

UCIP

The Girl from Plainville

“Pilot”

Written By:

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FADE IN:

1.1 **EXT. MINING CAMP - DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC OF CONGO - EVENING** 1.1

Welcome to the Democratic Republic of Congo. Picks and pans. Shovels and spades. Machine guns and militia. And fingers. Thin, black, calloused and cut. Digging through murky silt.

SEARCHING... SEARCHING... SEARCHING... and up comes:

Little more than GRAY, DUSTY BITS OF ROCK.

1.2 **INT./EXT. IPHONE FACTORY - CHINA - MORNING** 1.2

Zhengzhou. Colloquially known as "iPhone City".

Here those gray, dusty bits of rock are PROCESSED into processors that power our lives: Factory workers ENTER like ants and DON their white coats and hair-nets and gloves. They take places along assembly lines. And just so you know we're only interested in, only following, two of the nearly 500,000 iPhones made each day.

So here they are. Bits and pieces soldered and screwed, fitted and polished. Here they are as they are boxed and wrapped and readied for shipment with hundreds of thousands of their brethren.

Here they are as they are loaded onto trucks --

1.3 **EXT. BEIJING INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY** 1.3

And onto planes --

1.4 **EXT. LOGAN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT** 1.4

And more trucks --

1.5 **EXT. UPSCALE MALL - LOADING DOCK - MORNING** 1.5

And hand-trucks --

1.6 **INT. APPLE STORE - DAY** 1.6

And there they are stacked alluringly on a SLEEK SHELF --

1.7 **INT. MOBILE PHONE STORE - DAY** 1.7

And there they are tossed haphazardly on a CHEAP-LOOKING SHELF --

1.8 **EXT. STRIP MALL - DAY** 1.8

A **YOUNG MAN** with a head TOPPED in a baseball cap and ears PLUGGED with earphones WINDS his way through a parking lot and onto the sidewalk.

All around is evidence of a world "plugged in." Be it in car or walking or sitting, heads are DOWN, mouths are SQUAWKING, fingers are POUNDING --

1.9 **INT. UPSCALE MALL - DAY** 1.9

A **YOUNG WOMAN** with blond hair pulled into a pony and ears also PLUGGED with earphones WINDS her way through a crowded mall. Here too, all the same: heads, mouths, fingers. All plugged in --

RESUME MOBILE PHONE STORE - LATER

The Young Man ENTERS and PUSHES THROUGH the CONSUMER MASSES as they peruse headsets, chargers, tablets and phones. One such phone - the one we've been following across the Pacific - is HANDED TO that Young Man as he LISTENS to music on its perfectly-working predecessor --

RESUME APPLE STORE

The Young Woman ENTERS and PUSHES THROUGH the CONSUMER MASSES as they peruse the headsets, chargers, tablets and phones. One such phone - the other one we've been following across the Pacific - is HANDED TO that Young Woman as she LISTENS to music on its perfectly-working predecessor --

RESUME MOBILE PHONE STORE

Two separate stores...

RESUME APPLE STORE

Two separate towns...

FADE TO BLACK.

CHYRON: JULY 13, 2014. MATTAPOISETT, MASSACHUSETTS.

FADE IN:

1.10 **INT. POLICE CAR - DAY** 1.10

CLOSE ON hands STEERING. The all-too-recognizable crackle of police chatter plays as soundtrack, while life cruises by in all its profound banality.

There's a guy WATERING a lawn. Another with legs EXTENDED from the undercarriage of an old beater. Kids PLAYING basketball in a driveway. Just a summer day in blue-collar paradise.

The cruiser MAKES a right AND a **PANICKED WOMAN** comes running down the sidewalk towards us.

1.11 **EXT. LYNN ROY'S HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS** 1.11

OFFICER DAVID CORREIA PULLS to a stop, STEPS out --

DAVID CORREIA
Mrs. Roy?

LYNN ROY
Lynn.

This is **LYNN ROY (late 30s)**. Face is red, eyes baggy. She's definitely been crying, but she isn't now and she'd deny it if you accused her of such weakness.

DAVID CORREIA
You called in the missing person?

LYNN ROY
(*yeah*)
He's been gone all night.

DAVID CORREIA
(reading)
Name's Conrad Roy... The third?
(off Lynn; *yeah*)
This unusual? Him being gone all night?

LYNN ROY
Absolutely.

DAVID CORREIA
And he's, how old is he? Eighteen?

LYNN ROY
(defensive)
I don't want to hear any 24-hours missing and he's an adult crap --

DAVID CORREIA

Not giving you any (anything,
ma'am) --

LYNN ROY

Because he comes home. Every night.
This is home. Where he sleeps. Or
at Co's --

(off Correia about to ask)

His dad. My ex. And he hasn't seen
him either. He's out driving around
now. Looking for him.

DAVID CORREIA

What time did he leave?

LYNN ROY

Coco left... around 6pm?

DAVID CORREIA

Coco? That a nickname?

LYNN ROY

(yeah)

Said he was going to Aryanna's
house. His friend, Aryanna --

1.12 **EXT. TAYLOR HOUSE - LATER THAT MORNING**

1.12

Correia INTERVIEWS **ARYANNA TAYLOR (18)** on her front porch.
Her parents STAND behind her. Clearly, all are worried.

LYNN ROY (V.O.)

But she hasn't seen him.

DAVID CORREIA (V.O.)

Anybody else you can think of?

LYNN ROY (V.O.)

His best friend. Tom? Gammell.

1.13 **INT. GAMMEL HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT MORNING**

1.13

Correia INTERVIEWS **TOM GAMMELL (18)** who SHAKES his head, he
hasn't seen him.

DAVID CORREIA (V.O.)

What's he driving?

LYNN ROY (V.O.)
Ford. F-250. Black. Here's the
license plate. Maybe he went to the
docks.

1.14 **INT. POLICE CRUISER - LATER** 1.14

Correia ROLLS UP to *TUCKER-ROY MARINE TOWING AND SALVAGE* --

LYNN ROY (V.O.)
He works there. With his dad.

1.15 **EXT. TUCKER-ROY MARINE TOWING AND SALVAGE - MOMENTS LATER**.15

Correia TRIES the gate but it's LOCKED TIGHT. Correia PEEKS
inside, CALLS OUT. No answer. Nobody is here.

1.16 **INT. POLICE CRUISER - VARIOUS - LATER** 1.16

Correia PATROLS the town.

DAVID CORREIA (V.O.)
Any reason he'd up and disappear?
No fights or anything?

LYNN ROY (V.O.)
No.

DAVID CORREIA (V.O.)
Drugs? He into drugs?

LYNN ROY (V.O.)
Absolutely not.

Every stoplight. Every parking lot. Every Avenue, Street and
Place. Nothing. UNTIL --

1.17 **INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS** 1.17

A black Ford F-250 WHIZZES past, HEADING in the opposite
direction. Correia THROWS a look over his shoulder,
confirming that is indeed what it looks like.

Correia PULLS a U-turn, FOLLOWS the F-250, TRYING to grab a
glimpse of the plates.

1.18 **EXT. TOWN - CONTINUOUS**

1.18

GOD'S EYE VIEW: Correia's cruiser TRAILS the F-250 at a safe distance as it WINDS its way through town and eventually PULLS INTO --

RESUME POLICE CRUISER

A K-MART parking lot. It's still early on this summer Sunday morning. If anyone is out, they're at Church, a farmer's market or a Little League game. They're not scrounging for bargain basement prices. Not yet.

Correia WATCHES as the F-250 STOPS for a moment. Correia finally gets a look at the tags. Nope not a match. That F-250 CONTINUES on its way.

Correia EASES his foot off the brake, when he SPOTS something on the far side of the parking lot: ANOTHER BLACK FORD F-250. *Huh. What're the chances --*

Correia PULLS BEHIND the truck, CHECKS the plates. A MATCH.

DAVID CORREIA

(cueing the radio)

Dispatch. Be advised. I've located the vehicle. Black Ford F-250. Tags Romeo-8-8-Zulu-Uniform-2.

(then)

Gonna take a look. Stand by.

1.19 **EXT. K-MART - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS**

1.19

Correia OPENS his door, MAKES his way around the vehicle. As he gets to the driver's side door and PEERS inside, his head DROPS. Ever so slightly.

CORREIA

(cueing his radio)

Dispatch.

(then)

Gonna need paramedics, fire --
(a disturbed beat)

M.E.

Now we see what Correia has seen: Blue *Boston Strong* t-shirt. Black sunglasses. Head back, eyes closed, could be sleeping. But we know better. He isn't sleeping.

This is the Young Man shopping for a new phone in our opening. This is **CONRAD ROY III**. He is DEAD.

1.20 **INT. CONRAD ROY III'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS** 1.20

Correia EASES OPEN the door and is greeted by the sickly-sweet stench of carbon monoxide. He CHECKS for a pulse even though he knows there's no use.

Correia LOOKS IN the back seat, FINDS a water pump still warm from running all night. He's about to walk away to wait for the cavalry to arrive WHEN he spots something TUCKED in the dead boy's waistband: HIS CELLPHONE.

1.21 **EXT. K-MART - PARKING LOT - LATER** 1.21

The parking lot is now filled with police cars, ambulances, fire trucks and, yes, the Medical Examiner. The entire scene is cordoned off by a drape of limp, atrocious-yellow police tape.

Correia FILLS OUT paperwork AS --

CONRAD ROY, SR. (O.S.)
(yelling)
Get outta (my way) --

POLICE OFFICER 1
You can't come (in here, sir) --

Correia TURNS to FIND **CONRAD ROY, SR. (70s)** - a weathered, overweight, towering, no-bullshit-kinda-guy - attempting to DRIVE UNDER the perimeter of YELLOW POLICE TAPE.

CONRAD ROY, SR.
The fuck I can't. I paid for that truck --

Correia TOSSES ASIDE the paperwork and JOGS OVER as Conrad, Sr. JUMPS out of the driver's side --

DAVID CORREIA
Hey, hold up. Hold up --

1.22 **INT. CONRAD ROY, SR.'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS** 1.22

CONRAD ROY II (40s) - short and stocky and toughened by life and work at the docks - sits in the passenger seat WATCHING as his father WRESTLES with the cops.

DAVID CORREIA
Who're you? What's your name?

CONRAD ROY, SR.
Wanna know my name, check the
fucking glove box. That's my
grandson's truck. Let me by.

Conrad TURNS from the melee around his father to that
flagging police tape as it FLUTTERS LAMELY in the breeze.

PRE-LAP: A phone BUZZING.

1.23 **INT. LYNN ROY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS** 1.23

Lynn SNATCHES it up to REVEAL an INCOMING TEXT FROM AN
UNKNOWN NUMBER WE WILL SEE OFTEN THROUGHOUT THE EPISODE --

INSERT TEXT MESSAGE: *"Just checking in. Any news?"*

Although there's no name assigned to the number, Lynn TAPS
BACK a response --

INSERT TEXT MESSAGE: *"Nothing yet. Will call as soo..."*

Lynn's RINGING phone INTERRUPTS the message. It's from --

LYNN ROY
(answering)
Co?

INTERCUT WITH:

RESUME CONRAD ROY, SR.'S TRUCK

CONRAD ROY, JR.
You with the girls right now?

LYNN ROY
Yeah.

Lynn can barely bring herself to ask the following question.

LYNN ROY (CONT'D)
Why?

Conrad, Jr. has his eyes firmly PLANTED ON --

CONRAD ROY, JR.
(hollow)
There's yellow tape around our
son's truck.

And with that, father and mother begin the life-long journey of processing the death of their son.

FADE TO BLACK.

CHYRON: MONDAY, JULY 14, 2014. FAIRHAVEN, MASSACHUSETTS.

FADE IN:

1.24

INT. FAIRHAVEN POLICE DEPARTMENT - MORNING

1.24

SCOTT GORDON drinks his coffee, has a folded-over *Boston Globe Sport's* Section tucked under his arm as he **MAKES** his way through the small-town police HQ and past **POLICE OFFICER 2's** desk.

SCOTT GORDON
Brock Holt's a beast.

POLICE OFFICER 2
How 'bout Vazquez?

SCOTT GORDON
(*fuckin' A*)
Total all-around drubbing.

POLICE OFFICER 2
Sox're still gonna end up dead
last. Mark the words.

The Police Log is on Gordon's chair. He **PICKS IT UP, READS:**
Carbon monoxide... water pump... cell-phone retrieved.

SCOTT GORDON
(calling out)
Hey.

Police Officer 2 **APPROACHES** --

SCOTT GORDON (CONT'D)
Kid killed himself this weekend.
Were you gonna tell me or just let
me babble on about the game?

POLICE OFFICER 2
Kid's dead, Detective. Sox are
still kinda alive.

Gordon **SHAKES** his head. Keeps reading --

SCOTT GORDON
Conrad Roy.

POLICE OFFICER 2
(*that's right*)
Know him?

SCOTT GORDON
Not the kid, but the family. And
not personally.
(RE: the police log)
Says we got his phone in evidence.
But no passcode.

POLICE OFFICER 2
(*oh, yeah*)
Another guy named Conrad called
earlier. Claims he's the kid's
granddad? Said he'd give us the
passcode.

SCOTT GORDON
Well, did you get it?

POLICE OFFICER 2
Not yet. Want me to call him back?
(*off Gordon; yeah,*
dumbass)
On it.

Police Officer 2 HEADS OUT --

SCOTT GORDON
Hey.
(Police Officer 2 stops)
You're gonna be an 80-year-old beat
cop patrolling in a fuckin' Rascal
you don't get your shit together.
(correcting him)
Mark my words.

Police Officer 2 NODS, HEADS OUT as Gordon continues to READ.

1.25 **INT. FAIRHAVEN POLICE DEPARTMENT - EVIDENCE LOCKER - LATER** 25

Gordon OPENS the locker. Right up front - in a plastic bag -
is Conrad Roy III's cell-phone. He POWERS it up: ENTER
PASSCODE.

Gordon REFERS to a piece of paper, ENTERS 7899 and is GREETED
by a picture of DAVID ORTIZ. Gordon SWIPES and SCROLLS
through pictures.

Of friends. Of relatives. Of the owner of the phone: **CONRAD
ROY III** in better days. Smiling. A twinkle in his eye. His
entire life is ahead of him.

Gordon CHECKS call-logs. A series of names: Mom. Dad. Tom G. Michelle. Camdyn.

Gordon CHECKS the search history: Some sports' websites. News. Weather.

Gordon CHECKS the text messages and there is only one thread available to review. It is between Conrad III and one MICHELLE CARTER.

Gordon CLICKS on the text exchange.

1.26

INT. LYNN ROY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

1.26

Lynn sits at the kitchen table FILLING OUT a BODY RELEASE FORM from the Medical Examiner to the funeral home.

Her daughters - **CAMDYN** and **MORGAN** - SIT in the breakfast nook absently "working" on homework on their computer.

Lynn is empty, lost. There's an overwhelming feeling of shock. As if there's something missing. There is: Co isn't there.

Lynn's phone buzzes, she looks down. That same UNKNOWN NUMBER from earlier (Sc. 1.21).

INSERT TEXT MESSAGE: "Anything?"

LYNN ROY

Shit.

CAMDYN

What?

LYNN ROY

I forgot, I totally forgot to call her --

CAMDYN

Who?

LYNN ROY

Coco's friend? Michelle? Know her?

CAMDYN

A little. Not really.

LYNN ROY

She was texting me, looking for him, the night he... That night.

(beat)

(MORE)

LYNN ROY (CONT'D)

Wanting to know if he was okay,
wanting to know if we found him.

(then)

I didn't know that they...

Lynn LOSES the thread of her thought. She BREATHES, CLOSES her eyes, STEELS herself and DIALS --

1.27 **INT. CARTER HOUSEHOLD - MICHELLE'S ROOM - SAME TIME** 1.27

The camera WANDERS around the room, SEARCHING for its subject. There are posters of boy bands, *Us Weekly's* on an uncluttered desk and high school textbooks.

The **PING** of a text message cuts through the silence. We continue WANDERING the room as we SEARCH for the source.

The room looks just a little too... PERFECT. The posters are not erratically slapped on the wall but put up with purpose. The pink lampshades compliment the bedspread, pillows, rug. There's no... PERSONALITY. It seems to be what someone THINKS a teen girl's room should look like...

Finally, we get a glimpse of *her*, our titular Girl From Plainville, but only from behind. This is the same girl from the iPhone store in our opener: **MICHELLE CARTER (17)**.

Her phone rings. We still only see her from behind.

MICHELLE

Mrs. Roy?

1.28 **INT. CARTER HOUSEHOLD - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER** 1.28

Michelle slowly WALKS DOWN the stairs - her face now visible - is streaked wet and ruddy from crying. She looks younger than her age; innocent.

She FINDS her parents **DAVID** and **GAIL CARTER (40s)** READING in silence. Jackets, ties and sweater sets. If it were the 50s they'd have plastic on the furniture.

Michelle STANDS at the foot of the stairs, STARING at her phone, WAITING for her parents to acknowledge her presence. After a moment, Gail does. She LOOKS UP:

GAIL

Michelle?

David, in turn, notices, but neither parent goes to her.

GAIL (CONT'D)
Michelle - what is it?

Michelle LOOKS at them, starting to BREAK DOWN again.

MICHELLE
It's Conrad. He's... dead. He
killed himself.

Michelle BURSTS into tears. Her parents don't move. They
EXCHANGE a look. Finally:

GAIL
Who's Conrad?

1.29 **INT. LYNN ROY'S HOUSE - FOYER - MORNING** 1.29

Lynn STANDS at the foot of the stairs. She LOOKS UP, RESTS a
hand on the bannister. *ONE... TWO... THREE...*

1.30 **INT. LYNN ROY'S HOUSE - LANDING - MOMENTS LATER** 1.30

Lynn REACHES the landing, STARES down the hall. Conrad's room
is somewhere down there. *ONE... TWO... THREE...*

1.31 **INT. LYNN ROY'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER** 1.31

Lynn RESTS her hand ATOP the door knob. Her memory allows her
to look inside the room without opening the door. But that
wouldn't accomplish what it is she has to accomplish. And so.

ONE... TWO...

1.32 **INT. LYNN ROY'S HOUSE - CONRAD III'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**.32

Lynn EASES OPEN the door to find a teenage boy's catastrophe.
Sports and music magazines LITTER the floor. His bed is a
mess. His desk is a mess. His closet door can't close due to
the mess oozing from within. Video games are scattered and
splayed around a TV.

A 2013 Red Sox World Series Poster hangs on the wall along
with Meek Mills, Jay Z, Drake and more.

For reasons that don't make much sense in light of the
circumstances, Lynn cleans up. She TAKES the dirty laundry
and PLACES it in a hamper. She HANGS UP jeans and shirts
beside an old varsity baseball jacket.

She GOES to the bookshelf, SLIDES them back into place, RUNS a finger over the spines that range in topic from sports to school to boating.

Lynn FINDS a dusting of sand on the floor, detritus from the bottom of his flip flops or CAST accidentally from his pants. Remnants of a recent day at the beach.

Finally, Lynn GOES TO the desk, FINDS his CAPTAIN'S LICENSE. Smiles. TURNS to his LAPTOP, OPENS it and is GREETED by a password prompt. Lynn SHUFFLES through papers on the desk, notebooks, looking for a password.

She OPENS a drawer filled with crap. Another has a pack of cigarettes and a bag of weed. She OPENS ANOTHER, PULLS OUT A PRESCRIPTION BOTTLE: PROZAC. Lynn PLACES it back in the drawer, SHUTS it.

Lynn FINDS a notebook, FINGERS through a few pages of random ramblings that bring a smile to her face. THEN?

She DISCOVERS loose sheets of paper. She READS her son's FINAL WORDS: Words filled with pain and relief and, yes, even hope for those he loved: *You may be tough on me... I don't feel like I belong here... did this to finally be happy... so this is goodbye... shine bright...*

Lynn STRUGGLES to keep the tears at bay as she TURNS the page and whatever emotion was BUBBLING UP is promptly SWALLOWED by confusion.

This note is ADDRESSED to MICHELLE CARTER: *keep tough in hard times... sorry about everything... messed up I guess... I'll forever be in your heart... I love you...*

Lynn TUCKS the pages back into the notebook, ANGER GROWING. She LOOKS AROUND the room. *What the hell else is here she doesn't know about?*

Lynn PULLS OUT the desk drawers, DUMPS the contents. She OPENS the closet door, RIPS everything out. She FLIPS through the books, TOSSING and TRASHING. Until. Exhausted.

Lynn COLLAPSES on the floor and WEEPS amidst all that remains of her son's life.

CHYRON: TUESDAY, JULY 15, 2014.

1.33 **EXT. TUCKER-ROY MARINE TOWING AND SALVAGE - DOCK - MORNING** 33

Conrad, Jr. FILLS out a work order as a **MECHANIC** TUNES UP the engine of the CO - the company's tugboat.

ERIC DAWICKI(O.S.)

Co.

Conrad, Jr. TURNS to FIND **ERIC DAWICKI** making his way down the dock. Conrad PUTS DOWN his paperwork and gives Dawicki a "bro-hug."

CONRAD ROY, JR.

What're you doing here, Dawicki?

ERIC DAWICKI

How about I ask you the same?

(eyeing the Mechanic)

What's up, Lewis?

The Mechanic WAVES with his wrench.

ERIC DAWICKI (CONT'D)

Give us a minute?

Lewis the Mechanic STARTS to get up --

CONRAD ROY, JR.

(re: boat)

Got a job this afternoon. Don't need this fucker crapping out on us.

Lewis the Mechanic - caught in the middle - CASTS a look between Conrad, Jr. and Dawicki who GIVES him the thumb: *Get outta here.*

Lewis TAKES his leave and Conrad, Jr. WATCHES him go, faux-annoyed --

CONRAD ROY, JR. (CONT'D)

How was Tokyo?

ERIC DAWICKI

Fuck Tokyo.

(repeating)

What're you doing here? You should be at home with your (wife, kids) --

CONRAD ROY, JR.

She ain't my wife --

ERIC DAWICKI

Whatever. His mother. You shouldn't be here.

CONRAD ROY, JR.

Works what I got right now. Work's what's keeping me fucking straight.

(MORE)

CONRAD ROY, JR. (CONT'D)

(then)

Listen, I didn't call you for (a lecture, okay) --

ERIC DAWICKI

Well, then you dialed the wrong fucking number, my friend. Should know that by now.

CONRAD ROY, JR.

(a weak but sincere smile)

Guess I should.

Beat.

ERIC DAWICKI

(*why'd he do it?*)

Why?

CONRAD ROY, JR.

Fuck do I know? One day, they wake up, put their heads down, grunt their way past you. Just stop talking.

(re: suicide note)

He left me a note.

Dawicki WATCHES Conrad, Jr. He isn't going to ask or push.

CONRAD ROY, JR. (CONT'D)

(quoting)

Sorry I couldn't be the son you wanted me to be.

ERIC DAWICKI

Fuck, man.

Conrad, Jr. FORTIFYIES the dam holding back his emotions - a dam that's been forged by zip code, upbringing and experience.

CONRAD ROY, JR.

How's that for a see you later?

Beat.

ERIC DAWICKI

My boy. Wasn't feeling great last year. Depressed and whatever. I was... scared.

CONRAD ROY, JR.

Didn't know that. Sorry.

ERIC DAWICKI

Whatever. It's just. I kinda get it. I mean, not totally. But, you know. Kinda. I'm here for you.

CONRAD ROY, JR.

Appreciate that. And actually. Need a favor --

ERIC DAWICKI

Anything --

CONRAD ROY, JR.

Need you to say something.

ERIC DAWICKI

Yeah. Of course. What? To who?

CONRAD ROY, JR.

At the service.

If Dawicki has a dam holding back his feelings, it's less locked. Emotion WASHES OVER him, tears BREACH.

CONRAD ROY, JR. (CONT'D)

You alright, man?

ERIC DAWICKI

(me?)

Yeah, you sonuvabitch. I'm fine.

(then)

Don't know what the hell I'm gonna say, but I'm fine.

CONRAD ROY, JR.

(joking)

So long as you're fine. That's all that matters.

And the two men LAUGH a sad laugh and Conrad PATS Dawicki on the back and PULLS him into a cursory "man hug" before swallowing their emotions and breaking apart again.

1.34

INT. BRISTOL COUNTY CPAC - GIOSSI'S DESK - DAY

1.34

Gordon SITS on the edge of **TROOPER GIOSSI's** desk.

TROOPER GIOSSI

Said he smoked himself, right?

Gordon doesn't respond to the crass remark. Seems cops are cops and dead kids in trucks - while tragic - aren't soul-shattering.

SCOTT GORDON

(yeah)

Gas-powered water pump in the
backseat. Swiped it from his dad's
business.

Giossi EXAMINES Conrad's cellphone inside the plastic
evidence bag.

TROOPER GIOSSI

(what're you looking for)

Crossing i's and dotting t's?

SCOTT GORDON

Yeah.

TROOPER GIOSSI

Anything you want me to bold,
underline. Italicize?

Gordon THINKS. Something is itching at him and Giossi can see
it --

TROOPER GIOSSI (CONT'D)

What's bothering you?

Beat.

SCOTT GORDON

When I opened the phone, there was
only one text on the whole thing.
Couple hours before he died.

TROOPER GIOSSI

Yeah? And?

SCOTT GORDON

You know any eighteen-year-old with
only one text on his phone?

TROOPER GIOSSI

To be honest, I don't go through
many eighteen-year-old's phones,
but sure. Odd. What was the
message?

SCOTT GORDON

Between him and this girl Michelle.
Carter.

(reading)

So at 6:25pm, he tells her he's
almost there. She says, after a few
minutes, *okay*.

(MORE)

SCOTT GORDON (CONT'D)

From there on out, it's only
outbound from her and I'm smushing
texts together. So you don't get
bored. This is now three hours
later.

(reading)

*Please answer me. I'm scared. I
thought you actually did it.*

Gordon THROWS a look over at Giossi who eyebrows a "huh."

SCOTT GORDON (CONT'D)

He deletes every text with other
contacts and whatever he was
texting with this girl before that
first "okay."

TROOPER GIOSSI

He's hiding something. You talk to
her? The girl?

SCOTT GORDON

(not yet)

I wanna know what was on that phone
first. You can make it happen,
right?

TROOPER GIOSSI

You're not gracing my doorstep
'cause I'm pretty to look at.

(then)

Full extraction. When you want it
by and don't (say ASAP) --

SCOTT GORDON

ASAP.

With that, Gordon NODS his thanks and TAKES his leave.

CHYRON: WEDNESDAY, JULY 16, 2014.

1.35 **EXT. CARTER HOUSEHOLD - DAY**

1.35

SAM BOARDMAN (17) and **LEXIE EBLAN (17)** CLIMB OUT of Sam's BMW
and HEAD TOWARDS the Carters' front door. Getting a good look
at it now, there is a stark class difference between this and
the Roy household. As they APPROACH:

SAM

Bigger than I thought.

LEXIE
Never been here?
(off Sam; no)
Me neither.

SAM
This is weird.

LEXIE
Of course it's weird.

SAM
I mean... not just because of...

Lexie rings the doorbell. A beat.

SAM (CONT'D)
Did you even know she had a
boyfriend?

LEXIE
Not until she sent me a million
texts about him a couple days ago.

Sam gives her a knowing shrug, as if to say "me too."
Footsteps are heard from the other side of the door.

LEXIE (CONT'D)
We'll only stay for like an hour.

Gail opens the door, she doesn't recognize the girls.

GAIL
May I help you?

SAM
Mrs. Carter, it's Sam. And Lexie.
From softball.

GAIL
(playing it up)
Oh. Of course. How are you?

Gail definitely has no idea who these girls are.

SAM
Uh - I'm... OK. Thanks. We're here
to see Michelle? Is she... ?

1.36 INT. CARTER HOUSEHOLD - MICHELLE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 1.36

Lexie PUSHES OPEN the door to Michelle's room and WALKS IN, Sam a step behind her. On the bed, Michelle is curled into the fetal position.

Her younger sister **NICOLE "COLLIE" CARTER** sits with her, not touching her but trying to be some kind of comfort with her presence.

LEXIE

Michelle?

Michelle LOOKS UP - relief WASHES OVER her face as she sees them.

MICHELLE

You guys - you came!

She THROWS her arms out, inviting them into a hug. Lexie and Sam do as beckoned and LEAN DOWN into an awkward three-way hug. Michelle BURIES her head into their shoulders.

LEXIE

Yeah. We're here.

SAM

It's OK. It'll be OK.

MICHELLE

I just can't believe he's gone.

(beat)

Collie can you give us some privacy, please?

Sam and Lexie EXCHANGE a subtle look at Michelle's easy dismissal of her sister. Collie GETS UP and LEAVES:

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

The door!

Collie CLOSES the door. The girls sit. A stilted silence.

LEXIE

How... how are you doing?

Michelle SHRUGS, doesn't answer.

MICHELLE

Means a lot that you guys came.

SAM

Sure.

MICHELLE

I know I haven't always been the best friend.

A beat as Lexie and Sam try to figure out to respond to that. The phrase "best friend" is not exactly how Lexie and Sam would characterize their relationship.

LEXIE

Uh. It's OK.

SAM

Yeah. Don't - don't worry about it.

Lexie rubs Michelle's back, Sam a little more uncomfortable with the affection.

MICHELLE

We'd been off and on for a few years. But these last few months we were... together. Really together.

(beat)

I just loved him so much.

(quick add)

And he loved me.

LEXIE

I'm sure he (did) --

MICHELLE

It's all my fault. I should've been there for him. I should've known that he (would do this) --

LEXIE

Don't say that. You were texting everyone all night trying to find him! You sent Sam and I like a (thousand messages) --

MICHELLE

Maybe if I'd listened better. Visited more.

SAM

Did you see each other a lot?

MICHELLE

Yeah. Well... when we could, I mean.

Suddenly, her energy changes. She WIPES her face.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Wait - since you guys are here -
you can help me pick out what I'm
supposed to wear to the funeral.

She gets up and goes to her closet; looking through things.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

I need to look perfect. For his
mom. For his family. So they know I
care.

(to herself)

Something Conrad would've liked.

She pulls out a button-down and turns to the girls:

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

What do you think?

The girls are taken aback by the turn, but people grieve in
strange ways. They just want to help her feel better.

LEXIE

Um, a dress, maybe? Do you have a
black one?

Michelle PULLS one out, she HOLDS it against her body.

MICHELLE

Like this?

SAM

Yeah. That's nice. That's... that
could be good.

Michelle STARES at herself in the mirror. She LOOKS for just
a beat longer than necessary. A little more introspectively
than if she was just looking at the dress... what does she
see?

1.37

INT. FAIRHAVEN POLICE - GORDON'S OFFICE - MORNING

1.37

Gordon DIGS through Conrad III's social media. *Facebook.*
Instagram. Twitter. There are pictures. There are posts.
There are memes.

A life and opinions and outlooks laid bare for all the world
to see. Or. At a minimum. All his "friends" to see.

Gordon LOOKS THROUGH the comments. He LOOKS THROUGH the
likes. He LOOKS THROUGH the Tweets. And something CATCHES his
eye. Yes. Lots of names of friends and relatives repeat.

But one has continued to POST and LIKE even after Conrad died: MICHELLE CARTER.

POLICE OFFICER 2
Detective?

Gordon LOOKS UP --

1.38 **INT. FAIRHAVEN POLICE - WAITING AREA - MORNING** 1.38

Tom SITS on an uncomfortable plastic chair, absently THUMBING through his phone. **TOM'S MOTHER** sits next to him.

SCOTT GORDON (O.S.)
How you doing, Tom? Mrs. Gammell.

Tom and his Mother LOOK UP to FIND Gordon in the doorway.

TOM'S MOTHER
You want me too?

SCOTT GORDON
Unless you really mind, I'd like to talk to him myself. He's not in any trouble. Promise. Even open and shut situations like this, it's protocol. Talk to everybody.

Tom's Mother SHARES a look with Tom. She's uneasy about this whole thing. Then --

TOM'S MOTHER
Be here when you're done.

SCOTT GORDON (PRE-LAP)
How're you holding up?

Tom FOLLOWS Gordon through the door.

1.39 **INT. FAIRHAVEN POLICE - GORDON'S OFFICE - MORNING** 1.39

Tom SITS across from Gordon. He SHRUGS.

TOM GAMMELL
You know.

To be clear, the shrug and comment are lame attempts by a teenager to cast his pain as 'whatever.' But the pain exists. He's just not gonna talk about it.

SCOTT GORDON

I'm sorry.
(then)
Going to the funeral?

TOM GAMMELL

Wake on Friday. Funeral Saturday.

SCOTT GORDON

Gotcha.

Beat.

SCOTT GORDON (CONT'D)

Listen, I need you to do me a favor
and pretend like I don't know
anything. Which. To be fair. I
really don't.

TOM GAMMELL

Okay.

SCOTT GORDON

Okay. When's the last time you
talked?

TOM GAMMELL

That day. Saturday. He was supposed
to come visit me at Fitchburg.

SCOTT GORDON

You in school up there?
(off Tom; yes)
But he didn't go.

TOM GAMMELL

Canceled that afternoon.

SCOTT GORDON

Give you a reason?

TOM GAMMELL

No.

SCOTT GORDON

He ever talk about any issues? With
work? With girls? With boys?

TOM GAMMELL

(firmly)
Girls.

SCOTT GORDON

Different times. Never know.

TOM GAMMELL

No. No issues that he told me about. Clearly, he had issues. I mean, he tried before.

SCOTT GORDON

(surprised)

He attempted suicide?

TOM GAMMELL

Nobody told you that?

SCOTT GORDON

No, sir.

TOM GAMMELL

Couple years back.

SCOTT GORDON

How, how'd he try?

TOM GAMMELL

Took a whole bunch of Tylenol or something. Was in the hospital for a bit.

SCOTT GORDON

He ever tell you why?

TOM GAMMELL

Not really. I mean. His parents' divorce screwed him up pretty good. Mr. and Mrs. Roy did a whole lotta yelling. Not just at each other. Mr. Roy roughed him up.

(then)

You know about that, right?

SCOTT GORDON

(yeah)

February. What happened there?

TOM GAMMELL

(laughing)

Your dad ever smack you?

SCOTT GORDON

Course.

TOM GAMMELL

He ever get arrested?

SCOTT GORDON
(no; repeating)
Different times.

TOM GAMMELL
Coco should've just cleaned the
kitchen instead of mouthing off.

Fair enough --

SCOTT GORDON
Mind if I show you something?

Gordon TURNS his computer around REVEALING a FACEBOOK PAGE
entitled: *STOP BULLYING FOR CONRAD*.

TOM GAMMELL
I saw that. Think it was his cousin
or somebody. It's bullshit.

SCOTT GORDON
Why would somebody go to the effort
to create it then?

TOM GAMMELL
People'll do anything to get a
thumb's up or a like. Coco was
popular. Everybody liked him.
Thought he was cute. Smart.
Athletic. Funny, fun, all that. He
wasn't bullied.

Scott NODS, JOTS, TURNS the computer back around.

SCOTT GORDON
Anything else, you can think of?

TOM GAMMELL
Don't think so.

SCOTT GORDON
This has been helpful. Thanks, Tom.

Tom STANDS, HEADS for the door --

SCOTT GORDON (CONT'D)
Oh. Hey. Tom. Michelle Carter? Know
her?

TOM GAMMELL
Little.

SCOTT GORDON
They were dating?

TOM GAMMELL

(no)

She lives, like, an hour away or something. Plainville, I think. From what I know? They texted, talked on the phone. Don't think they saw each other face-to-face more than a few times.

(then)

Last time I know about was the summer. She came to our baseball game.

SCOTT GORDON

So they weren't an item?

(off Tom; *item?*)

Don't know what to call it.

TOM GAMMELL

Nah. They weren't a thing.

SCOTT GORDON

A thing --

TOM GAMMELL

He didn't talk about her a lot.

SCOTT GORDON

Huh.

TOM GAMMELL

Why?

SCOTT GORDON

It's just. She's all over his social media. Liking this, liking that. Even posting after he passed.

TOM GAMMELL

Like I said. That's what everybody does. Doesn't mean they're getting married.

Beat.

SCOTT GORDON

Alright. Well. Again. I'll let you know if I need anything else.

And with that, Tom RISES and LEAVES. Scott WATCHES him go.

CHYRON: THURSDAY, JULY 17, 2014.

1.40

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

1.40

Lynn SIFTS THROUGH rack after rack of black dresses. Both anything and nothing will do. Camdyn SITS in a chair, nose PLANTED in her cell-phone AS --

LYNN ROY
(pulling one)
How about this one?

Camdyn doesn't respond.

LYNN ROY (CONT'D)
Cam?

CAMDYN
(eyes in phone)
Yeah?

LYNN ROY
(repeating)
How about this?

Camdyn THROWS a quick look up and then back DOWN --

CAMDYN
It's fine.

LYNN ROY
Fine. You're like your father.

CAMDYN
(no thanks)
Thanks.

Lynn HANGS the dress back up again. It FALLS to the floor. She doesn't retrieve it. Simply MOVES onto the next one.

LYNN ROY
You would've told me, right?

CAMDYN
What?

LYNN ROY
If he was thinking about doing it?

CAMDYN
(eyes in the phone)
No. I would've let him suck on a tailpipe, ma'.

Another dress in hand, Lynn FREEZES, STARES THROUGH her daughter. In this moment anything could happen. Lynn could punch her.

Instead, she DROPS this next dress on the floor (purposely) and --

LYNN ROY
I don't know why I asked that.

Lynn's phone DINGS --

LYNN ROY (CONT'D)
(eyes on the phone)
I'm sorry.

It's a text. This time the UNKNOWN NUMBER has been assigned a name: Michelle Carter.

INSERT TEXT MESSAGE: *"Hi Mrs. Roy. It's Michelle. I hope you're doing okay. I was just wondering if you have dates for services yet, take your time and just let me know. If you and your family need anything."*

LYNN ROY (CONT'D)
From Michelle. Such a sweet girl.

That SNAPS Camdyn to attention.

CAMDYN
She texted you again?

LYNN ROY
She's hurting. I think she wants to be close to us or something. Did you know they were so close?

CAMDYN
Sorta.

LYNN ROY
Coco left her a note.

Lynn POCKETS the phone, PULLS another dress.

CAMDYN
A suicide note?

LYNN ROY
Yeah.

CAMDYN
What'd it say?

LYNN ROY
A lot. He loved her.

Something CRACKS in Lynn. She tries to mask it, but it SEEPS through and Camdyn SEES IT before turning back to her phone.

CAMDYN
What's wrong?

LYNN ROY
Nothing --

Camdyn SHRUGS. *She tried. Sort of.*

LYNN ROY (CONT'D)
(looking at another dress)
Are you in love with anybody?

CAMDYN
Ma --

LYNN ROY
Cause we can talk --

CAMDYN
No. Jesus. Stop.

And the moment for connection has now passed. Some may lob the blame at Lynn's feet. *How can the daughter be expected to open up if the mother will not?*

LYNN ROY
He's being cremated and I'd like you to help spread his ashes.

Camdyn makes a face. *Ugh. Really?*

LYNN ROY (CONT'D)
He's your brother, Cam.

CAMDYN
I know. Ma. It's just. Creepy --

LYNN ROY
This is your chance (to say goodbye) --

CAMDYN
What if he... gets on me?

LYNN ROY
Seriously?

CAMDYN

Can't I do something else? Like
carry the flowers (or something) --

Camdyn's phone DINGS. A text.

LYNN ROY

It's not a (wedding, Cam) --

STORE CLERK (O.S.)

May I assist you?

Lynn TURNS to FIND a **STORE CLERK** APPROACHING with the two dresses that were dropped on the ground.

LYNN ROY

Looking. Thanks. I'll let you know.

STORE CLERK

(a wee bit of attitude)
Want me to bring these up front?

LYNN ROY

(a wee bit of attitude
back)
Sure.

The Store Clerk TAKES the dresses to the counter as Camdyn SHOWS her mother her phone. INSERT TEXT MESSAGE FROM MICHELLE CARTER: "**Hey Camdyn, hope you're doing okay. I was just wondering if you have dates for services yet, take your time.**"

It's virtually identical to the text she just sent to Lynn.

LYNN ROY (CONT'D)

I'll call her when we get outta
here.

(the Store Clerk watches)
Let's go to Macy's.

1.41 **INT. CARTER HOUSEHOLD - DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

1.41

David, Gail and Collie sit in the too-upscale-for-Tuesday-night-dinner dining room. Bags for a trip sit in the hallway. Plates in front of them, they wait.

COLLIE

Should I go --

DAVID

No.

David checks his watch. Finally, when it seems like David is going to burst a vein out of frustration, Michelle walks down the stairs, phone in hand. She sits, no apology offered.

MICHELLE

Why are there bags in the hallway?

GAIL

(common sense)

New Hampshire. We leave in the morning.

MICHELLE

(stunned)

What?

DAVID

We're going to the cabin.

(off Michelle's look)

It's been on the calendar since this time last year. And the year before. And the (year before) --

MICHELLE

Well, I can't go.

(beat)

It's Conrad's funeral. I have to go. Everyone will be --

DAVID

I'm sorry, Michelle, but we're not postponing this trip so you can --

Gail interrupts before David *really* speaks his mind.

GAIL

It's the only time your father can get away from --

MICHELLE

I don't care! I'm not going!

She slams her fist on the table, startling everyone. Michelle doesn't make eye contact with her parents.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

I have to... I have to be there. I have to see his mom and --

David sighs deeply. Gail shoots him a look.

GAIL

Honey, we don't even know these people. Are they expecting you there? Were you invited?

MICHELLE

Of course I was invited! I can't believe you would even say that!

GAIL

It's just --

DAVID

We're leaving at 9am.
(beat)
That's final.

Michelle stares at him incredulously. Her eyes move to Gail - bearing into her...

CHYRON: FRIDAY, JULY 18, 2014.

1.42 **INT. GAIL'S CAR - NIGHT**

1.42

Dressed in the black dress, Michelle SITS in the passenger seat as Gail DRIVES them to Conrad's wake. Michelle STARES absently out the window. A bouquet of cheap flowers and a seashell REST in her lap.

As they drive, they enter a much more blue collar neighborhood. Gail CHECKS the address on her phone:

GAIL

You're sure this is right?

Michelle doesn't answer. Gail reaches over and LOCKS the doors.

1.43 **EXT. K-MART - PARKING LOT - LATER**

1.43

Michelle STANDS in the parking lot, STARING at the spot where Conrad died. A little memorial has been erected. Gail WATCHES from the car, a slightly impatient expression on her face.

After a long beat, Michelle WALKS OVER and CROUCHES DOWN at the memorial. Her face is almost emotionless. She REACHES OUT and PICKS UP a note that someone has left - she reads it. She makes a "huh" face. Then puts it back. Next to a rock that has "CONRAD" written on it.

She PLACES the flowers and seashell on the front of the memorial - the largest and first ones to be seen.

1.44

INT. SAUNDERS DWYER FUNERAL HOME - LATER

1.44

The funeral home is quaint, homey - nice but, like everything in this town, a little blue collar.

A LARGE PHOTO of CONRAD III sits in a corner. He's smiling, on a boat - at a time when his whole life was ahead of him. There's a CONDOLENCE BOOK open, a few TEENAGERS wait to write in it. Other photos of Conrad and his family line a banquet table. Other PEOPLE hover towards a dry-bar where the **BARTENDER** can't churn out drinks fast enough.

There's a division in the room - a fissure - and not a subtle one at that. Lynn, in her new dress, stands with Camdyn and Conrad Roy, Jr. is on the other side of the room. Sitting in a chair nearby is Conrad Roy, Sr, he's keeping a brave face but his cheeks are streaked with days-old tears.

Regardless of the circumstance, too much has gone on between Lynn and Conrad Jr. for this line to be crossed now. The only people trekking over it are the mourners who go to Lynn then make their way to Conrad. Or vice versa.

Lynn hugs ARYANNA TAYLOR:

LYNN ROY

Thanks so much for coming, sweetie.

Aryanna nods, trying to hold back tears.

ARYANNA

I'm so sorry, Mrs. Roy.

Lynn rubs the girl's arm as she moves off. Next are an **OLDER WOMAN** and an **OLDER MAN**. She CLUTCHES Lynn's hand and STARES at her for a moment. She SHAKES her head:

OLDER WOMAN

I just... I can't think of anything to say. It's horrible, Lynn. Just horrible.

Lynn NODS, keeping it together but she's heard this all day.

OLDER MAN

You gettin' by? You need anything?

LYNN

(shaking her head)
Thanks.

What *could* anyone give her? The Older Man NODS, the Older Woman gives Lynn a HUG. Lynn doesn't notice as the funeral home doors open AND --

Michelle and Gail ENTER. A few mourners take notice of the new people invading this close-knit circle. Against the wall, with warm punch in his hand, is GORDON; paying his respects.

Michelle LOOKS AROUND and SPOTS Lynn, who is back at the receiving line. Michelle STRAIGHTENS her posture, LIFTS her chin and WALKS OVER. Gail STANDS next to her, a bit uneasy, SURVEYING the room - these are definitely not her people.

As Michelle and Gail patiently wait her turn, Conrad, Jr. NOTICES her. Eric stands beside him.

ERIC

Who's that?

CONRAD ROY, JR.

Never seen her in my life.

Finally, it's Michelle's turn. She STANDS in front of Lynn, a little speechless. Lynn LOOKS at her expectantly, trying to place her. Gail NOTICES Michelle's hesitation - she STEPS IN and EXTENDS her hand.

GAIL

Mrs. Roy. I'm Gail Carter. I'm sorry - so sorry - for your loss.

Lynn LOOKS AT Gail's hand, it's so... formal. Nonetheless, she TAKES IT. Gail doesn't let go, trying to deal with the emotion but unaccustomed to it.

LYNN ROY

Thank you.

As Gail speaks, Lynn's eyes FALL BACK to Michelle.

GAIL

I just can't imagine what you're going through now. I don't know what I (would do) --

LYNN ROY

Michelle?

Michelle almost imperceptibly NODS, trying to keep it together, but starting to lose it. Lynn is the first to break. She PULLS Michelle into a deep, tortured hug.

LYNN ROY (CONT'D)

Oh, sweet girl.

Michelle BURIES her face in Lynn's shoulder. The tears STREAM DOWN as Gail stands idly by.

1.45

INT. SAUNDERS DWYER FUNERAL HOME - LATER

1.45

The majority of the mourners have dispersed, though Tom and a few of CONRAD'S FRIENDS linger. On a couch, Lynn and Michelle FLIP THROUGH a family photo album. Nearby, Gail stands against a wall, watching Lynn and Michelle intently - trying to make sense of this strange scenario.

Lynn POINTS to a toddler photo of Conrad at the beach:

LYNN ROY

Can't beat DNA. That boy was born with the ocean in his blood.

MICHELLE

(nodding)

In Florida, that's all he would talk about. He was really proud to be a part of a family that had such a tradition... you know?

LYNN ROY

(surprised)

Could've fooled me. His dad and him... well. It wasn't always like that.

MICHELLE

I know.

Lynn is surprised again that this is something Michelle - a stranger - would know.

LYNN ROY

So Florida? That's where you met?

MICHELLE

(nodding)

Rode bikes. Walked along the beach. It was... perfect.

(beat)

We couldn't see each other as much as we wanted... he didn't really like the "type of people" from my town.

LYNN ROY

(smiling)

That sounds like Coco.

(beat)

I'm sorry. I don't mean to be... It's just strange. Someone who knew him like I did and... I've never met you.

(MORE)

LYNN ROY (CONT'D)

(beat)

But I remember that trip. He came back so happy.

MICHELLE

Me too.

(shrugging)

Conrad was - you know, he was private.

LYNN ROY

Not with me.

Michelle doesn't react; Lynn realizes her comment was biting.

LYNN ROY (CONT'D)

I didn't mean - of course he was. Look at where we are - of course he was. I just - I don't know anything about you. It's strange, is all. Everything is strange.

Michelle puts her hand on Lynn's, LEANING IN.

MICHELLE

I know I'm only seventeen, but I wanted to spend the rest of my life with him.

Lynn smiles a bit, this touches her.

LYNN ROY

It's good, it feels good to know that someone loved him. That he knew what that meant. Thank you.

Michelle NODS --

MICHELLE

(soft)

I miss him.

Lynn pats Michelle's hand.

LYNN ROY

I know. Me too.

MICHELLE

I just feel so... responsible. I wish --

Lynn TAKES Michelle by the shoulders.

LYNN ROY

Don't you do that. Don't. This is not your fault, OK? Co... he was... we all should've known but we didn't. OK?

Michelle's lip TREMBLES as she NODS. Lynn makes a decision about something.

LYNN ROY (CONT'D)

He left a note, sweetheart.

MICHELLE

(genuine surprise)
What? He did?

LYNN ROY

I'm sorry I didn't tell you sooner - we've all been trying to make sense of it.

MICHELLE

Is there... did he say anything about... me?

Lynn NODS - Michelle doesn't move, her body suspended in anticipation.

LYNN ROY

He loved you, sweetie. He did.

MICHELLE

Can I... read it?

LYNN ROY

Well, it's not here. I didn't think that would be (appropriate) --

MICHELLE

No, no of course. I just meant. Whenever you --

Interrupting their conversation is Tom Gammell, PUTTING his jacket on.

TOM GAMMELL

Excuse me, sorry - Mrs. Roy? I'm going to take off.

LYNN

OK, thank you, Tom. Thank you for everything.

MICHELLE

Tom?

TOM GAMMELL

Yeah.

LYNN

This is Michelle Carter. She was --

Michelle cuts Lynn off by STANDING and WRAPPING her arms around Tom's shoulders. Tom STIFFLY HUGS her back.

MICHELLE

I really appreciate your friendship with Conrad. He cared so much for you.

TOM GAMMELL

Uh. Yeah.

MICHELLE

And thank you for taking care of Lynn and the family. It's been so difficult.

TOM GAMMELL

Sure. Yeah.

Lynn SMILES, appreciating Michelle. But Tom is thrown; it's as if Michelle were the grieving widow. In many ways, she appears to be.

LYNN ROY

Tom, maybe Michelle could help you with that fundraiser you were talking about?

MICHELLE

A fundraiser?

TOM GAMMELL

Uh. Yeah. I was thinking of putting something together. For Co. For like, mental health or something.

Michelle stands there, waiting with anticipation.

TOM GAMMELL (CONT'D)

If you wanted to help put it together or --

MICHELLE

I would be honored.

Lynn smiles, Tom forces one and nods.

TOM GAMMELL
OK. Great.

Michelle smiles, thrilled to be included in this.

FADE TO:

CHYRON: SATURDAY, JULY 19, 2014.

1.46 **EXT. BEACH - DAY** 1.46

Floating. Barely bobbing. Some distance off the shore and looking towards the beach. And there on the beach - heads BOWED, WEARING their Sunday best, STANDING in some staggered semblance of a line - are Conrad Roy III's family and friends.

We remain out at sea WATCHING as they take turns HOLDING the urn and CASTING handfuls of their brother, son and friend into the water.

One friend is conspicuously missing.

1.47 **EXT. BEACH - PARKING LOT - DAY** 1.47

The mourners MEANDER back to their cars. No one seems to notice that Lynn isn't with them. No one but Conrad, Jr. He TURNS to FIND her sitting on the beach.

1.48 **EXT. BEACH - MOMENTS LATER** 1.48

Conrad, Jr. APPROACHES and Lynn doesn't need to look to know it's him.

CONRAD ROY, JR.
Everybody's going.

LYNN ROY
(squinting at the shore)
We came here together - him, me,
Cam, Morgan. That day. It was good.
Really good. He laughed.

CONRAD ROY, JR.
About what?

LYNN ROY
Wish I could remember.
(beat)
(MORE)

LYNN ROY (CONT'D)

I tried him. Around 10:30 that night. I knew where he was, where he said he was going. Something inside told me to call. Coroner said he died around 10:30. I think I felt him pass through me.

Conrad, Jr. TAKES something out of his pocket, PALMS it in his hand: A SILVER CROSS.

CONRAD ROY, JR.

Wasn't sure if you wanted this.
Took it from his truck.

Lynn OFFERS something of a smile --

CONRAD ROY, JR. (CONT'D)

Hanging on the rearview. Didn't want the fucking cops to pocket it. Your First Communion cross and all.

LYNN ROY

And blessed by the Holy Father.

(barely)

Thank you.

(then)

Was it always there? In his truck?

CONRAD ROY, JR.

I don't pay attention to that shit.

(a concession)

But you know that.

It's a complicated moment for these two parents. They don't particularly like each other but they're also the only people who understand what it's like for them right now.

Conrad, Jr. is LOST in a thought or a memory or worse: Death-by-a-thousand shoulda, woulda, coulda's...

CONRAD ROY, JR. (CONT'D)

You think it was us?

LYNN ROY

What does that mean?

CONRAD ROY, JR.

You and me. Is it our fault?

LYNN ROY

Don't want to talk about it --

CONRAD ROY, JR.

Us splitting up, I mean --

LYNN ROY CONRAD ROY, JR. (CONT'D)
Stop -- I think it was us --

LYNN ROY (CONT'D)
Co --

CONRAD ROY, JR.
I mean. I'm not blaming you alone.
It's on me, too.

LYNN ROY
Conrad. Stop --

CONRAD ROY, JR.
He said it in the note that he left
for me --

LYNN ROY
(re: note)
Right.

And now Lynn is UP, VIOLENTLY SHAKING off the sand. Conrad,
Jr. knows he stepped in it.

CONRAD ROY, JR.
I'm just saying --

LYNN ROY
What are you saying? What exactly
are you saying? They told us get
him a shrink, we get him a shrink.
Shrink tells us to get some pills,
we get him some pills. What were we
supposed to do? Chain him to the
fucking radiator?
(then)
I don't want to talk about this.
Not today. Maybe tomorrow. Okay?
You can hang me for being a shitty
fucking parent tomorrow. Not
fucking today.

And with that, Lynn STALKS across the beach.

CONRAD ROY, JR.
Let me give you a (ride home) --

LYNN ROY
Fuck you.

And that's that.

FADE TO:

1.49

INT. CARTER HOUSEHOLD - KITCHEN - DAY

1.49

Michelle SITS on the island, alone in the huge, beautiful kitchen. She TEXTS furiously on her phone. David ENTERS, goes to the fridge and GRABS a Gatorade. He doesn't notice the frenetic energy coming off of Michelle.

DAVID

Ready for the drive tomorrow? It'll be nice to (get away.)

MICHELLE

(over)

They spread his ashes without me!

DAVID

How'd you (know) --

MICHELLE

Lynn. She texted me that they just did it. That - how could she?

DAVID

It was probably just family. She wasn't thinking about --

MICHELLE

(exploding)

Wasn't thinking?

Michelle's outburst takes David aback. Her eyes burn with rage.

DAVID

Michelle. Take a breath. I'm sure it wasn't (intentional) --

MICHELLE

How could it not be intentional! They left me out! And I... I was the only person that mattered to Conrad! The only one who cared about him! How could they do this!

DAVID

Michelle!

Michelle vibrates with anger, seething now at her father. Gail ENTERS the kitchen to see Michelle STORM OUT --

GAIL

Michelle?

DAVID

Where are you going?

The front door slams in response. David and Gail exchange a look; Gail's with concern, David's with exasperation.

1.50 **INT. LYNN ROY'S CAR - NIGHT**

1.50

Lynn DRIVES as Camdyn STARES OUT the passenger seat window. Lynn's phone DINGS.

LYNN ROY

You mind looking at that for me?

Camdyn PICKS UP her mom's phone from the well --

CAMDYN ROY

(reads)

From Michelle.

LYNN ROY

What's it say?

CAMDYN ROY

(reading)

*You were so strong, the services
were so beautiful. I wish he knew
how many people loved him.*

LYNN ROY

So lovely. Really lovely.

The text is disconcerting at best. Michelle seems like a different person to every person she encounters.

1.51 **INT. PIZZA PARLOR - NIGHT**

1.51

Michelle enters the local pizza place, a bell RINGING as the door opens. She scans the restaurant and spots Lexie and Sam in a corner booth with a few other FRIENDS (**BRAD, CHRIS, EMILY**). Michelle straightens her posture and walks over. Lexie, mid-laugh, spots her, surprised.

LEXIE

Michelle! Oh - hi!

MICHELLE

We're headed out of town for a week
so I thought I'd just come by
and...

MICHELLE

Just the truth.

BRAD

You should be a writer.

MICHELLE

Maybe.

CHRIS

Right - because you're fucking up on books and shit.

SAM

"Books and shit?"

BRAD

Why do you have to jump on my dick? You've been in a bad mood all day.

CHRIS

I'm hungry. I have low blood sugar.

BRAD

We're in a fucking restaurant.

CHRIS

I don't want pizza.

BRAD

Then why did we come here?

As the banter continues to get off-track, Michelle jumps in:

MICHELLE

Hey - if I did a fundraiser or something would you guys come?

LEXIE

Fundraiser for what?

MICHELLE

For Conrad. For, like, mental health. To raise awareness.

SAM

Oh sure. That sounds like a really nice idea.

MICHELLE

(excited)

Yeah. We could do it here?

LEXIE

Do you think we should do it in his town?

BRAD

Where's he from?

SAM

(sounding it out)
Ma-tta-poi-sett... ? Right?

MICHELLE

Yeah.

CHRIS

Where the hell is that?

BRAD

Never heard of it.

SAM

Near the water... ?

MICHELLE

(moving on)
We'll get into the details later.
We could play like a softball game or something!

CHRIS

Now you're speaking our language.

SAM

Like those celebrity matches they do for charity?

MICHELLE

Yes! Yeah! Exactly! Would you guys help me plan something?

LEXIE

Sure. Whatever you need.

We slowly PUSH-IN on Michelle's face as the conversation continues:

BRAD

We could do it at the local field.
We play there all the time.

LEXIE

My dad could maybe help us get some banners made or something.

SAM

We should put it on Facebook, get the word out.

A hint of a smile appears on Michelle's face.

CHYRON: SUNDAY, JULY 20, 2014.

1.52 **INT. GAIL'S CAR - DAY**

1.52

David DRIVES Gail's car, finally headed to their vacation. Collie and Michelle SIT in the back, both on their phones. The radio PLAYS unnoticed.

DAVID

Michelle - you excited for the week?

MICHELLE

Yeah. Sure.

David and Gail EXCHANGE a glance - they're trying but David's coming to his wit's end. Suddenly, a **PING** on Michelle's phone - a text message from someone named **ALICE**.

INSERT TEXT MESSAGE: *"I heard, I'm so sorry for your loss, hope you're okay."*

Michelle's eyes go wide.

GAIL

What do you girls want to do when we get there?

DAVID

We could go fishing?

Silence. Michelle starts to hastily type back: *"Thank u so much! It's been really hard but I'm pushing thru. How ru? I miss --"* But she stops and deletes it.

GAIL

Michelle? What do you think about that? Go fishing with your dad?

A song comes on the radio that gets Michelle's attention.

MICHELLE

Can you turn that up?

It's "All of Me" by John Legend. Gail does as Michelle asks. Collie makes a face.

COLLIE

Ugh I can't believe you like this song. Turn it off, Dad.

MICHELLE

Shut up! You don't even know what
you're talking about.

DAVID

Michelle! Don't talk to your sister
like that!

He takes a deep breath, Gail's hand going to his "cool it."
David watches Michelle in the rearview mirror.

MICHELLE

(annoyed)

Just leave the song on, ok?

Michelle SIGHS and STARES OUT the window. The song stays on.

1.53

EXT. VACATION HOUSE - DAY

1.53

Michelle, Collie and David STAND on a bank, fishing poles in
hand, waiting for a bite. In the background is their vacation
house - only people who've never been to a cabin would call
it that. It's as if you picked up the Carter house and just
put it in between a river and some trees.

They're comfortable here. Collie and Michelle STAND next to
each other. David tries... again.

DAVID

Gorgeous day, isn't it?

(beat)

Can just feel the stress coming
off, huh?

Collie gives him a look then rolls her eyes. A moment passes.

MICHELLE

Conrad would've loved this. I
always wanted him to come on this
trip with us.

DAVID

Your mother said his family was...
nice.

It's a weighted "nice."

MICHELLE

You mean poor.

DAVID

Did I say poor?

MICHELLE

Just because we have money and they
don't doesn't mean we're better
than them.

DAVID

I'm just trying to make
conversation.

MICHELLE

You know what? You and mom are
probably happy he's gone because
now you don't have to deal with me
dating the guy from the "wrong side
of the tracks."

This is the last straw for David.

DAVID

(losing it)

Is it not enough that you're
miserable, you have to make
everyone else miserable, too? Can
you not enjoy where we are for one
goddamn second?

Michelle SHAKES her head and throws her rod on the ground,
dramatically STORMS OFF.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Michelle!

But she doesn't turn. Collie GIVES HIM a look and goes after
her. She WANDERS the edge of the water and FINDS Michelle
sitting, THROWING rocks in. Collie SITS next to her.

COLLIE

You OK?

MICHELLE

No.

A beat. Collie tiptoes over eggshells.

COLLIE

I'm sorry... about before - about
the song.

MICHELLE

It's okay.

(beat)

It just reminds me of him.

COLLIE

I didn't know you guys were... in love.

MICHELLE

He was the greatest guy I've ever met.

(beat)

He told me everything. And I could tell him everything. You know how people talk about star-crossed lovers and things like that? That's what it was. The moment we met it was just... magic. Like I'd known him my whole life.

COLLIE

Wow.

Collie LOOKS OVER at their dad who is too far away to hear them. Collie SIDLES UP a little closer to Michelle.

COLLIE (CONT'D)

So... did you guys, like, you know.

(beat)

Do it.

MICHELLE

(put-off)

That's private.

COLLIE

I'm your sister.

MICHELLE

So?

COLLIE

So you didn't.

MICHELLE

I didn't say that.

COLLIE

If you had you would tell me.

MICHELLE

No I wouldn't. I don't have to tell you everything.

COLLIE

Fine, whatever.

Collie gets up and walks back to her original post. Michelle watches her, then stares back at the water.

SCOTT GORDON (PRE-LAP)
(calling out)
Get the ball.

1.54

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - SOCCER FIELD - MORNING

1.54

Gordon is on his feet in the bleachers AS a group of elementary-aged kids "play" soccer. That word's in quotes because if you've watched one of these games, well, you get it.

SCOTT GORDON
There you go. In the net. No, no --

Gordon LAUGHS and takes a seat AS he looks to **PARENT 1**.

SCOTT GORDON (CONT'D)
He's a good student.

Gordon's phone RINGS.

SCOTT GORDON (CONT'D)
Gordon.

TROOPER GIOSSI (O.S.)
Hey. It's Giossi. Got that extraction. How do you want it? Email or print?

SCOTT GORDON
Email me. Need the distraction.

TROOPER GIOSSI (O.S.)
What a fucking distraction it is. Even got some cinema in there. Good luck, Scott.

Giossi HANGS UP and Gordon STARES at his phone for a beat. *What an odd way to end a call...*

Gordon STARTS BACK towards the game when his phone BUZZES AGAIN. An email. He opens it to REVEAL a ZIP FILE.

SCOTT GORDON
(*it's big*)
A fucking zip file?

Gordon PRESSES it REVEALING a PDF, PHOTOS and VIDEO FILES. Gordon CLICKS on the PDF and SCROLLS THROUGH THE TEXTS.

And SCROLLS... and SCROLLS... and SCROLLS...

Gordon CLOSES OUT the emails and CLICKS on the video file. Conrad Roy III's face FILLS his phone's screen. Head forward. Eyes open. Filled with life even as his words speak of his doubts about it.

Gordon PUTS IN his headphones, SITS in the bleachers, TAKES a deep breath and WATCHES as he "watches" the game.

WRITER'S NOTE: THIS IS A DRAMATIZATION OF AN ACTUAL VIDEO THAT CONRAD RECORDED. THROUGHOUT THE FOLLOWING SEQUENCE, WE WILL BE CUTTING BETWEEN CONRAD'S VIDEOS AND GORDON READING THE EXTRACTED TEXT MESSAGES. HE IS NOT WATCHING THE VIDEOS.

CONRAD ROY III

This is Conrad Roy III reporting to you about what's going on through my head. So I'll start it off, I'm trying to just do too much to better myself. I'm studying vocabulary words. Trying to relate to TV shows, movies, sport's figures. Twitter phenomenon. Current events. That's what people talk about.

1.55 **INT. GORDON HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

1.55

Gordon READS THROUGH THE TEXTS at the table while his family goes about the banality of dinner.

CONRAD ROY III

Social anxiety in me is the inability to function properly in a manner that you want to in social situations. And one of the things that I realized is that people don't necessarily judge you in a situation where you're not feeling very good about yourself. You're making mistakes, come across as awkward. That's who you are as an individual. And the quicker you are to realize who you are, the better.

READING --

1.56 **INT. LOCAL GYM - DAWN**

1.56

Gordon RUNS on a treadmill, pages of texts PROPPED before him.

CONRAD ROY III

*The people portrayed in the media
are like perfect. Nobody's perfect.
The hardest thing for me is to be
comfortable in my own skin. Now I
know a lot of people tell me that I
have a lot going for me.*

READING --

1.57 **EXT. BEACH - MORNING** 1.57

A dog. Off-leash. KICKING UP sand. CHASING the gently lapping waves. LOOKING for his master to come and play. Sorry. His master is SITTING on the edge of the beachgrass --

CONRAD ROY III

*(goofy grin in the camera)
I got nice teeth. I got a nice
smile. I do have a lot going for
me. Like I just got a job from the
Boston Duck Tours to captain their
boat. That's a huge accomplishment.*

READING --

1.58 **INT. GORDON'S CAR - DAY** 1.58

Yes. He shouldn't be reading while driving, but he is. Granted. It's rush hour traffic. And he's a cop.

CONRAD ROY III

*What I am doing is looking at
myself so negatively. Little
minuscule. Little particle. No good
trash. Will never be successful.
Never have a life. Never have kids.
But I have a lot to offer. I'm nice
and caring. But it comes to a point
where I'm just... too nice.*

Let's be clear. We have no idea what Gordon is READING. But it's entirely ENGROSSING on the one hand and thoroughly TROUBLING on the other.

1.59 **INT. VACATION HOUSE - MICHELLE'S ROOM - NIGHT** 1.59

Michelle SITS in bed on her phone, she is trying to write another text to Alice... it's not going well. She types: "Hey - I have terrible service up here so if u tried 2..."

There's a knock on the door, Michelle is caught off-guard. She LOOKS UP to see Gail standing there.

GAIL
Can I come in?

Michelle NODS, Gail SITS at the edge of the bed.

GAIL (CONT'D)
Your dad told me about what happened.

MICHELLE
It's not my fault he blew up like that. I was telling the truth: I don't believe you guys would have supported Conrad's and my love.

Gail is taken aback by the bluntness and... soap opera-ness of it.

GAIL
Well... We've been talking and... your father and I think you should go to see Dr. Huntley again.

MICHELLE
What?

GAIL
You're just *so angry*, Michelle. Not that we don't understand but you can't behave like that. You can't treat everything like it's a (personal affront) --

MICHELLE
Why is it always *my* fault? Why am *I* always being blamed for things?

GAIL
This is exactly what I'm talking about. You're not. It's... it all feels a little too similar to last time.

MICHELLE
That's not true.

GAIL
("yes it does")
The yelling. The sulking.

MICHELLE
I'm *grieving*, Mom!

GAIL
I know, honey.

Gail moves to touch Michelle's hand, Michelle PULLS IT BACK.

GAIL (CONT'D)
But remember how much better you
felt? After talking to him? It
could help. He could prescribe you
some --

MICHELLE
I'm taking the pills - what else do
you want me to do?

It's the most vulnerable and honest thing Michelle has said.

GAIL
You could talk to me? Your dad... ?
Maybe (a friend) --

MICHELLE
You wouldn't get it.

She PICKS her phone back up. Gail watches her.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Is that it?

Gail SIGHS and NODS. She EXITS the room, leaving Michelle
alone. Michelle SLAMS her head into her pillow, FRUSTRATED.

CHYRON: MONDAY, JULY 21, 2014.

1.60 **INT. BRISTOL COUNTY D.A. - CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING** 1.60

Gordon SITS alone, SIPPING black coffee. TWO MASSIVE STACKS
OF PAPERS REST before him AS **THOMAS M. QUINN III** and **KATIE
RAYBURN** ENTER --

SCOTT GORDON
Mr. District Attorney, Madame
Prosecutor --

KATIE RAYBURN
Too early for ass-kissing, Scott.

THOMAS QUINN
What's up?

Gordon PLACES a hand on each of the stacks of papers.

SCOTT GORDON
Can't really explain it. Sorta
gotta give it a read.

KATIE RAYBURN
How about a preface to you ruining
my weekend?

SCOTT GORDON
You hear about the suicide last
weekend?
(off them; no)
Kid started a water pump in his
backseat. Rolled up the windows.
That's that.

KATIE RAYBURN
Or so you thought.

OFF GORDON --

INTERCUT WITH:

1.61 **INT. VACATION HOUSE - MICHELLE'S ROOM - NIGHT** 1.61

It's late. Michelle can't sleep - the conversation with her
mom still on her mind. She GETS UP and GRABS her laptop.

She OPENS it and GOES to a Youtube clip from *Glee* of Lea
Michele SINGING "Make You Feel My Love."

It's a heartbreaking performance to watch, emotional. One
that Lea Michele sang for her onscreen/offscreen boyfriend
who had recently died from a drug overdose.

LEA MICHELE (ON LAPTOP)
*I know you haven't made your mind
up yet/but I would never do you
wrong/I've known it from the moment
that we met/no doubt in my mind
where you belong.*

Michelle LEANS IN, really FOCUSES on Lea Michele. WATCHING
her every move.

The song continues over:

RESUME DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE

Gordon FLIPS through the stacks, PULLS out the last page --

SCOTT GORDON

These are texts between the dead kid and the girl he was sorta seeing in Plainville. You'll wanna start on page one after you read page 1,663.

Gordon HANDS OVER the last page to Quinn and Rayburn who LOOK AT him like he's crazy. *These are all texts?* Gordon NODS AS Quinn and Rayburn grudgingly set out to READ --

INSERT TEXT MESSAGE: *Michelle, "Are you going to do it today." Conrad, "Yesss."*

THOMAS QUINN

This is from that day?

SCOTT GORDON

Morning of.

RESUME VACATION HOUSE

Suddenly, our Michelle sits up in bed and begins to LIP SYNC along.

LEA MICHELE (ON LAPTOP)

The storms are raging on the rolling sea/And on the highway of regret/Though winds of change are throwing wild and free/You ain't seen nothing like me yet.

Something about Michelle is... OFF.

She's MIMICKING Lea Michelle; how she holds her head, her body. As if she's practicing... GRIEF. There's almost, barely, almost imperceptibly, a SMILE as our Michelle nails the performance. The song continues playing as:

RESUME DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE

INSERT TEXT MESSAGE: *Michelle, "Like in the day time." Conrad, "Should I?" Michelle, Yeah. It's less suspicious, you won't think about it as much, and you'll get it over with instead of waiting until the night."*

Both Quinn and Rayburn LOOK UP at Gordon: *Holy shit --*

SCOTT GORDON

(told you)

Made two copies.

Gordon HANDS a stack to each of them.

RESUME VACATION HOUSE

As the song continues to PLAY, Michelle PICKS UP her phone and SCROLLS through her photos. She SMILES as she FINDS pictures of Conrad, selfies that he sent her. Selfies she sent to him. She stops on one of him grinning at the camera.

LEA MICHELE (ON LAPTOP)

*I could make you happy, make your
dreams come true/Nothing that I
wouldn't do/Go to the ends of the
Earth for you/To make you feel my
love/To make you feel my love.*

The song ends, Michelle keeps looking at her phone. She goes to her text messages and scrolls to find Conrad's name. She hesitates for a moment then: "Conrad I am so sorry for everything."

She PUTS the phone down but the screen still shows the TEXT that she is sending. She looks up to find: CONRAD STANDING SILENTLY ACROSS THE ROOM. Right by the door. He wears the same thing from that last morning.

This is *Michelle's imagination*. The text being written on her phone comes out of Michelle's mouth - as if she could really say these words to him.

MICHELLE

I never tried harder to save
someone than I tried to save you. I
tried telling you not to...

(beat)

I tried so hard. I loved you so
much.

(beat)

I'm so sorry, Conrad.

She CRIES. She cries the way Lea Michele cried. She STARES at Conrad, tears STREAMING down her face. His face, however, is EXPRESSIONLESS. His voice, SILENT. She closes her eyes.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT