEN

(almost silently)

Good night, Angela.

Ben walks to his apartment. He looks at the paper.

EXT. STREET - DAY.

Ben walks up to a small, faded-yellow brick building. Red neon letters at the top display, "CHICAGO PUBLIC LIBRARY."

Ben goes in. He walks past the desk into the main room. Angela sits at the information booth next to PAULA Lincoln, an attractive, 40-year-old black girl.

Paula types. Angela talks on the phone and doesn't notice Ben.

PAULA

Can I help you?

BEN

You'd think Chicago could afford a
bigger library.

Angela recognizes Ben's voice.

ANGELA

I've gotta go, Mom.

Angela hangs up, looks at Ben.

ANGELA
What are you doing here?

BEN
I have to find out something. Care
for lunch?

ANGELA
Paula, can you cover for me?

PAULA
What?

ANGELA
Please, Paula. I'll owe you.

Paula waves her away.

Ben and Angela walk outside.

EXT. STREET - DAY

ANGELA
We'll take my car, so I can ditch
you and get away if you give me
any crap.

BEN
OK, but stop at my car first, over
there.

They arrive at Ben's car. He gets a bag from his back seat,
puts it in Angela's car, and gets back in.

ANGELA
That your axe?

Ben stares at her curiously. Angela smiles.

BEN
Oh, yeah, I'm an axe murderer.
Funny. McDonald's OK?

ANGELA
Big spender, aren't you?

INT. McDONALD'S - DAY

Ben and Angela sit in a booth and eat.

BEN
What do you think Jake wants?

ANGELA
I don't know. How would I know?

BEN
He was your boyfriend, right?

ANGELA
Yes. So what?

BEN
Sorry. I'm upsetting you. I don't mean to. You know, I'm a nut.

ANGELA
Yes, I know.

BEN
You done?

Angela swallows the last fry, nods her head, and gets up.

EXT. MCDONALD'S PARKING LOT - DAY

BEN
Mind if I drive?

ANGELA
Yes, I do.

BEN
Come on. I have to go somewhere. I need your help. It's just over on Montrose.

INT. CAR - DAY

Ben drives in silence.

ANGELA
He wasn't my boyfriend.

Ben doesn't say anything.

ANGELA
He was my husband.

BEN
I thought so.

ANGELA
Just for a couple of months. Then he threatened me. He never actually hit me. I don't think he ever would.

BEN

So you're divorced?

ANGELA

Well, no. I never had the money. We never got divorced. But I haven't seen him in over a year. I don't know why he's back.

BEN

Maybe he wants to give you your share of the tax refund.

ANGELA

Don't be funny, Ben. It's not attractive. Especially with that nose. Although it looks better. How is it, anyway?

She leans over and lightly touches his nose.

BEN

It feels a little better.

ANGELA

God. What the hell is he coming back into my life for? He doesn't like me any more than I like him.

Ben stops the car outside a cemetery.

EXT. GRACELAND CEMETERY - DAY

ANGELA

Where are we?

BEN

I need to get a copy of something.

ANGELA

Oh, no. Please.

Angela gets out. Ben gets his stuff out of the back seat.

BEN

See that building over there? Watch to see if a guard comes out. I have to find this grave.

Ben takes off into the cemetery. He peers intensely at the headstones. He looks up at the building a couple of times.

ANGELA

Ben, what are you doing?

BEN
Shhhh. Just tell me if anybody
comes out.

Angela follows him around.

ANGELA
What the hell are you doing?

BEN
I'm trying to find somebody.

ANGELA
I'm going back to the car.

BEN
No. I need you. Here it is.

Angela looks at the gravestone. "Antisha Dunne 1980-2004."
Ben puts the paper over it and rubs the wax paper gently
but firmly over the headstone, including the initials at
the bottom, "MC."

INT. RESTAURANT ACROSS THE STREET - DAY

A gray-haired MAN sips coffee in a booth. He watches Ben
and Angela through the window.

EXT. GRACELAND CEMETERY - DAY

ANGELA
Somebody came out.

BEN
Let's go. I'm done.

They take off through the gates, out to the street, and to
the car. Ben rolls up the wax-paper impression as they run.

EXT. RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - DAY

The man leaves the restaurant, walks to an old car, gets
in, and drives off.

INT. CAR - DAY

Ben Drives.

ANGELA
What the hell was that about? You
really are nuts. I was just
kidding before, but now --

BEN
You have microfilm in your place?

ANGELA
What? My apartment?

BEN
No, the library.

ANGELA
Yeah, sure. What do you think,
we're in the 18th century just
because we're on Foster Avenue?

They arrive at the library. Ben drops Angela off.

BEN
I'll bring your keys in.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Angela sits at the desk next to Paula.

PAULA
You crazy, girl.

ANGELA
I know, but he's very sweet. He's
just a little nuts. He's getting a
divorce.

PAULA
That's what he told you?

ANGELA
I know. I'm being very careful. He
lives in my building.

Paula shakes her head.

Ben comes in.

He gives Angela her keys and addresses Paula:

BEN
You have microfilm here?

Paula looks at Angela, then back to Ben.

PAULA
In there. On the Internet.

Paula motions toward another room. Angela watches him go in. Paula looks at Angela and shakes her head, then goes back to her work.

EXT. LIBRARY PARKING LOT - DAY

An old car pulls up close to Angela's car. The gray-haired man gets out, opens his trunk and takes out a car-door opener. He breaks into Angela's car.

He opens the glove compartment and reads her insurance card.

INT. APT BUILDING - DAY

Jake stomps up to Angela's apartment. He bangs on the door. No answer. He slips a note under the door and leaves.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

ANGELA

What's he doing in there? He's been in there for hours.

PAULA

Probably doing all the porn sites.

ANGELA

I'm going to see what he's doing.

Angela goes into the room. Ben talks on his cell phone.

BEN

Did you have a daughter named Antisha who died?

ANGELA

What are you doing?

BEN

(holding the mouthpiece)

Shhhh. I found that girl, Antisha Dunne. She's from Chicago. But I don't know where.

BEN

(into the phone)

I'm looking into her death.

(pause) OK, sorry to bother you.

Ben clicks the button.

ANGELA

You can't just call people and ask them if their daughter died.

She grabs the cell phone away from him.

BEN

I need that back, please.

ANGELA

No. Go home. I'll give it back to you tonight. Go home, Ben.

Ben leaves.

INT. APT BUILDING - NIGHT

Angela passes Ben's door and opens her own. She sees the note on the floor from Jake. She picks it up and reads it.

She rushes down the hall to Ben's apartment. BANG BANG. Ben opens the door.

BEN

Hey.

ANGELA

I got a note from Jake. He wants me to call him.

Angela looks around. All the copies of headstones are disheveled, all over the place.

ANGELA

What are you doing?

BEN

Antisha Dunne was from Chicago. I'm seeing if maybe there was another girl.

ANGELA

Why are you so obsessed with this Antisha girl?

Ben's face gets serious.

BEN

I think she was killed.

ANGELA

What?

BEN

The microfilm article said she
fell onto the tracks. Downtown.

ANGELA

People get killed in Chicago every
day, Ben. I know, I'm sorry for
her too, but just because she got
killed, doesn't mean you have to
get involved.

BEN

There's something else.

Angela stares at him. Ben hesitates, changes his mind.

BEN

Are you going to call Jake? I'll
stay with you if you want.

ANGELA

Don't change the subject. Why are
you so obsessed with this girl?

BEN

It's the initials in the corner.
Look.

Ben shows her the initials, "M.C." in the lower left
corner.

BEN

When I was a teenager, I saw these
initials. At a graveyard in New
Jersey, Miller's Chapel. The
marking was exactly like this. And
in the lower left.

ANGELA

Have you completely lost it?

Angela turns to leave.

BEN

No, wait.

Angela pauses.

BEN

The initials were plain as day,
like these. Same size and
everything.

Angela stares in confusion.

BEN

I'm checking my archives for anybody else. Can you help me?

Angela reluctantly pulls some headstone copies out of the drawers.

BEN

Look for initials in the lower left, or partial initials. I don't usually go that far down.

Angela searches.

ANGELA

This is ridiculous.

BEN

Please. Keep going.

Angela freezes.

ANGELA

Ben.

BEN

Just keep looking, please.

ANGELA

I think I found one.

Ben comes over and looks at Angela's paper.

BEN

Oh, my God.

The impression of the gravestone says, "Tamara Cruz, 1986-2004"

Ben looks at the obscure letters to the lower left of the sheet. He can only see the tops of the initials.

"M.C." Ben turns it over. He reads a note on the back, in his own handwriting: Resthaven.

BEN

"Resthaven." A small cemetery at O'Hare airport, south of the runway.

ANGELA

Ben, what the hell is going on?

BEN

I think somebody killed that poor girl at Miller's Chapel, twenty years ago. And now he's in Chicago.

SOUND (Phone RING)

BEN

Hello. Yes, I called you. Are you Antisha Dunne's mother? Yes.

Ben writes something down.

BEN

OK. I'm very sorry. Thank you. Thank you very much.

Ben hangs up.

BEN

That was Antisha Dunne's mother. She couldn't talk to me earlier. I'm going to go see her tomorrow.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Ben gets out of his car and walks up to a small house. An older black lady comes out.

BEN

Mrs. Dunne?

MRS. DUNNE

Yes. Come in.

Ben goes in.

MRS. DUNNE

Can I get you anything?

BEN

No. I can't stay. I'm very sorry about your daughter.

MRS. DUNNE

They said she killed herself on the train tracks, jumped into an on-coming train. I don't believe it.

BEN

I don't, either.

MRS. DUNNE
Do you know something? Tell me.

BEN
I don't know anything yet.

MRS. DUNNE
Did you tell the police at least?

BEN
Well, no. Not yet. Soon.

MRS. DUNNE
Do you want to see her picture?

Mrs. Dunne hands Ben a picture. There are three people, Antisha, the mother, and a white man.

BEN
Is that her father?

MRS. DUNNE
Yes. He was a good man. I think he died from sadness. He loved her so much.

Mrs. Dunne starts to cry.

MRS. DUNNE
I lost both of them. Both of them!
And I don't even know why. Why?

She looks up tearfully. Ben touches her shoulder.

BEN
Is he at Graceland, too?

MRS. DUNNE
Yes, behind our daughter.

BEN
I have to go back there, see if there's anyone else like your daughter.

MRS. DUNNE
Tell them I miss them.

BEN
Yes. I'm sorry. I will.

EXT. GRACELAND CEMETERY - DAY

Ben takes his equipment into the cemetery. He finds Antisha's headstone. Behind, he sees "Henry Dunne, 1926-2004."

There are no initials on Henry's grave.

Ben kneels down and spreads his papers out. He places the wax paper across the headstone and fastens it with the special tape.

SECURITY GUARD

Get up.

Ben is shocked. He turns to run. A police officer appears behind him and cuts off his escape. Ben turns in another direction. Another police officer is there.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Ben sits in a room. A police OFFICER comes in.

OFFICER

What were you doing there?

BEN

I was taking images of the headstones.

OFFICER

What?

BEN

I take images of headstones and think about the people. This one girl has initials like ones I saw in New Jersey.

OFFICER

Your bail's a standard 5,000. Which means you need 500 dollars to get out of here.

BEN

Oh, no. I don't have 500 dollars. I have a credit card if you give me back my wallet.

OFFICER

Bail's in cash.

BEN

Oh, no. I don't have that kind of money.

OFFICER

You'll be arraigned on Monday. You can stay here 'till then.

The officer snickers.

BEN

You don't understand. I think that girl was murdered. She has the same initials, the initials --

The officer puts a phone in front of him.

BEN

I need my wallet, for the number of my lawyer.

OFFICER

Who's your lawyer?

BEN

Frank DeFranco, Park Ridge.

OFFICER

We'll try and get him.

The officer takes the phone and leaves. Ben sits alone for an hour, then an officer comes in and escorts him into a large room. There are lots of prisoners in there.

INT. COOK COUNTY JAIL - NIGHT

BLACK PRISONER

What you in for?

BEN

I don't know. Defacing headstones, I guess. I don't know.

BLACK PRISONER

You're a gonner.

BEN

Hey, you, hey. I never got my phone call.

A heavy-set, black female GUARD (35) approaches.

BEN

Please. Has my lawyer called back?

GUARD

What? A lawyer is gonna call you on a Saturday night? No, you gonna be our guest 'till Monday.

BEN

Look, Miss. Uh, Mrs, uh, can I please make one phone call?

GUARD

To who?

BEN

A friend. She's my friend. She's black. She's my friend.

INT. POLICE DEPT PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Ben dials the phone. The black lady guard watches him.

BEN

Hello, Angela?

ANGELA

Ben? Where are you?

BEN

I'm in Cook County Jail.

ANGELA

What?

Ben fights back tears.

BEN

I got arrested. Defacing property.

ANGELA

Oh, no, Ben.

BEN

Angela, I need 500 dollars. Bail. Cash. I can't stay here until Monday. I'll lose my job if they don't hear from me.

ANGELA

Oh, Ben, I don't have any money.

BEN

Look, I've got 200 dollars in my apartment. In my dresser. Next to my bed.

The lady guard looks at him warily.

BEN

Hey, she's never seen my bed.
Well, I mean, she's never been in
it. I swear.

Ben puts the phone back to his ear

BEN

Can you get another 300 dollars? I
promise, Angela. I'll pay you
back. I promise.

GUARD

Don't listen to him, Honey.

Ben holds the mouthpiece.

BEN

Shhh. Yes, I will. I promise. I
promise you. Talk to her, OK?

The guard gets on the phone.

GUARD

Listen, Honey, I don't know this
boy, but he seems OK. He don't
really belong here.

ANGELA

I don't have 300 dollars.

GUARD

Well, I don't blame ya, Honey.

She gives the phone back to Ben.

BEN

Angela, Angela. Please.

GUARD

Let's go, Whitey.

She hangs up the phone for Ben and leads him away.

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Angela makes a call. Another person answers.

JAKE

Hello.

Angela hangs up. She dials again.

JAKE
Hello?

ANGELA
Jake?

JAKE
Angela. Thank God you called.

ANGELA
What do you want, Jake?

JAKE
I want a divorce.

ANGELA
What?

JAKE
I met this girl. She's very nice.
But she found out I'm married.

ANGELA
How did she find out?

Jake stammers.

JAKE
Well, I, um, I sort of told her.
After we had sex.

ANGELA
Stupid.

JAKE
She damn-near killed me, Angela. I
tried to explain, but she kept
hitting me.

ANGELA
Good for her. Wait. You? All 250
pounds? Beat up by a girl? A fat
slob like you?

JAKE
You know, Angela, normally, that
would upset me. But I'm taking
these classes. Anger Control. It
helps. You should try it.

ANGELA
I never had an anger problem 'till
I met you, Jake. What about that
white boy?

JAKE

What? Who? What white boy?

ANGELA

In my building. You hit him.

JAKE

That guy? Hey, I didn't hit him. He had a... you know, an accident. I swear. I didn't hit him. I never touched him.

ANGELA

You want a divorce? I need 300 dollars. Cash. Tonight.

Jake thinks.

ANGELA

Bring it over here with the papers. Tonight or it's no deal. Then I need you to take it somewhere.

JAKE

So, if I give you 300 dollars, you'll give me a divorce?

ANGELA

If it's tonight. And soon.

JAKE

I'm on my way.

INT. COOK COUNTY JAIL, CHICAGO - NIGHT

Prisoners gather suspiciously around Ben.

BLACK PRISONER

You like niggers, don't ya, Digger? Ha. He's a digger. A nigger digger.

All the prisoners laugh.

OTHER BLACK PRISONER

He's a digger?

BLACK PRISONER

Yeah. Digs up the bones and eats 'em. What a sick-oh.

OTHER BLACK PRISONER

Hey, boy, I got a big bone for ya.
(points to his groin), Here boy,
good boy.

The prisoners all laugh.

The black lady guard comes up to the cell with a clipboard.

GUARD

You boys get back to your places.
Get back. Now.

BLACK PRISONER

Boy? You call me boy, you nigger
cop?

The guard comes up to the grate.

GUARD

What'd you call me?

BLACK PRISONER

Nothin'.

The guard looks left and right down the hallway.

GUARD

Maybe you'd like to come out here
and repeat that. There's nobody
here. And I don't need no gun.

The guard stares him down through the bars.

BLACK PRISONER

No, I think I'll stay here.

BEN

Look, Ms. Can you check on
something for me? Please?

GUARD

What?

BEN

Look at my stuff that you took.
That guy's Henry Dunne. There's a
headstone at Graceland in front of
him with the initials "M.C." on
the bottom. It's his daughter.

The guard looks at him suspiciously.

GUARD

Yeah, you scratched it up. That's why you're in here.

BEN

No, There's another one in New Jersey, 20 years ago. Same thing. M.C. Initials on the bottom.

GUARD

What?

BEN

I think somebody killed that girl.

The Guard scowls.

GUARD

Henry Dunne is a girl? Boy, you're really pissing me off.

BEN

No, his daughter, in front of him. I went back to get the father's grave. There's no initials on it. Just the daughter. I thought I might need the father's grave.

GUARD

Where in New Jersey?

BEN

Salem, I think. I'm not sure.

GUARD

I'll tell a detective. Stay away from them graveyards, Boy. You get caught again, you'll do time.

BEN

Can I have your pen? And your clipboard?

The guard looks at him and fingers her gun. Ben sees it.

BEN

No, I'm not going to stick you with a pen. I need to write down the name of the girl at Graceland.

The guard gives him the pen and passes the clipboard through the bars, but keeps her hand on her gun.

Ben writes the name, "Antisha Dunne," and address on the paper and hands it back to the guard, along with the pen.

BEN

Look up that girl. Find out who investigated her and tell him about the initials. I swear I'm not crazy.

INT. APT BUILDING - NIGHT

Jake walks up the stairs. Angela opens the door.

JAKE

Hi, Angela. Nice to see you again.

ANGELA

Shut up. Do you have the money?

JAKE

Yes, here.

Jake lays out the legal papers on a table.

JAKE

Sign here. And here.

ANGELA

Not yet. You know how to break into an apartment?

JAKE

What?

ANGELA

That white guy. He's in Cook County Jail. I need you to get into his apartment. He has some money in there.

JAKE

God, Angela, I never thought you'd rob a guy who's in jail.

ANGELA

Ah, shut up. Just get me in there.

Jake takes a knife and wire and gets into Ben's apartment. Angela goes to the bedside dresser and finds 200 dollars in a drawer. She hands it to Jake.

Angela walks out of Ben's apartment, into her own. Jake follows her. Jake frowns in confusion.

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Angela signs the papers.

ANGELA

Take that money and get him out of Cook County.

JAKE

What? I can't go to Cook County. I uh... I know people there. They'll see me.

ANGELA

You know how to do it. I'll keep these papers here until you get back.

JAKE

OK. What's he in for, rape? If he hurt you, Angela, I swear, I'll kill him.

ANGELA

No. He was defacing headstones in a cemetery.

Jake studies Angela's face for signs of a joke. No.

JAKE

Damn. They sure lowered their standards since I was there.

INT. COOK COUNTY JAIL - NIGHT

The black lady guard comes up to the large room.

GUARD

You. Yes, you. You made bail.

Prisoners come up to the bars, shouting to get out.

BEN

Me? Angela's here?

GUARD

I don't think so.

She pushes the other prisoners away and lets Ben out. They walk down a hall past the main area. Lots of police officers are there.

Ben and Jake fleetingly exchange glances as Jake fills out papers at a desk.

BEN
I think I'll stay.

The guard pushes him into a waiting room off to the side.

BEN
Can I get my stuff?

GUARD
That's evidence, honey. And you
stay away from them graveyards.
You understand? And that girl,
too, if I'm right.

The Guard exits. Another officer escorts Ben into another
area, through a swinging door.

JAKE
(whispering)
Come on. Now.

They exit. Jake politely nods to the ubiquitous officers.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Jake and Ben get into a sleek black car. Jake drives off
and enters the tollway. Ben fidgets nervously in the
passenger's seat.

BEN
Hey, slow down. We're gonna get
stopped.

JAKE
Don't worry. I have a black car.

BEN
What?

JAKE
Radar can't detect a black car at
night.

BEN
What?

JAKE
Yeah, I read that once.

BEN
You can read?

JAKE

Although I got arrested in
Wisconsin once, 120 in a 55.

BEN

Should've had a Stealth Buick.

INT. ANGELA'S APT - NIGHT

Angela paces around her apartment. The phone RINGS.

ANGELA

Hello? Ben?

OTHER VOICE

You fucking that white boy?

ANGELA

What?

OTHER VOICE

You heard me. Are you fucking him,
huh, you mongrel? You mongrel
coloreds love to fuck white boys,
don't you? You niggers make me
sick. You think you're white.

Angela SLAMS the phone down. It rings again. Angela picks
it up, but doesn't say anything.

OTHER VOICE

I saw you in the cemetery
yesterday. I like to keep an eye
on my girls.

ANGELA

Your girls?

OTHER VOICE

Yeah. The mongrel coloreds I took
care of. You're gonna end up in
the ground like the others. I'm
gonna carve those initials on your
grave, bitch. M.C. That's you.
Mongrel Colored.

Angela SLAMS the phone down again.

Ben and Jake come up the stairs. Jake knocks loud.

BEN

Jeez, do you have to make such a
racket?

Angela opens the door and walks away. She's visibly shaken.

BEN

Angela, are you OK?

ANGELA

Yes. Thanks, Jake. Here's the papers.

She hands Jake the papers. Jake looks at Angela, then Ben.

JAKE

You think your nose is busted, boy, you wait 'till you think about hurting her.

ANGELA

It's OK, Jake. Thanks for doing this. I'll pay you back. Thank you. Good luck with your friend.

Jake leaves.

BEN

You all right? Jeez, I was the one in jail.

ANGELA

Somebody called me. He said he'd carve initials on my grave, "M.C."

Ben's jaw drops.

BEN

Who? Who called? How did he get your number?

ANGELA

I don't know.

BEN

Oh, Angela. I'm so sorry to drag you into this.

ANGELA

Yeah, you should be. Now a nut worse than you is after me.

Ben stares sorrowfully at Angela.

BEN

Did he say what the initials meant? Did he say Miller's Chapel?

ANGELA

I don't know. He didn't say. He said "Mongrel" something. "Colored." "Mongrel Colored," I think. Oh, Ben, I'm scared.

Ben pulls her head into his shoulder.

INT. OFFICE CUBICLE - DAY

Ben types into his computer, "Miller's Chapel + NJ."

Search results: 10,556. Miller's wines, Chapel Apparel, Chapel services conducted at our air-conditioned offices... The next several pages list travel agencies in New Jersey.

BEN

Damn.

Ben looks up the Chicago library on Foster. He dials the number.

PAULA

Hello. Chicago Public Library Annex. Can I help you?

BEN

Hello, is Angela there?

Paula recognizes Ben's voice.

PAULA

No. She's out.

BEN

Is she coming back soon? I'm her friend, Ben. Can you have her call me? Here's my number at --

PAULA

You leave her alone.

BEN

What? Why? Paula? Is this Paula?

PAULA

You leave her alone, white boy.

BEN

God, I'm not a white boy. I just like her. And you. You too, Paula. Paula? Why do you hate me?

Paula hesitates, not talking.

PAULA

Because you're married. And you're white. You leave her alone. You don't belong together.

Paula slams down the phone.

Ben looks at his watch. It's 11:30.

He goes out of the building to a parking lot and gets in his car.

EXT. LIBRARY - DAY

Ben parks his car and walks into the library, up to Angela's desk. Paula is there by herself.

BEN

Uh, Paula. Is Angela here?

PAULA

She's in the bathroom, I think. None of your business though.

BEN

Come on, Paula. Why do you hate me so much? I never did anything to her.

PAULA

Because you're married, that's why. You gigolos think you can just string a girl along.

BEN

I'm getting a divorce. Jeez, Paula, it takes time. And lots of money, which I don't have.

PAULA

Yeah, sure. I've heard it. And you're a white boy. You don't belong.

Angela comes out of the bathroom. Her head sinks.

ANGELA

Oh, please go away. Please.

BEN

I need you to help me again.

Paula scowls in disgust.

BEN

Tamara Cruz, at O'Hare. I need to get the rest of the letters. We could only see the tops. Make sure they're the same initials.

PAULA

Who's Tamara Cruz? What the hell are you doing?

BEN

She's a girl who's buried at O'Hare. I looked her up. She died three years ago. I have to be sure of the initials.

PAULA

Nobody's buried at the airport.

BEN

There's a cemetery there. Very small. Resthaven.

PAULA

Angela?

ANGELA

Paula, my father was white. There's something going on.

PAULA

You scare me, girl.

ANGELA

Somebody threatened me last night. He said he'd kill me.

Paula looks at Angela in shock.

PAULA

Go, girl.

INT. CAR - DAY

Ben and Angela drive down a two-lane highway and turn right onto a dirt road. Ben nervously passes a security trailer, but nobody stops them.

A sign on the right says, "Welcome to Resthaven."

They get out of the car and go through a fence gate into a cemetery.

Resthaven is a sleepy cemetery, about 50 graves, well maintained. Behind the cemetery is a dense woods.

An airplane lands only a few hundred yards to the north.

BEN

Look for Tamara Cruz. I can't remember where she is.

They walk around and get separated. Ben is near the woods. Angela is by the road.

BEN

Here.

Ben takes a picture and rubs the stone. SOUND (O.S.) From the woods POW.

A bullet hits a gravestone near Angela. She falls to the ground in fear.

ANGELA

Ben. Ben?

Ben looks toward the woods. There's nobody there. He runs toward Angela.

SOUND (O.S.) POW. Another bullet strikes a monument near Angela, even though Ben is in plain view, running.

Angela huddles behind the monument.

SOUND (O.S.) POW.

This bullet hits the monument again. Angela winces as it ricochets past her. She sees the bullet fall to the ground a few feet away.

Ben runs toward Angela, then stops. He turns toward the woods.

BEN

Hey, why don't you shoot me, huh?

Silence.

Ben stands in the open. He holds his arms out.

BEN

Shoot me. Leave her alone.

Angela picks up the bullet and sprints toward the car through the fence gate.

SOUND (O.S.) POW. Near Angela

Ben looks behind him, then at the woods.

BEN

Coward. Fucking coward.

Ben walks slowly toward the woods.

BEN

Shoot me, you bastard. You're a
damn coward, aren't you?

The man's pistol aims directly at Ben's chest as Ben walks toward the hidden position in the woods.

A figure runs out from behind a hill. He runs back into the woods, farther away from Ben.

Ben stops, turns, and looks toward the fence at Angela. She's huddled by the driver's side of the car.

ANGELA

Ben. Get back here. Ben!

Ben turns and walks slowly toward Angela. He looks at his shaking hands. He stumbles on a gravestone, falls, gets up.

ANGELA

Ben!

BEN

It's OK. I'm all right.

Angela looks at the bullet and puts it in her pocket.

Ben gets to the car.

BEN

Are you all right?

ANGELA

God, he almost killed us. Who is
this guy? He wanted to kill us.

Angela starts the car and speeds south.

The man stoops at the gate. He searches the ground for bullets. He picks some up and whittles others out of the headstones. Five bullets are in his open hand.

He looks south at Angela's speeding car.

INT. CAR - DAY

ANGELA

You leave me alone. We're through.
You're nuts. We almost got killed.

Angela drives out of the cemetery.

INT. APT BUILDING, NIGHT

Ben knocks gently on Angela's door.

BEN

Angela? Angela?

Ben KNOCKS again, louder.

BEN

Angela, are you there?

ANGELA

(O.S, inside)

Stay away from me. I almost got
killed. Paula's going to fire me.
All because of you.

BEN

I'm sorry, Angela. It wasn't my
fault. (pause) Paula's your boss?

ANGELA

(O.S.)

Yes, she's my boss. She's also my
friend. And she hates your guts.

Ben leaves sadly.

INT. BEN'S APT - DAY

SOUND (O.S. in the hallway) SLAM, HEAVY FOOTSTEPS.

Angela slams her door and STOMPS past Ben's apartment as
loud as she can, on her way out to work.

CATCALLS

(from the building)

Hey. Keep it down up there. Do you
know what time it is?

Ben looks at his watch as he gets out of bed.

INT. OFFICE CUBICLE- DAY

Ben sits in his cubicle. He hesitates to pick up the phone. He does, and dials the number.

BEN'S OFFICE and FOSTER LIBRARY - DAY

BEN

Angela?

Paula SLAMS the phone down. Ben dials again. Paula answers.

BEN

Paula, please. Let me talk to her.

Paula hands the phone to Angela.

ANGELA

What?

BEN

Angela, I'm sorry. It's not my fault.

Angela SLAMS the phone.

Ben puts his head in his hands.

Ben is startled by the PHONE RINGING

BEN

Hello, Angela?

No response. He looks at the Caller ID, "CITY OF CHICAGO."

Detective WILSON speaks into the phone.

WILSON

I'm looking for a Benjamin Bradshaw. I'm Capt. Donald Wilson, Precinct 21.

BEN

I'm Ben.

WILSON

You were arrested Saturday on charges of vandalism to a private cemetery?

BEN

Yes, but I can explain. Wait. I can't talk to you here. I'm in a cubicle.

WILSON

I got a report here you think somebody was murdered.

BEN

Yes, yes. Who told you that? That guard? At Cook... Look, I can't talk now.

WILSON

Why do you think somebody was murdered?

BEN

Look, I'm in a cubicle. Everybody can hear me. Can you call me on my cell phone? Or I can come over.

WILSON

You live on Addison, right? I'll be there at 6:00. You're not there, you get picked up and spend some more time with us. Got it?

BEN

Yes. I'll be there. OK. Thanks for doing this. Thanks so much.

INT. CHICAGO LIBRARY - DAY

ANGELA

Oh, Paula, I don't know what to do. He's right, it's not his fault. Look.

Angela opens her desk drawer. She pulls out the bullet.

ANGELA

Someone tried to kill me, Paula.

Paula takes the bullet and looks at it with alarm. She puts it back into the drawer and closes it.

PAULA

You have to stay away from him.

ANGELA

Why? Why, Paula? Do you have a friend like him?

PAULA

No. I don't have no friends. I just know men. Especially the married kind.

ANGELA

You know, Paula, you're too young to be my mother. So why are you protecting me like this if you're not my friend, huh? You don't have any friends? Not me, either, huh?

Angela cries. Paula gets teary-eyed, too.

PAULA

I'm sorry, Angela. I'm sorry. Yes, you're my friend. I didn't mean that. It's just that, well --

SOUND PHONE RING.

PAULA

Hello?

MAN

Let me talk to her.

Paula takes the phone away from her ear and looks at it.

ANGELA

Is that him?

PAULA

(covering the mouthpiece)
I don't know. I think so.

Paula hands the phone to Angela.

ANGELA

Hello, Ben? I'm sorry.

Paula watches as Angela's face wells up with fear. Angela slams the phone down.

PAULA

Was that him?

ANGELA

No, it's that man again. He says he's going to kill me. He knows where I work. Oh, God, Paula, what am I going to do?

Paula dials the phone.

ANGELA

No, not the police. I can't. They'll... Ben... They'll connect it with Ben. I have to think.

PAULA

What, he's got a record or something?

Paula stares at Angela in exasperation.

ANGELA

No. No. Of course not. He was just... in the graveyards... He likes graveyards. He almost got shot, too.

PAULA

You like him, don't you?

ANGELA

Yes, I do. He's just nuts. I don't know. He's ... Hey, he exposed himself to that guy, so he wouldn't shoot at me. Oh, Paula...

Angela cries and leans into Paula. Paula dials the phone.

ANGELA

No, Paula.

Paula hushes her.

BEN

Hello? Angela?

PAULA

She's here. She's upset.

Paula hands the phone to Angela.

ANGELA

He called again. Said he "Missed me." Said he "missed me with his gun."

Angela looks at Paula.

ANGELA

Oh, Ben, who is this guy? He's trying to kill me. He knows where I work, where I live. What does he want?

BEN

I don't know. A detective called me. He's coming by at 6:00 tonight. I'm going to show him everything. You need to be there.

ANGELA
OK. Oh, Ben, another thing.

BEN
What?

ANGELA
He said that "Mongrel Colored"
thing again.

BEN
You think that's what M.C. means?

ANGELA
I don't know. He said it twice.

BEN
We'll tell the detective that.
Angela?

ANGELA
Yes?

Ben pauses a long time. He calculates the probability that he can say something ultimately sweet without upsetting her. It's a long shot. He chickens out.

BEN
I'm sorry.

ANGELA
Yes, I know.

BEN
Thank Paula for me.

ANGELA
For what?

BEN
For calling me.

ANGELA
OK, I will.

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jake dials the phone. RING RING. A WOMAN picks up the phone.

JAKE
Hi. It's me. I got 'em.

WOMAN

(on the phone)

You can't call me at work. What do you want? You got what?

JAKE

The divorce papers. She signed them. I just picked them up from the clerk. Took him two days.

WOMAN

What'd you have to do, screw her?

JAKE

Of course not. I'm not even interested in her. You know that. She's an itty-bitty thing. You know I like girls with a little meat on them. Like you.

WOMAN

You liked her well enough to marry her. Don't call me any more.

Jake picks up the phone and walks around.

JAKE

Aw, come on. I don't like her any more. Same with her.

WOMAN

So you're divorced now?

JAKE

No. Now don't get upset. It takes ninety days.

WOMAN

Call me in ninety days.

JAKE

No, Please. I can't help it. It's the system. I can't wait that long. Hey, I saw you Saturday night.

Pause on the other line, as the woman thinks.

WOMAN

How did you see me? I was working.

JAKE

I know. I saw you from the visitors' room.

WOMAN

You were down here?

JAKE

Yeah. I didn't want you to see me.
I figured you'd probably shoot me.

WOMAN

Ha. I probably would have. What
were you doing here? You're
obviously not an inmate again.

JAKE

Bailing out that guy you were
with. He's Angela's friend.

WOMAN

What? You know him?

JAKE

Yeah.

WOMAN

Wow. You know that guy. That's
spooky.

JAKE

Yeah, I know.

WOMAN

He does headstones with some kind
of wax. He thinks this girl was
murdered. I told the detective in
charge of that investigation.

JAKE

Great. Who cares? So can I see you
again? Like now?

INT. COOK COUNTY JAIL OFFICE - DAY

The black guard from Cook County Jail gets up and walks
around an office with the phone.

GUARD

Not now. I'm working. I do like
your persistence, though.

JAKE

Hey, I don't do no persistence no
more. I told you that.

GUARD

What?

JAKE

Aw, just kidding. Come on. Please?

GUARD

OK. Tomorrow night. I'm on night shift again. Call me then. You know, of course, you lie to me --

JAKE

Yeah, I know. Boy, do I know.

GUARD

Yeah, you know.

JAKE

Thanks, Honey. Hey, remember we used to hold hands through the bars?

GUARD

See ya, Jake.

The guard hangs up. Jake hangs up, smiling.

INT. BEN'S APT - NIGHT

SOUND PHONE RING RING

BEN

Hello? Yes. Detective Wilson. Are you coming over?

Ben listens.

BEN

OK, no, that's OK.

WILSON

(on the phone)

So what makes you think this girl was murdered?

BEN

I saw initials on her grave. Lower left, just like the ones in New Jersey. I can't remember the name of the girl, though.

WILSON

I checked that out. There's no Miller's Chapel in New Jersey.

BEN

Yes, there is. I was there. Twenty years ago.

WILSON

I called there. Salem, NJ. Nobody ever heard of it.

BEN

I'm not sure it was in Salem.

WILSON

Look, punk. You're in a lot of shit. Graceland wants a restraining order on you.

BEN

Wait, there's another girl, at Resthaven. Tamara Cruz. And Somebody tried to shoot my friend.

WILSON

That the black chick you're working?

BEN

What?

Ben looks at the phone, then puts it back to his ear.

BEN

How do you know about her?

WILSON

I got eyes all over, punk.

BEN

What does she have to do with it?

WILSON

Never know. Somebody might not like that. Mixing races, you know. There's some crazies out there.

BEN

I, I, (stammers) What does Angela... She didn't--

WILSON

Don't fuck with me, boy. Just pay your fine and stay out of them cemeteries.

BEN

I... Are you going to help me?
Somebody killed those girls. And
the one in New Jersey. Come on.

WILSON

The case is closed, boy. Stay out
of them cemeteries. And I'd stay
away from that black chick, too.
Just some friendly advice.

BEN

I, I, I can't believe you're not...

WILSON

You know that little riot you
caused at Cook County?

Ben's eyes get wide.

BEN

Riot?

WILSON

Digger, right? "Nigger Digger."
I'm putting a note in your file
here, "dangerous when provoked.
And a racist." You know what that
means don't you?

Ben is terrified.

BEN

No, don't do that. I'm not a
racist. I'm anything but a racist.

WILSON

That means, you get caught in a
cemetery again boy, you're gonna
get shot. Shot dead.

BEN

Oh, no, please.

Wilson hangs up.

Ben holds his hand to his head. He paces around.

SOUND KNOCK at the door. Ben opens the door.

Angela appears, worried.

ANGELA

Is that detective here yet?

BEN

No. He's not coming. Angela, I can't see you any more. It's really bad.

ANGELA

Why, what happened?

BEN

Just go home, Angela. I can't... I can't talk to you. I have to stay away. I can't take a chance... God, I don't know what to do.

ANGELA

Ben, you're scaring me. Does it have something to do with me?

BEN

No. I don't know.

ANGELA

Did you show him the Resthaven grave?

BEN

No. He wasn't here. He called.

Ben thinks.

BEN

But I told him about Resthaven. He didn't ask me where it was. Well, he must know, right? He must know where Resthaven is. He's a cop.

ANGELA

Did you tell him about Miller's Chapel?

BEN

Yes. He said it doesn't exist. He called New Jersey. Oh, God, I'm so stupid.

Ben bangs his hand against his head.

ANGELA

What, why? Ben, you're not stupid.

BEN

I can't remember the name of that girl. Now he's saying the graveyard doesn't even exist.

ANGELA

But you were there, right?

BEN

Yes. I just can't remember her name.

ANGELA

What good would it do to know her name?

Ben is frazzled. He sits down on the bed, holding his head.

BEN

I don't know. I just don't know. Maybe the detective is right. I should just pay my fine and stop this. Forget about it.

Angela sits on the bed next to him. She rubs his back.

ANGELA

Those girls wouldn't like that, Ben. Neither would I.

Ben looks at her, then frowns.

BEN

You could be in danger, Angela.

ANGELA

I talked to Paula about that. She says I shouldn't see you any more.

BEN

She hates me, doesn't she?

ANGELA

No, no... Well, yes, I guess so. She's worried about me.

BEN

She's a good friend for you. I wish I had one. I mean, not that you're not.

ANGELA

Yes, I know. Maybe we should call Jake.

BEN

You can't be serious.

ANGELA

Yeah, yeah. You two can bond.

Ben smiles at the joke.

Angela walks toward the door.

ANGELA

See ya, Benny.

SUPER: FRIDAY NIGHT

INT. BEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ben sits at his kitchen table. He writes words on his pad again, "Mary Chisolm," "Merry Cauldron," "Milly Charon," Headstone impressions are all over the room.

SOUND KNOCK KNOCK at the door.

Ben opens the door. It's Angela.

ANGELA

Get your toothbrush.

BEN

What?

ANGELA

We're going to New Jersey. Right now.

BEN

What? What are you talking about?

ANGELA

I borrowed some money from Jake. You know, your buddy, Jake?

BEN

What? No, that's ridiculous. I can't go to New Jersey.

ANGELA

Let's go.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Angela sits in the window seat on the right side of the plane. Ben is in the middle seat.

BEN

I can't believe you did this,
booked us to Philadelphia.

ANGELA

We have to know the name of that
girl. You still don't remember
her, right?

BEN

I don't even know if Miller's
Chapel is still there.

The plane takes off.

Angela looks out the window.

ANGELA

Hey, there's the cemetery,
Resthaven.

Ben looks out.

BEN

Yeah. Resthaven. Tamara Cruz. And
Antisha at Graceland. And...

ANGELA

What?

BEN

And Miller's Chapel. That girl.

Ben and Angela look out the window at Resthaven. Their
faces are very close to each other.

Ben's leg rubs against Angela's.

ANGELA

Hitting on me again?

BEN

No. Sorry. I'm sorry. I'm not.

ANGELA

Why not?

BEN

What? Why not what? You want me
to?

ANGELA

No, I don't. I just wonder why
you're not. Never mind. It's not
important.

Ben looks at her.

Ben goes back to his position in the middle seat. Angela smiles. The plane climbs high in the air.

Angela turns to watch Resthaven disappear behind her.

ANGELA

You think you can find this place?

BEN

I don't know. I wish you had told me you had these tickets. I don't know if I can find it. I don't remember. Maybe when we get there it'll jog my memory.

ANGELA

I sure hope so.

(Pause)

Why do you think this is happening? Why is this guy after me?

BEN

I don't know. Antisha Dunne was black. Well, her father was white.

ANGELA

You think he's a racist?

BEN

Oh, he's definitely a racist. He doesn't like black people and white people, you know, getting together.

ANGELA

So what's the connection between me and Antisha Dunne?

BEN

There's so much we don't know. Like Tamara Cruz at Resthaven. Who is she? Is she black? I don't know.

The plane lands at Philadelphia.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Angela drives. Ben looks at a map.

BEN

We won't be able to find it tonight.

ANGELA

I have a motel room for us.

Ben looks at her curiously.

ANGELA

Don't get any ideas. I only had money for one room.

They stop at a motel. Angela goes in and gets the key. They drive to the door of their room.

EXT. COOK COUNTY JAIL - NIGHT

Jake waits in his car on the street at Cook County for the shift to be over. He sees the Lady Guard come out. He gets out of his car and waves. She sees him.

The guard goes up to Jake's car.

GUARD

Thanks for picking me up. I didn't feel like taking that cab again.

JAKE

I'll pick you up every night and drop you off every day.

GUARD

Don't you ever work?

JAKE

Sure. Fed Ex. But not tonight.

Jake speeds up California Ave and careens onto the tollway.

GUARD

Jake, slow down.

Jake swerves in and out of vehicles at 80 MPH.

GUARD

Jake. Jake!

JAKE

Hey, Hon, I just want to get you to bed... I mean, home. You know.

GUARD

I said, slow down.

JAKE

It's OK. I told you, I have a
black car.

The guard grabs her holstered gun and keeps her hand on it.

GUARD

You know what I'm holding, don't
you?

Jake looks over and sees her hand on her gun.

Jake slows down.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Ben reads a map at the desk. Angela comes out of the
bathroom in her bra and panties. She stands beside Ben.

BEN

Oh, my God.

ANGELA

What? You find it?

BEN

No. You're, you know, you're...

ANGELA

Hitting on me again? Huh?

Ben stammers, at a loss for words. He stares at Angela in
her underwear.

ANGELA

Let's get to bed.

Angela helps Ben get up. He goes toward the chair but he
looks at her continuously. She turns down the bed.

ANGELA

Over here, Benny.

Ben goes over to the bed. They both get in.

INT. CAR - DAY

Ben and Angela cruise down a lonely highway. Angela drives.
Ben looks at a map, then at the road, then at the map
again.

ANGELA

Is this it?

BEN

I don't know. It was a long time ago. Detective Wilson says it doesn't even exist.

ANGELA

Maybe we should ask somebody.

BEN

No. I'm pretty sure this was the road. If it still exists, it has to be on this road.

They drive along farther.

BEN

Go slower. It's a little dirt road off to the left.

Angela slows down.

ANGELA

You know, Ben, I'm glad we got together last night. I like you. You're a nut, but I do like you.

BEN

Me too. I like you too. I really like you. Love you. Hey --

ANGELA

What?

BEN

There. Stop. Back up. There's a road there.

Angela backs up to an obscure road leading into the woods to the left.

ANGELA

You think that's it?

BEN

That's it. I love you. Thank you.

Angela smiles.

They proceed up the road to a rotten, fallen tree that blocks the road.

BEN

I remember this tree. We had to stop here.

They get out of the car and walk.

ANGELA

This is spooky. There's a cemetery here?

Ben doesn't say anything. They get to the cemetery.

Miller's Chapel is as it was before, but in daylight now. There are ten graves, mostly sunken into the ground.

Weeds grow high against the headstones.

They can only discern a few names and numbers, the stones are so worn away.

Ben and Angela search solemnly.

Ben stops at one. He stares at it.

Angela comes up.

ANGELA

Molly Childress. Is that her?

BEN

Yes, that's her.

ANGELA

I don't see any initials.

Ben gets down and scoops the dirt away from the bottom of the headstone. There are no initials.

BEN

No, they're gone. But they were here. Look.

Angela gets on her hands and knees and looks closely.

BEN

See? It was rubbed off. Damn. See this, flecks of stone on the ground. Somebody rubbed the initials off. Damn.

Angela can see that the lower-left corner of the headstone has been rubbed away. There are flecks of stone on the ground.

ANGELA

But who would do that?

BEN
Damn. I don't know.

Angela gets up. Ben gets up.

BEN
I'm sorry, Molly. I said that many years ago, didn't I? I told you I was sorry you died. Now I really mean it.

ANGELA
Ben?

BEN
You have a secret, don't you, Molly? Who do you know? Tell me your secret, Molly. You know someone in Chicago, don't you? Tell me, Molly.

ANGELA
Ben, you're scaring me again.

Angela and Ben walk back to the car. Ben looks solemnly at the ground, thinking.

BEN
You think they have a library in Salem?

ANGELA
I guess. Why? Oh, yes, that's a good idea.

INT. SALEM, NJ LIBRARY - DAY

Angela and Ben enter a small library. There are no patrons. Angela goes up to the desk. A white middle-aged female DESK ATTENDANT looks up.

BEN
You have a microfilm section?

DESK ATTENDANT
(looking disapprovingly at Angela)
It's only for employees.

BEN
Isn't this a public library?

DESK ATTENDANT

I said, it's only for employees.
You'll have to speak to the
manager.

ANGELA

Well, where is he?

DESK ATTENDANT

She. She's not here right now.
Come back later, maybe.

BEN

Come on, Angela, It's obvious she
doesn't want to help us. And for
obvious reasons.

Angela reaches into her purse and pulls out an ID. She
shoves it in the lady's face.

ANGELA

I'm a librarian, lady. See?
Federal. Chicago. See this? Foster
Avenue. You know what that means
don't you?

The attendant is startled by Angela's aggressiveness.

DESK ATTENDANT

Chicago?

ANGELA

Yeah. Foster. National Library
Association. See? You want to lose
your federal funding, huh? You
better get your manager out here,
or I'm closing this dump down,
right now.

DESK ATTENDANT

No, Uh... no, wait. I don't think we
have federal funding.

ANGELA

What? You don't think? Get your
charter.

(to Ben)

Ha. She doesn't think she has
federal funding. And she works in
a library. Good joke.

BEN

You'd think she'd know that.

DESK ATTENDANT

Ok, here. Here's the key. Through that door. Don't tell my manager.

She watches Ben and Angela go into a locked room.

BEN

Wow. A Federal Librarian. I had no idea.

ANGELA

Shut up. Come on.

Angela sits down at the desk. Ben goes to the drawers and gets out the film for the local paper, Salem Sunbeam, 1960.

Angela goes through them, back and forth, looking at the obituaries.

Angela comes to it.

ANGELA

"Millicent Childress died on August 20 of unknown causes. She is survived by her brother, Charles Childress, Avalon, NJ.

BEN

Millicent? Is that Molly?

ANGELA

I don't know.

BEN

Try something else. Go back a few days, a week, maybe. See if there's anything else about her.

Angela searches backward and forward, news, obits, sports. Ben peers over her shoulder, speed-reading the documents.

BEN

Wait, what was that?

ANGELA

Sports program for the week of...

BEN

No, back a little further. Now ahead. There.

ANGELA

"The body of a young black woman was discovered in the woods on the Quinton road."

Angela reads some more.

ANGELA

"Officer Donald Wilson spotted the body protruding from a bush at approximately midnight while on a routine patrol in the area."

"The woman is as yet unidentified, When asked, police Capt. Barney Wilson said she appeared to be pregnant."

BEN

Wait. What's that? Wilson? Who's Barney Wilson? He's the guy who found her?

ANGELA

No, Donald Wilson found her. Barney Wilson was... I don't know. You think that's her, Molly?

BEN

I don't know. We don't know if Molly Childress was black. Maybe.

Angela reads further, not finding anything.

BEN

So there are two Wilsons on the Salem Police force?

ANGELA

Maybe they're related.

BEN

Maybe. Let's see if we can track down this Charlie guy, her brother, in Avalon. Probably dead by now.

Angela and Ben exit the room and walk by the attendant's desk. She gives them a harsh look. Ben turns around.

BEN

You ever hear of Miller's Chapel?

DESK ATTENDANT

Yes, of course. Everybody around here knows it.

BEN

How does everybody know it?

DESK ATTENDANT

It's a kind of, you know... The young people go there.

BEN

Why is it so run-down?

DESK ATTENDANT

It's a colored grave. They's only coloreds there.

Ben and Angela stare at her. Angela leaves.

DESK ATTENDANT

You're from Chicago?

BEN

Yes.

DESK ATTENDANT

Then who's your Mayor?

BEN

Daly.

DESK ATTENDANT

Ha. Gotcha. Daly's dead.

BEN

Just because you're dead, doesn't mean you can't be Mayor of Chicago.

Ben exits.

EXT. CAR - DAY

Angela drives back to the motel. They pass a liquor store.

BEN

Wait, pull in.

Angela does. Ben gets out. He goes in and gets a bottle of wine. An older lady tends the counter. Ben pays.

BEN

You know a place called Miller's Chapel?

CLERK

Of course. Up on the Quinton road. Everybody knows it. Why?

BEN

Nothing. Thanks.

Ben gets into the car. He and Angela drive to the motel.

ANGELA

We going to Avalon?

BEN

No, it's all the way by Atlantic City. Let's try and call from the motel. The chances of Charlie being alive are pretty small. He was black. It was bad back then.

ANGELA

Maybe we should just go back.

BEN

No. Not yet. This is where it happened. There are some definite patterns emerging here.

INT. GUARD'S APARTMENT, CHICAGO - NIGHT

The guard and Jake lie in bed. The guard smokes a cigarette.

JAKE

You know that'll kill you.

GUARD

Or you, if you give me any more crap. Gimme my gun.

Jake playfully restrains her as she reaches for her gun. He holds her down. He kisses her.

GUARD

OK, OK. Ha.

Jake lets her up.

JAKE

Go ahead. Shoot me. It's my time.

He dramatically unfolds his arms, lying on his back, but holds her down with the back of his arm, as if he's dead. She struggles against the force.

GUARD

I'm gonna shoot you when I get up.

Jake lets her up, laughing.

GUARD

OK, stop that.

Jake turns on his side, faces her, and looks at her fondly.

GUARD

So, tell me about Angela.

Jake cringes.

JAKE

Tell you what?

GUARD

Why did you marry her?

JAKE

Aw, come on, I don't know. Maybe I was drunk or something. She don't mean nothing to me.

GUARD

Yes, I know. I'm not trying to trap you. I just want to know. OK, What about that white boy?

JAKE

He's her boyfriend, I guess. Lives in the same place, over on Addison.

GUARD

He sure had a strange story at Cook County. Man, he takes impressions of gravestones. Something about initials in the corner. And New Jersey. It's been bothering me.

JAKE

I don't want nothin' to bother you but me.

Jake tickles her.

GUARD

Hey, stop that.

She tickles him back, under the arms. He screams.

GUARD

Let that be a lesson to you.

The guard takes another puff of her cigarette. Jake takes it out of her mouth, kisses her, and puts it back.

JAKE

Just testing.

GUARD

Stop that.

She kisses Jake on her own.

GUARD

I told Wilson, the detective on that girl's file. I wonder if anything ever came of that.

JAKE

Wilson? Donald Wilson?

GUARD

Yeah. What?

JAKE

He's the guy who booked me. What an ass-hole. Hates black people.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Ben dials the phone.

ANGELA

Come on, Ben. The phone bill's going to be five hundred dollars.

BEN

OK, I'll use my cell.

ANGELA

That'll be worse.

BEN

OK, just one more. William Childress in Atlantic City.

Ben dials, waits for someone to answer.

BEN

Hello. I'm Ben Bradshaw, from Chicago. I'm investigating an incident involving a Charles Childress.

Phone SLAM.

BEN

Wow. That was the quickest yet.

ANGELA

Ok, goof-ball, let me try. You can't do it like that. Who's the next one?

BEN

Here. Another William. Cape May.

Angela dials. A woman answers.

ANGELA

Hello. Is Bill there?

WOMAN

No, he's not. Who's this?

ANGELA

I'm Angela Monroe from Chicago. I'm a federal employee. I'm looking into an incident involving a Charles Childress. He's the brother of a young girl who died many years ago.

WOMAN

Why are you calling my husband?

ANGELA

We're calling all the Childresses in the area hoping to locate this person, Charles Childress. We think he may know something about his sister who died.

Silence on the other end.

ANGELA

Would your husband know anything about a Charles Childress? Or do you?

WOMAN

Well, I don't. My husband's father was Charles. He died in Vietnam. My husband didn't really know him.

ANGELA

I'm sorry. Did your husband's father have a sister named Molly?

WOMAN

There was a sister, yes. She died long ago. Bill's mother doesn't talk about her much.

Angela looks at Ben.

WOMAN

I don't know if she was "Molly," She had an unusual name, I think. It wasn't Molly. I don't know.

ANGELA

Would your husband know if his father had a sister named Molly, or something like that?

A long pause on the other end.

WOMAN

I suppose he would, or his mother, Bill's mother, Charles's widow. She's in a nursing home. She might know.

ANGELA

Can I leave you my number in Chicago? I'll be back there tomorrow. If your husband remembers an aunt named "Molly," or "Millicent," would you have him call me?

WOMAN

I'll let him know, yes. It could be "Millicent." I don't know.

ANGELA

Here's my number, 888-555-8867.

WOMAN

OK. I'll tell him.

ANGELA

Thank you. It's very important.

Angela hangs up.

BEN

Wow. Nice job. So her husband had a father named Charles?

ANGELA

When a woman answers the phone and the other woman asks for her husband by name, the first woman automatically stays on the phone, just to be sure.

BEN

You mean, suspiciously stays on the phone. Nice job.

ANGELA

Let's get to bed. We have to go back tomorrow.

Ben smiles and hops into bed next to Angela.

INT. GUARD'S APT. CHICAGO - NIGHT

GUARD

Hey, I just remembered. I talked to her.

JAKE

Who?

GUARD

Your ex, Angela. I talked to her from the jail. She seemed nice, I guess.

JAKE

Oh, my God, what did you say?

GUARD

I think I told her to stay away from that boy. I don't remember.

JAKE

Damn.

The guard slaps him on his big gut. It doesn't hurt, but he jumps in the bed.

GUARD

Call her.

JAKE

What?

GUARD

Call her. I want to talk to her.

JAKE

No, that's ridiculous.

GUARD

(reaching for her gun)

Call her.

Jake dials Angela on his cell phone. The answering machine kicks in.

Jake hands her the phone. The Guard listens for a minute.

GUARD

Hello, Angela? Nice to talk to you again. I'm Sergeant Madden, the guard at Cook County you talked to last Saturday about your, uh, your friend, Ben, I think.

The guard looks at Jake. He shrugs.

GUARD

We also have another mutual friend. He's here right now, listening to me. Anyway, I hope your friend is OK.

She stammers a little, nervous about talking to the machine.

GUARD

Maybe I can talk to you sometime. Keep that white boy out of them graveyards. Don't want to see him back there in jail.

The guard hangs up.

GUARD

Damn. That was stupid.

JAKE

No, it wasn't. It was nice.

GUARD

No, She'll think I'm catty, or crazy, or something. Damn. I wish I hadn't done that. Damn.

JAKE

You didn't tell her about me.

GUARD

I have to check her out first. And don't you tell her.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

ANGELA

I'm scared to go back.

BEN

Angela, we're not going to live this way. We're going to find him.

ANGELA

You said yesterday there were some patterns? What patterns?

BEN

Many. First, everybody there knows about Miller's Chapel, so Wilson was lying.

ANGELA

What?

BEN

He told me he called the Salem police, and they never heard of it. That was a lie, or an incredible coincidence that he called the only person in New Jersey who never went to Miller's Chapel as a kid.

Angela looks at him.

BEN

There are three problems that need answers.

Ben pauses to gather his thoughts.

BEN

Problem one, Donald Wilson, who just so happens to have the same name as the detective who's investigating me. I know. Possible. Fairly common name, but still, it's a problem.

ANGELA

Number two?

BEN

How did "M.C." get rubbed off of Molly's grave?

ANGELA

Maybe it just came off with, you know, the weather. It was really sunken down in there.

BEN

Yes, possible. But not likely. There were stones on the ground.

ANGELA

So what does that mean?

BEN

It means Wilson did call, but not the police.

ANGELA

What?

BEN

He got my name from the guard at Cook County. And here's the third problem.

ANGELA

Oh, Ben, what?

BEN

I never mentioned Miller's Chapel. I said, New Jersey, but not the name of the graveyard. So how could he ask about Miller's Chapel?

ANGELA

You must have told the guard.

BEN

I don't think so. I told her about Salem, but not the name of the graveyard. I'm sure about that. I think.

Angela looks at Ben, confused.

BEN

And there's that other problem,
about Molly's body.

ANGELA

What?

BEN

He "spotted the body" in the woods
at midnight that night. That's
what he said.

ANGELA

So?

BEN

You think you could spot a body on
that road we were on? Spot a body
in the woods at midnight?

Angela looks at him intensely.

ANGELA

God, Ben, that's pretty thin.

BEN

Wilson probably wouldn't have
flown to New Jersey in the last
couple of days.

ANGELA

So what? You're talking like a
computer again. What are you
thinking?

BEN

Remember, there's another Wilson
on the police force at Salem? Or
there was, anyway.

Angela looks at Ben. She thinks.

BEN

He could have called his father
and told him to go to Miller's
Chapel and rub off the initials.

ANGELA

His father?

BEN

I think so.

Ben thinks.

BEN

I wish I knew the name of that guard at Cook County. She could look up Tamara Cruz at Resthaven and see if Wilson was on that case too. She looked up Antisha Dunne.

Angela looks out the plane window, worried.

BEN

I'm going to make some more calls to New Jersey. See if I can find Charlie Childress. I'm also going to try and find that guard at Cook County.

Angela doesn't respond.

BEN

It's a plan. I'm sorry, Angela. The dead give up their secrets.

ANGELA

What?

BEN

I'm hoping Molly will give up her secret. I think about that. Dead people have secrets.

ANGELA

You're talking crazy again.

BEN

No, it happens. The dead give up their secrets. Look at Thomas Jefferson.

ANGELA

Who, the President?

BEN

Yes. He had sex with one of his slaves, Sally Hemmings, after his wife died. They did DNA testing.

Ben stops, staring ahead.

BEN

Oh, my God.

ANGELA

What?

BEN

Molly was pregnant. I'll bet by a white guy. Yes. "Mongrel Colored." It was a white guy. He doesn't like black people and white people having babies. Wow.

ANGELA

Who, Wilson?

BEN

One of them. Molly has to tell us her secret. Wow. Thomas Jefferson. Same thing.

INT. APT BUILDING - NIGHT

Ben and Angela walk upstairs with their luggage.

ANGELA

You know, Ben, I don't want to disappoint you, but --

BEN

Yes, I know what you're going to say. We're both still married.

Angela kisses him on his cheek. She goes into her apartment. Ben sighs. He goes into his own apartment.

INT. BEN'S APT. - NIGHT

Ben slowly unpacks his stuff. KNOCK KNOCK on the door. Ben answers. It's Angela.

Ben opens the door wide.

ANGELA

I got two phone calls. You won't believe this.

BEN

What?

ANGELA

Well, first, your Lady-Guard friend called from Cook County.

BEN

Wow. Really? Who is she?

ANGELA

Come over to my place.

INT. ANGELA'S APT - NIGHT

Angela pushes the button on the answering machine.

The machine plays back the Guard's message.

Ben stares at the machine.

ANGELA

Now this message.

Angela clicks the button for the next message. A woman speaks:

WOMAN

Hello. Um, I don't know if you're the woman who called last night. Um... I'm Bill Childress's wife.

BEN

Oh, my God.

WOMAN

My husband's father was Charles. Charles had a sister named Millicent. You can call us back if you get this. 888-555-5146.

BEN

Can I call her on your phone?

ANGELA

Ben, come on. It's almost 11:00 there.

BEN

So? The news isn't even on yet. Nobody in New Jersey goes to bed before the news. Or Jay Leno. OK, on a weekday. Still...

ANGELA

OK. But I have to call.

Angela dials. A woman answers.

ANGELA

Hello, Mrs. Childress? I'm Angela.

WOMAN

Yes. Let me get my husband.

MR. CHILDRESS

Hello?

ANGELA

Oh, thank you for talking to me,
Mr. Childress.

MR. CHILDRESS

What's this all about?

ANGELA

Can I put my partner on the phone?
He's Ben. He can explain it.

Ben holds his hands up against the phone, mouthing, "No,
you do it." Angela shoves the phone into his hands.

BEN

Hello, Mr. Childress?

MR. CHILDRESS

Yes. Who are you?

BEN

I'm Ben Bradshaw. I'm from New
Jersey. I live in Chicago now.

MR. CHILDRESS

Do you work for the government?

BEN

Yes. The Federal Library
Association.

Ben shrugs at Angela. She smiles.

BEN

Many years ago, I came across the
grave of Molly Childress at
Miller's Chapel. There were
initials carved into her
headstone.

Ben pauses for the hang-up that he expects.

BEN

Last week, I found those same
initials carved into two
headstones here in Chicago. I
believe somebody killed your aunt,
Molly, and now he's in Chicago.

MR. CHILDRESS.

My father died in 1971 in Vietnam.
I never knew him

Ben gets a look of disappointment.

MR. CHILDRESS

We visited my mother today in her nursing home. My wife told her about your call.

BEN

Yes?

MR. CHILDRESS

My father had a sister who died in 1975. Her name was Millicent. They called her Molly. My mother knew her.

BEN

Oh, God.

MR. CHILDRESS

My mother said she was killed.

BEN

Oh, my God. I think so, too. I'm so sorry.

Ben shakes his head.

MR. CHILDRESS

She was pregnant, you know, with that man's baby.

BEN

What man? Wilson?

MR. CHILDRESS

Yes, the father. The son killed her. It was a big hush-hush, a cover-up. It went nowhere because of the father.

Pause.

MR. CHILDRESS

We're black, you know. You know that, right?

BEN

Yes, I know. So is Angela, my friend you talked to a minute ago. We think one of these Wilson guys is trying to kill her too. He's here in Chicago.

MR. CHILDRESS

I'm sorry. Well, that's all I know. I hope you get those bastards. I'd like to tell my mother they're in prison or something. She doesn't have much any more.

BEN

Tell her, tell her -

Angela grabs the phone.

ANGELA

Mr. Childress? Tell her she may have saved my life.

Angela's eyes well up with tears.

ANGELA

Thank you. Thank you, Mr. Childress. William... Bill. Thank your wife and your mother. We'll tell you how it ends. If we can.

They hang up.

BEN

I'm going down to Cook County.

ANGELA

Aw, come on, it's 10:00. What makes you think she'll be working?

BEN

She was working last Saturday. I got out at about 10:00. She probably works the second shift. If I can't find her by eleven, I'll come home.

ANGELA

I think I should stay here, in case she calls, or anybody else.

BEN

OK. A good idea. I have my cell phone.

EXT. COOK COUNTY JAIL - NIGHT

Ben goes through the metal detectors and into the jail.

OFFICER
Your business here?

BEN
I'm trying to find an officer,
Sergeant Madden, a black lady, a
guard. She helped me.

The officer motions for him to pass.

Ben gets to the bail room. Many people talk with officers.
Ben goes up to the clerk at the bail desk.

BEN
Hello. I was here last Saturday. I
was bailed out. A lady guard --

DESK CLERK
Who are you posting for? Number?

BEN
No, I'm looking for Sgt Madden, a
lady guard. She helped me.

The woman signals to a large male guard to her left. He
comes up.

MALE GUARD
What's your business here?

BEN
I was here last Saturday. OK, I
guess she's not here. Can I leave?

The guard motions to the door.

Ben goes outside and gets in his car. He looks at his
watch. It's 11:01. He watches people come out of the
building.

Ben looks closely at the people emerging. He squints
through the darkness, but he's not sure. He gets out of his
car and looks closer. It's her.

Ben SLAMS his car door. The guard looks up. Ben walks
quickly toward her. The guard sees Ben. She looks at him
nervously.

BEN
Hey, I'm Ben. It's me. Angela's
friend.

A black car screeches to a halt at the sidewalk. Ben stops.
The guard gets into the car. It speeds off.

Ben shakes his head and kicks the ground.

The car stops. The Guard gets out. Ben rushes up to the car, on the driver's side.

BEN

Jake?

The lady guard gets out of the car.

BEN

Oh, my God. You two know each other?

The guard looks at Jake. Ben looks at the two of them.

GUARD

What are you doing here, boy?

BEN

I went to New Jersey this weekend. Remember I told you about that cemetery in New Jersey? Donald Wilson. I think he's the guy.

GUARD

What guy?

BEN

The guy who killed those girls.

GUARD

Wilson, Captain Wilson? Oh, come on, that's ridiculous. He's high up there.

BEN

He's from New Jersey. He was on the police force there.

GUARD

No, no. That's impossible.

BEN

Can you look up this girl, Tamara Cruz?

Ben hands her a piece of paper.

BEN

See if Wilson was on that case too.

GUARD

I, I don't know. I can get in real trouble for this.

BEN

If he's the killer of those girls, then my friend is in trouble too.

GUARD

Who, Angela?

BEN

Yes, Angela. How do you know her? Oh, yes, of course.

Ben looks at Jake. The guard looks at Jake.

JAKE

Don't look at me. I hate the son-of-a-bitch.

GUARD

OK, I'll try. Tomorrow. I can't promise anything.

BEN

My cell phone's on there, too.

GUARD

I already have that, Honey. You were in custody, remember?

BEN

Thanks so much. Oh, Can you search by the detective's name?

GUARD

What?

BEN

You know, can you find other cases that he's been on?

GUARD

Oh, no, I'd be getting in way over my head then. No. They'd find out. I'm not a detective, you know. I'm just a guard.

BEN

You can do it. She can do it, Jake. You're lucky to have her.

The guard blushes a little.

JAKE

If she doesn't shoot me first.

BEN

They can't see your search.
Computers don't keep track of
that. I know. I'm a programmer.
You won't get in trouble. Just
anything you can find on Wilson.

GUARD

I'll see.

BEN

Is there a number where I can call
you?

The guard reaches into her purse and pulls out her card.
Ben reaches for it. The guard pulls it back.

GUARD

Memorize it.

Ben looks at the number.

BEN

OK. Thanks.

Ben shakes her hand. He turns to Jake. Jake hugs him again.

BEN

Aw, Jeez...

Ben walks to his car. Jake and the Guard speed away.

INT. APT. BUILDING - NIGHT

Ben knocks on Angela's door. She opens the door two inches,
spots Ben.

ANGELA

Wait a minute.

A minute passes. Angela opens the door. She's in a robe.

BEN

Were you asleep?

ANGELA

Almost. Did you find anything?

BEN

Yeah. You know how that Guard knew
your number?

ANGELA

No. How?

Ben smiles in the knowledge that he has a secret she doesn't know. He pauses.

ANGELA

Ben, What?

BEN

Oh, nothing. Probably wouldn't interest you, anyway. I just wanted to say good night.

ANGELA

Come on, Mister. I have to get to work tomorrow. So do you. It's late.

BEN

She's Jake's friend. 'Night, Angela.

Ben walks down the hall to his apartment. He smiles. Angela stares at him in shock.

ANGELA

What?

Ben waves his hand in the air and goes in.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Paula sits at the desk. Angela comes in and sits down. She shuffles things around randomly.

PAULA

Something wrong?

ANGELA

I went with Ben to New Jersey over the weekend.

PAULA

You what? What happened?

ANGELA

We saw the grave of that girl. Ben thinks it's the detective who's on the case. He killed those girls.

Paula scoots her chair around to face Angela.

PAULA

Oh, my God. You have to go to the police.

ANGELA

He is the police.

PAULA

Do you have any proof?

ANGELA

I don't think so, no. Except New Jersey. I don't know.

Paula watches Angela.

ANGELA

What am I going to do? He knows I work here. He could kill me, Paula. Oh, Paula, please don't fire me.

PAULA

Now why would you say that? We're friends, aren't we?

ANGELA

Yes, I hope so. Oh, God, I don't know what to do.

Paula tearfully shuffles her seat close to Angela. She hugs Angela awkwardly. Angela smiles.

PAULA

Why don't you go in the back and stack the returns. I'll handle things out here. I don't want you out here, in case somebody comes .

Angela goes into the back.

INT. JAKE'S APT - DAY

Phone RING RING. The CID says, IL. Dept. of Corrections.

JAKE

Hi, babe. How are, ya?

GUARD

You're not working again?

JAKE

I'm on night shift. Fed Ex. Besides, I have investments.

GUARD

They let you into Fed Ex?

JAKE

Hey, I'm good. You know that.

GUARD

Yeah, sure. Can you come down and get me? I'm off at twelve. Somebody needed the overtime. I volunteered.

Jake smiles.

JAKE

Sure. Be right there. Need a little love, huh?

GUARD

Don't be such an animal. I gotta talk to you. There's a, uh... something. I gotta talk to you.

JAKE

Be there in twenty minutes.

GUARD

Yes, hurry.

JAKE

Sure. Got a black car.

GUARD

It's daytime, Jake.

Jake smiles, hangs up, and leaves.

INT. BEN'S CUBICLE - DAY

Phone RING, RING.

BEN

Hello?

INTERSPERSE PHONE CONVERSATION.

GUARD

Ben? Is that you?

BEN

Yes. Hello. Thanks for calling me.

GUARD

There's some trouble. You're in trouble. So is your friend.

BEN
What? What is it?

GUARD
I did what you asked. I looked up that girl, Tamara Cruz. Donald Wilson is the investigator on that.

BEN
Oh, my God.

GUARD
There's more.

Ben pauses expectantly.

GUARD
I looked up other cases for Donald Wilson. You said they can't find that out, right?

BEN
No, they can't.

GUARD
There are lots of them. Cases that Wilson investigated. I looked up the details on some of them. I've been doing it all morning.

Ben waits for the axe to fall.

GUARD
They're all black.

Ben puts his head in his hands.

BEN
I bet they're only half-black.

GUARD
Now, you said they can't trace that, right? You're a computer guy, right?

BEN
Yes, nobody does that. It's OK.

GUARD
'Cause, if you screwed me, boy, I'll --

BEN
No. It's OK. Angela's in big
trouble. You gotta help me.

Ben thinks.

BEN
I'm going over to her work.

Ben hangs up and leaves.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Phone RING RING.

PAULA
Hello, Chicago Public Library.

WILSON
Is Angela there?

Paula recognizes the voice and looks to the back.

PAULA
This is Angela.

WILSON
I want that bullet.

PAULA
What bullet? I don't have a
bullet.

ANGELA
Don't fuck with me, bitch. I want
it.

Paula opens Angela's desk and looks at the bullet.

PAULA
Oh, yeah. I can understand why
you'd want it. It has New Jersey
written all over it.

WILSON
Oh, you made that connection, huh?
Won't do you any good. I know a
lot of people. Might as well give
it to me.

PAULA
Then you'll leave me alone?

WILSON

Sure. Meet me at Resthaven.

PAULA

Where?

WILSON

Resthaven Cemetery. Now. You know where it is.

Paula is startled by the SLAM of the phone.

Paula types. She prints out a map. While it's printing, she writes a note, "RESTHAVEN." She opens Angela's drawer, pulls out the bullet, and drops in the note.

She types some more things into her computer.

She puts a sign on her desk, "Closed. See main desk for information." She gets her keys and leaves.

EXT. COOK COUNTY JAIL - DAY

Jake pulls up to the curb in his black car. The guard gets in.

GUARD

You know where your ex-wife works?

JAKE

Yeah, a library on Foster.

GUARD

Get up there. Fast. Use your black car theory.

JAKE

Hey, How about a little kiss?

GUARD

Use it. Now. Go!

Jake screeches away.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Ben rushes up to the information booth. Nobody's there. He reads the sign.

BEN

Oh, No.

Angela comes out of the back room.

BEN

Angela. Angela. Thank God you're all right.

ANGELA

What are you doing here?

BEN

We have to get out of here. It's Wilson.

ANGELA

Oh, my God, where's Paula?

BEN

Here's a sign.

Angela reads the sign.

ANGELA

Where can she be?

BEN

I don't know. The guard told me Wilson may be doing this. Let's go.

ANGELA

Where are we going?

BEN

To the police. I have to convince somebody about Wilson.

ANGELA

They'll arrest you again.

BEN

I don't care.

ANGELA

Let me get my keys.

She opens the drawer and sees the note. She reads it, "RESTHAVEN."

ANGELA

Oh, my God, Ben. Look at this.

She shows the note to Ben. She grabs her keys from the drawer and notices that the bullet is gone.

BEN

Let's go.

EXT. RESTHAVEN - DAY

Paula wanders around the cemetery. She looks out of the corner of her eye for a man. A car appears in the distance. Wilson's old car pulls up.

Wilson gets out and looks furtively around. He spies Paula.

Wilson walks over to Paula's vicinity.

WILSON
It's a shame, huh? So young.

PAULA
Need any bullets?

Wilson recoils.

WILSON
What? Who are you?

PAULA
Angela's friend.

WILSON
I'll kill you, you bitch.

Wilson pulls out his gun.

PAULA
Go ahead. Kill me. I put that on the web site, that you'll kill me. Of course, it'll probably take six months to get into the search engines.

WILSON
What?

PAULA
I do the web site. I put you on it.

Wilson puts his gun away.

WILSON
Give me that bullet.

He punches Paula hard in the face. Paula falls. She smashes her head against a grave stone. She sinks to the ground.

WILSON
That'll teach you.

He rummages through Paula's pocket and finds the bullet. He looks around. Nobody there. He looks toward the woods behind the cemetery and smiles.

WILSON
Nobody'll find you there.

Wilson drags Paula's body toward the woods. Through the trees to the south he spies a dust cloud being kicked up by a car coming fast.

WILSON
Damn.

Wilson hides Paula's limp body behind a monument. Paula groans.

WILSON
Shut up. You'll be dead soon enough.

He takes out his gun, points it at her, and then reconsiders. The car gets closer.

Wilson pushes Paula's feet behind the monument to hide her from the car. He innocently kneels by a gravestone, making signs of the cross, his back to the road.

INT. CAR - DAY

BEN
Do you see her?

ANGELA
No. Who's that?

BEN
Stay here. I'll see if he's seen anybody.

Ben walks slowly toward the man in the distance.

Angela dials the phone.

JAKE
Hello?

ANGELA
Jake?

JAKE
Angela, where are you?

ANGELA

I'm at a cemetery by the airport.
Paula came here. We can't find
her. Ben is going to talk to a
man.

The guard takes the phone.

GUARD

Where are you?

ANGELA

Hello? Oh, OK. Ben and I are at
Resthaven, by O'Hare. We're
looking for my friend, Paula.

GUARD

Resthaven?

She looks at Jake. Jake nods.

GUARD

You have to get out of there. Call
911. Now.

ANGELA

I don't know what to do. I don't
want to hang up. I'm scared. Wait,
Ben is talking to that man.

GUARD

What man?

EXT. RESTHAVEN - DAY

BEN

Hello, sir. Did you see a black
lady around here? We're supposed
to meet her here.

WILSON

(making his voice deep)
No, Sorry.

Ben notices he's not doing anything in particular. Wilson
faces the woods to the east. Ben is behind him.

BEN

You're sure you didn't see anybody
here?

WILSON

(Keeping his back to Ben)
No.

Ben looks around. He sees two feet peeking out from behind a monument.

EXT. CAR - DAY

ANGELA

They're talking.

GUARD

That's Wilson, Honey. Get out of there. I'm calling 911.

ANGELA

Oh, my God. No, Don't hang up on me.

GUARD

I'm hanging up now. I'm calling 911, then I'll call you right back. Get out of there. Now.

The guard hangs up.

JAKE

You hang up on her? God, what's happening?

GUARD

Step on it. Come on, faster.

The guard dials the phone. As it rings,

GUARD

She's there with Wilson and that boy. Where is it?

JAKE

Resthaven. By the Fed Ex terminal, south of the airport. Irving Park Road. I used to see it every day.

GUARD

Yes, I'm officer Madden, corrections. Can you dispatch a car to Resthaven Cemetery? Immediately.

The guard listens.

GUARD

Yes, I believe a murder is about to take place there.

She listens gain.

GUARD

No, It's detective Donald Wilson,
from precinct 21.

She listens in frustration.

GUARD

Look, I don't care who he is. And
he's not there to help anybody.
He's gonna kill somebody. Yes. Ok,
I'll hold.

Jake speeds past a tollway intersection, recklessly
swerving between cars. His speedometer tops 95.

Jake gets off the tollway at Irving Park Road. He comes to
a stop light. The guard is still on hold.

911 Officer

Detective Wilson is at the
cemetery. He can assist you there.

GUARD

No. He's the...

JAKE

Ah, the hell with this crap.

Jake plows through. A car swerves to avoid him. The guard
loses the phone. She dials again.

EXT. RESTHAVEN - BEN'S POSITION

BEN

You? Who are you?

WILSON

Detective Wilson. I'll teach that
nigger bitch of yours to fuck
white boys. You'll see.

Wilson punches Ben in the stomach. Ben collapses on the
ground.

EXT. ANGELA'S LOCATION - DAY

Angela sits in the car. She sees Ben keel over. She dials
911 frantically. No signal. She hangs up and dials again.
It doesn't work. Angela gets out of the car.

EXT. BEN'S LOCATION - DAY

Ben sits on the ground, angrily trying to get up.

SOUND (O.S. to the East) CAR DOOR SLAM.

Wilson hears it and turns toward the road.

EXT. ANGELA'S LOCATION - DAY

SOUND RING RING. It's the Guard.

ANGELA

Oh, God, who is it?

GUARD

It's me. What's going on?

ANGELA

Ben is on the ground. No wait, he's getting up. Oh, God. He punched him again.

EXT. BEN'S LOCATION - DAY

WILSON

I don't usually kill white boys. 'Till now. That mongrel cross-breed is going down. Into the ground. Nobody'll find her here. Or you. Or that other one over there. Shouldn't mix races, white boy.

BEN

(his face bleeding, and in pain)
Why? Why do you do this?

WILSON

You wouldn't understand. You didn't have your family broken up by a nigger-lovin' father and a nigger who'd fuck any white boy who came along.

Ben charges him with the last ounce of his strength. Wilson plows backward and falls to the ground. Ben gets on top of him. Ben clutches Wilson's throat.

BEN

Is it because of Molly Childress?

Ben holds him down, confidently. But it's only a momentary triumph. Ben is skinny. Wilson is older, heavier, and a veteran.

Wilson gets enraged. He throws Ben off of him. Ben falls to the ground and hits his head against a headstone.

Wilson pulls out his gun and aims it right at Ben' head.
There's nothing Ben can do about it.

EXT. ANGELA'S LOCATION - DAY

ANGELA
Get away from him.

EXT. JAKE'S CAR - DAY

The guard hears a GUNSHOT in the phone, then the phone goes silent.

GUARD
Oh, my God.

JAKE
What?

GUARD
Oh, my God. Keep going.

EXT. ANGELA'S LOCATION - DAY

Angela ducks behind the car. The bullet hits the antenna.
Angela gets into the car.

EXT. BEN'S LOCATION - DAY

Wilson drags Ben over to Paula's unconscious body and drops him on top of her. Then he sprints toward Angela's car.

Angela drives away fast. She heads toward the cemetery exit to get to the highway, but Wilson's car blocks the road. She turns around and heads east down a small dirt road.

Wilson gets in his car, stops it at the beginning of the dirt road, gets out and waits.

EXT. CAR - DAY

Angela speeds down the dirt road, parallel to a railroad track. A dead end. She looks behind her, nobody follows. She gets out. There's a very steep drop down to Irving Park Road. She looks. She wouldn't be able to make it.

Phone RING RING.

ANGELA
Yes, Yes. What?

GUARD

Sgt. Maddon. 911 isn't interested.
Are you all right? We're almost
there.

ANGELA

Oh, God. Ben's hurt. I don't know
where Paula is. Hurry.

GUARD

Where are you?

ANGELA

I'm on a dirt road. It's a dead-
end. He's back there.

JAKE

Where is she?

GUARD

She's on a dirt road.

JAKE

Can she see Fed Ex?

GUARD

Can you see Federal Express?

ANGELA

Yes. It's in front of me.

JAKE

I know where she is. Tell her to
climb down and get to the street.

ANGELA

I heard that. I can't get down.
It's too far. And Ben is back
there. And Paula. I'm going back.

Angela gets in her car and races back to the intersection.
Wilson stands by his car. He blocks the path south and out.

Wilson watches her come.

Angela swerves left. Her car plows into Wilson's car,
throwing Wilson backward.

WILSON

Damn. Bitch.

Angela's car careens off the side and into the dirt. She
tries to back up. The car won't move. She gets out.

Angela runs north toward the airport. Wilson recovers and limps after her.

Angela runs north into a small field. She gets to a fence by the runway.

She runs to a corner. She struggles, but manages to squeeze between two poles to get through the fence. She runs toward the Fed Ex building. Wilson limps toward her.

SOUND POW.

A bullet hits the chain-link fence. There's another fence three feet toward the runway, creating a three-foot-wide corridor between the field and the airport.

Angela tries, but can't get through the second fence to the runway. There are no openings. She runs back and forth between the two fences.

SOUND POW. Another bullet ricochets off the chain-link fence.

WILSON

(shouting)

You can't get out of there, bitch.
Those fences don't open up, ever.

EXT. RESTHAVEN CEMETERY - DAY

Paula regains consciousness and sees Ben lying in blood beside her.

Paula goes over to Ben. Ben comes out of shock.

PAULA

Let's go.

Paula struggles to pick up Ben, holding her head all the time from the fall. She falls down from faintness, but manages to get Ben into her car.

SOUND (O.S.) GUNSHOT

Paula speeds away toward the gunshot.

EXT. FED EX COMPLEX

Jake careens through an open gate at the end of the Fed Ex complex. He and the guard see Angela running between the fences to his left.

He plows onto the runway, then makes a 180-turn.

INT. AIRPORT TOWER - DAY

A SECURITY GUARD watches in shock as a black car speeds out onto the runway.

SECURITY GUARD

What the hell?

Others in the tower watch with open mouths. The guard picks up a phone.

EXT. AIRPORT RUNWAY - DAY

Jake and the guard head south now, toward the gates and Angela. A Lufthansa plane is about to land from the right, perpendicular to their direction

JAKE

I think I can bluff him.

GUARD

Oh, my God. Jake, Stop.

Jake steps on the gas hard.

The plane lands behind Jake. He slows a little, looking for a break in the barriers. He spots one. SOUND CRASH.

His car plows through the fence and stops, hanging almost upside-down.

Jake and the guard get out. Angela runs up to them. Wilson stops. He shoots. A bullet hits the fence. Angela crawls through the shattered fence onto the runway.

Police cars with sirens are a hundred yards away and coming fast.

The Guard gets her gun out.

Wilson shoots again, He hits the links of the fence.

From the south, Paula's car drives straight toward Wilson, fast, slipping and sliding through the dirt.

Wilson turns. He shoots. Paula ducks to the side as the bullet goes through the windshield. Ben holds his breath.

The Guard points her gun through the fence links and fires.

Wilson falls.

Security rushes up. The Guard puts her gun on the ground.

GUARD

I'm a police officer. Corrections.

She shows them her badge through the fence.

A POLICE OFFICER takes her badge and goes back to his car.

ANOTHER OFFICER

Who the hell are you people?
(radio) Get an ambulance here.
We've got one down.

The other officer comes back.

POLICE OFFICER

She's an officer. Corrections.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Jake and the Guard talk to police.

Paula lies in a cot next to Ben in the ambulance. Angela ducks low and comes in.

BEN

You know, when my divorce is final, I wouldn't mind going out to dinner. You know, like a date. Maybe, if you'd like.

ANGELA

Oh, you wouldn't mind that, huh? Now that you've screwed me, you want to go to dinner. Isn't that a little backwards?

Paula covers her ears with her hands. Angela laughs.

BEN

Ah, come on. I didn't mean anything. You know that.

ANGELA

Just kidding, white boy. I'd be glad to.

Angela kisses him. Paula smiles motherly.

SUPER: ONE YEAR LATER

EXT. MILLER'S CHAPEL - DAY

Ben and Angela stare at Molly's Grave, almost totally sunken into the ground now.

BEN

Sorry, Molly.

ANGELA

I'm so sorry, Molly. Thank you.

Ben and Angela put flowers all around Molly's grave.

Angela says a prayer.

They stare in silence at the crooked headstones, scattered beer cans and ragged weeds nourished by the anonymous beings below.

ANGELA

We have to do something about this place, Ben. It's not right.

BEN

I know. We will.

ANGELA

Did you say they got the father?

BEN

I think so. It doesn't matter, though. I think Molly's at peace now.

Angela cries softly as they walk to the car. Ben wraps his arm around her.

BEN

She told us her secret.

FADE OUT: